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FAIRY TALE PLAYS

AND HOW TO ACT THEM

BY

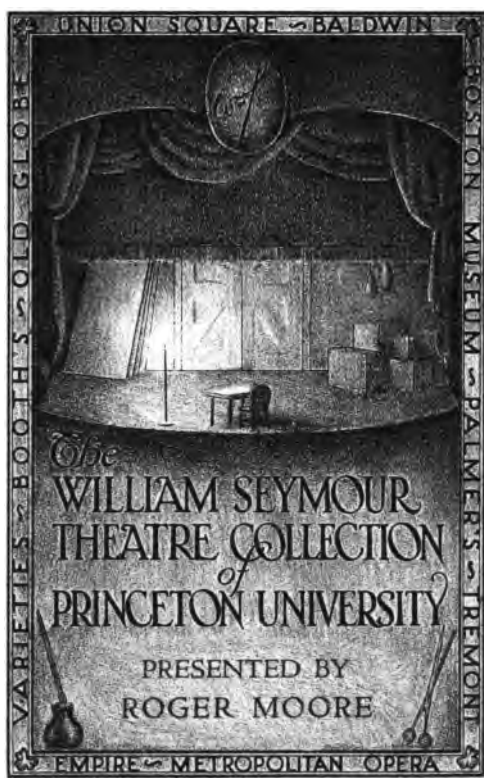
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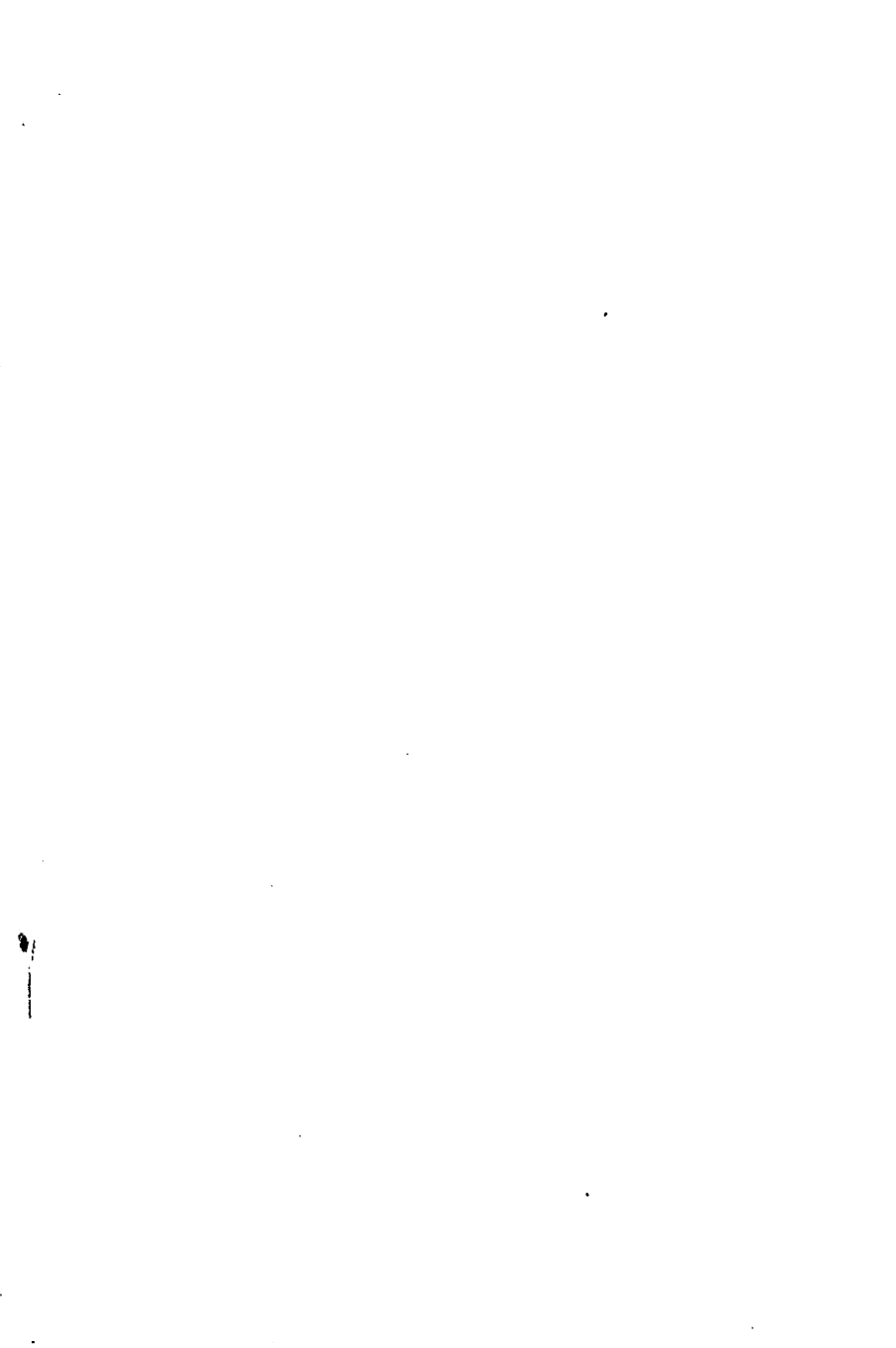


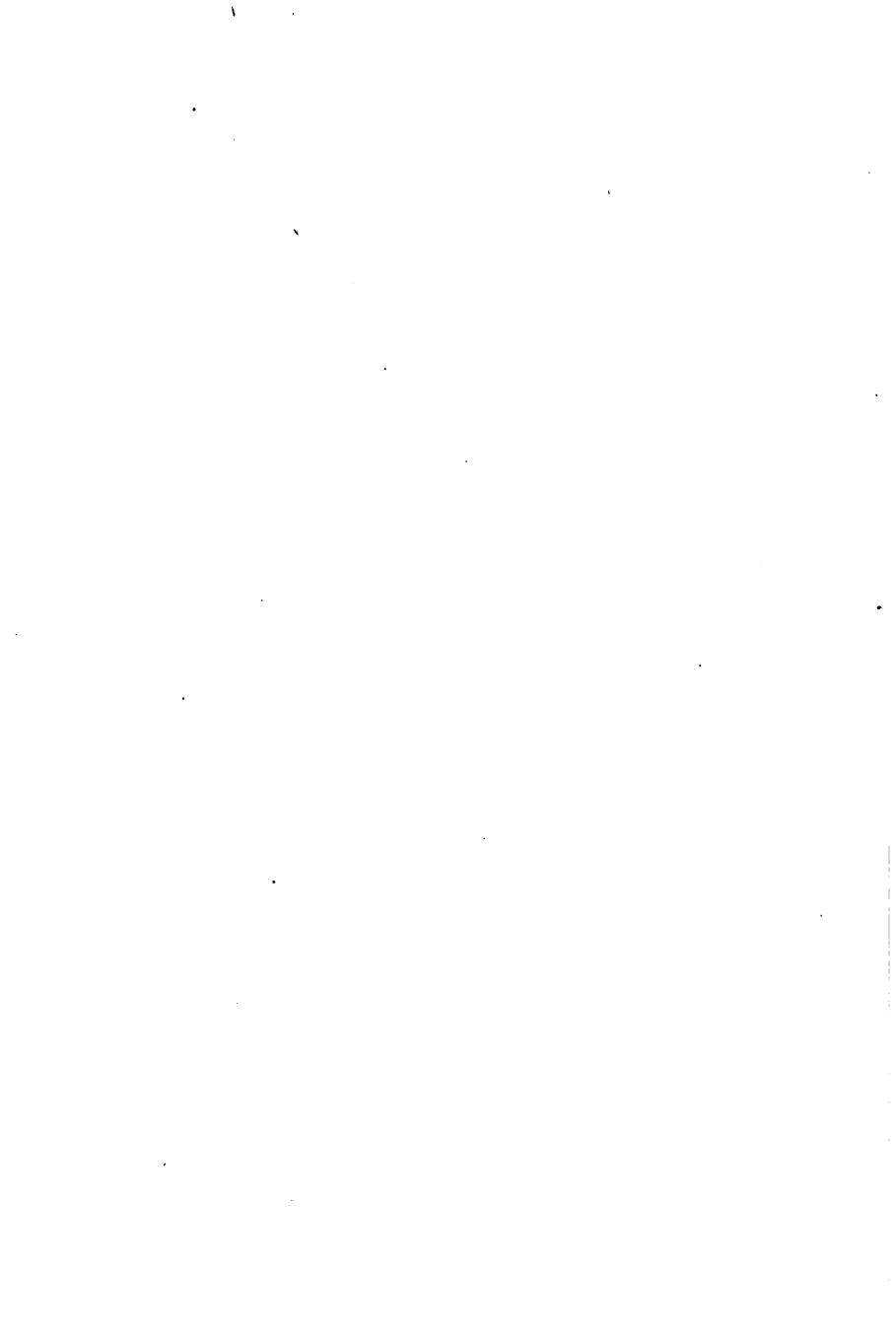
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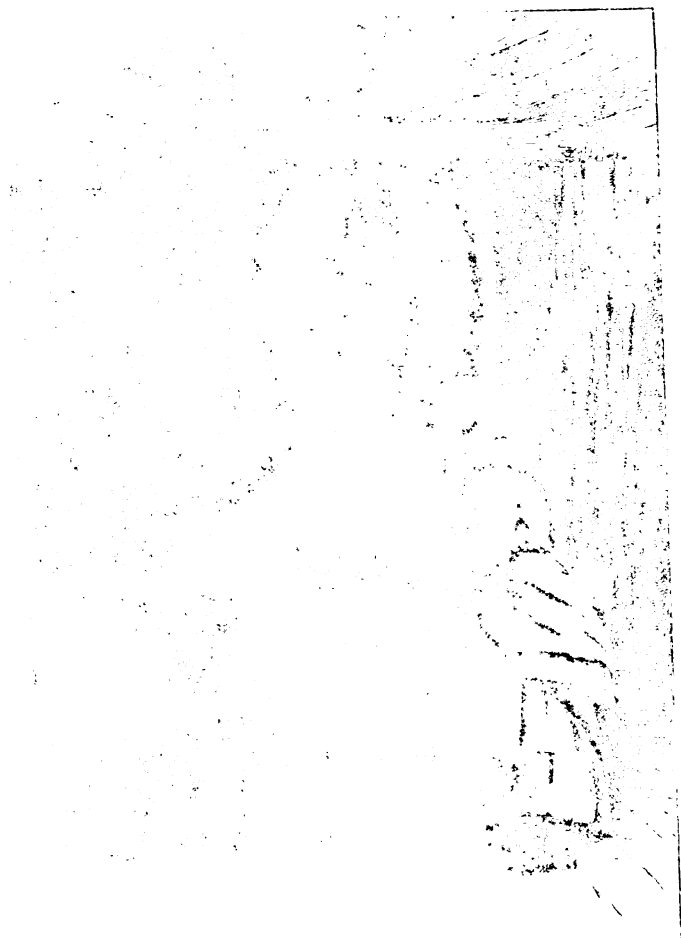
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FAIRY TALE PLAYS

AND

HOW TO ACT THEM

BY

Bell, Florence Evelyn Eleanor

LADY BELL

AUTHOR OF 'CHAMBER COMEDIES' 'PETIT THÉÂTRE DES ENFANTS'
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TO
ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE
IN AFFECTION, ADMIRATION
AND GRATITUDE

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CONTENTS



	PAGE
ALI BABA, OR THE FORTY THIEVES	1
RUMPELSTILTZKIN	49
RED RIDING HOOD	91
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST	109
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK	139
CINDERELLA	169
FOOLISH JACK	193
THE GOLDEN GOOSE	199
THE TINDER-BOX	213
THE THREE WISHES	249
THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES	261
THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE	291
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY	301
BLUEBEARD	335



INTRODUCTION

THESE plays are meant to be acted by boys and girls. It will, I hope, be understood by the readers of the book that the four last words of the title 'Fairy Tale Plays and How to Act Them' simply mean that in the following Introduction some very obvious and elementary suggestions have been made on the subject of putting amateur plays for children on to the stage, with some equally obvious remarks on the demeanour and deportment of the performers. These suggestions, it is needless to say, are not intended for amateurs of riper experience and capacity.

It will be seen that in some of the plays, such as 'Ali Baba,' 'Rumpelstilzkin,' 'The Tinder-box,' 'The Emperor's New Clothes,' and 'Bluebeard,' opportunity is given for a number of extra people—'supers'—to come on to the stage, besides the principal characters, such as robbers, huntsmen, courtiers, and soldiers. At performances given by schools, breaking-up entertainments, and so on, these plays would allow a large number of children to share in the representation, to whom no separate part can be assigned. But if, on the other hand, the performance takes place in a private house, on a small drawing-room stage, it will not be

possible to have so many people on at once. In this case the supers may be either entirely eliminated, or their numbers curtailed according to necessity. In some of the plays, characters are introduced who have only a few sentences to say, such as the Maids of Honour in the 'Sleeping Beauty,' the Ministers and Court Officials in 'Rumpelstiltskin,' the people in the crowd in the 'Emperor's New Clothes,' the Huntsmen in 'Bluebeard,' &c. It is often an advantage to have such characters in a piece, as they can be filled by young children who cannot learn a longer part. But if the cast is too large it will generally be found possible to roll some of these minor parts together, and thus reduce the numbers of the characters. Small parts can also sometimes be doubled—*i.e.* two different characters who do not appear on the stage at the same time can be played by the same person.

Very simple songs have been introduced, of rhymed doggerel, set for the most part to popular airs of different countries. They are not essential, and can always be omitted when music is not available, although there is little doubt that in such cases the plays must suffer a good deal from the absence of music, and of the variety and lightness which it gives to the pieces. The accompaniments here given are quite elementary, so that any child of about twelve who is learning the piano ought to be able to play them. The necessity for this extreme simplicity has reduced the arrangement of the musical numbers to a bald crudity, which, however, can easily be remedied by any one with an average knowledge of music, who will find no difficulty in filling in the outlines given here.

The dances described at the end of the Introduction, designed by Mrs. Marshall Burch, can be used either in

part or in entirety when dances are introduced into the plays. I have not thought it necessary to refer each time to the description of any particular dance, as the choice of steps and figures must be governed by circumstances—the number and aptitude of the performers, and the amount of available space.

The scenery described in the stage directions to the several plays, and shown in the illustrations to them, is intended only as a suggestion, to be carried out or approximated to when possible. Thus, in one play the scene is laid in a feudal castle, with vaulted rooms and mediæval furniture; in another, in a subterranean cavern full of treasure; in another, in a tangled forest, &c. But, of course, it is taken for granted that if, as is generally the case in a drawing-room or a school, these, or any painted scenes, are not available, they may be left altogether to the imagination of the audience, provided that the exits and entrances are in the proper places. These can quite well be made by using folding screens, which answer every purpose, and, when the performance takes place in a room, are much the most convenient form of scenery.

The most practical screens are those which consist of a wooden framework of sticks about four inches apart, over which chintz or any material can be stretched. These screens can be bought for from 15s. 6d. to 18s. 6d. at any large upholsterer's. They are very light and portable, and it is easy to fasten things to them. A window can quite easily be made by putting two screens a little way apart from one another, according to the size of the window required, laying a stick across the top, fastening some muslin or other curtains, not too heavy, to the stick, and tying them back at the sides. The lower part of the opening

between the screens can be concealed by a chair or table in front of it (fig. 1). A doorway can be made in the same way, with a hanging curtain down to the ground.

The screen shown in the illustration is a Japanese, not a wooden one. The former is, of course, much more decorative, but it is not nearly so convenient for the present purpose, on account of the difficulty of fastening and tying things to it.

When putting up the curtain, or curtains, care should be taken, if there are two, that they are wide enough to overlap each other where they meet in the centre of the stage; or, if there is a single one to draw across, that it is wide



FIG. 1.

enough to hang in folds at each side of the stage. It must also be long enough to be well on the ground. Too scanty a curtain is a great mistake.

The lighting of the stage should be thoroughly rehearsed. If there is something solid at each side of the stage to which lamps can be fixed, an ordinary paraffin lamp, made to hang on to the wall, with a tin reflector, will answer the purpose. The amount of light required rather depends on the size of the stage and of the room. Amateur stages are generally not lighted enough. On an ordinary good-sized drawing-room stage, two good lamps on each side, and a row of footlights along the front, will probably

be ample. The lamps should be put side by side, not one under the other; disastrous consequences might ensue from the lower lamp heating the upper one to the point of explosion. Remember to try the effect of the lamps when the screens or the side scenes, as the case may be, are all as they are going to be at the performance. Otherwise it is not uncommon to find that the carefully prepared lighting is obscured, when the important moment comes, by something exactly in front of it which throws the performers into shadow.

When rehearsing the effect of the whole lighting of the stage, care should be taken that the auditorium, or place where the spectators sit, is not lighted more than it is going to be during the performance, otherwise it is difficult to judge how much light will be needed on the stage. Some people prefer to make the auditorium quite dark during the performance. Personally, I find this depressing at an amateur play, which is a social occasion as much as a dramatic one. I prefer that the auditorium should be light enough, at any rate, to be able to read the programme comfortably, and to see what is going on in the room. The methods of Bayreuth or of the Lyceum, which I have heard invoked with great gravity in discussing this particular question, do not seem to me to bear upon it much.

Footlights (fig. 2) can easily be knocked up, in a simple fashion, by the local carpenter. Fasten two boards at right

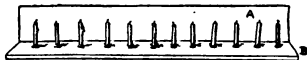


FIG. 2.

angles to one another, the upright one being about nine inches broad, the other five or six inches. Against the

board A, which should be as long as the width of the stage, a strip of tin can be nailed, or else detached pieces of tin, to reflect the separate candles. Through the bottom boards, B, long nails should be put, points upward, in groups of three, so that the candle can stand inside them. A piece of wire-netting should be fastened along the top of the board, A, curved over the candles, and fastened along the edge of board B, that the clothes of the performers may run no risk of catching fire. I may, perhaps, be allowed to say here that all children should be taught that if they catch fire they must instantly throw themselves on the ground and roll, in order to extinguish the flames: they must never on any account rush about. It is well that they should know this at a time when they are knocking about behind the scenes, in dangerous proximity, probably, to promiscuous lamps and candles.

Where a stage is improvised by putting up a raised platform of planks, care must be taken to have it high enough. A mistake commonly made is to estimate the height of the stage when the room is empty, and there is nothing to obscure the view of it. It is then found that when there are people sitting in front they obscure the view of the stage to those behind, and it is not high enough.

The side scenes should, if possible, be so arranged that there is a place (it does not matter on which side) for the prompter, from which he can see, and be seen by, the performers. The place where he generally stands on the English stage is the corner nearest the audience, on the left hand of the actors. It should be remembered that the stage directions, as to going to the right (R.), left (L.), or centre (C.) of the stage are taken in this country with reference to the actors, not to the audience. Thus, R. means to the actor's

right, therefore to the left of the audience ; L. means to the actor's left, therefore to the right of the audience ; C. means centre ; ' down stage ' means towards the audience ; ' up stage,' away from the audience, towards the back of the stage.

It is a more difficult thing to prompt judiciously and skilfully than appears at the first blush. Some prompters follow the text so anxiously line by line, and keep their eyes so glued to the page, that they never have time to look at the performer to see whether he shows signs of faltering. Others, on the contrary, have their attention so riveted on him, that when he stops and looks to them for the word they cannot find the place in the book. A third kind, just as trying as the other two, is the one who, having contrived to keep hold of both actor and manuscript, is prepared with fatal readiness to prompt whenever the performer makes the slightest pause, whether he has forgotten his part or not. There are few things more maddening to an actor who has paused with intention, in order to make an effect, than to have the word instantly and loudly supplied.

The prompter should always be in the same place during rehearsals, and that place the one he is going to be in at the performance, that the actors may be accustomed to having him there, and may also be able to judge whether they can hear him from thence. It very often happens (and that not only with amateurs) that the prompter, book in hand, follows the performers about the stage, supplying them with the line whenever they need it, so that when the critical moment comes, and he is hidden in a remote corner, he is not so likely to be of use.

It is the province of the prompter to make any outside noises that may be required during the piece, such as a

knock, a ring, a crash, &c. He should mark clearly on his copy, 'ready for knock,' 'ready for ring,' &c., some sentences before the noise comes in, that he may not be taken by surprise. A scene in which any sound of this kind occurs, that is heard outside, and on which some of the action depends, must be thoroughly rehearsed, and the performers must especially be cautioned not to hear it and comment on it before it has taken place. This frequently happens with inexperienced actors, who start back with agony from a spectacle which is not yet visible, and tremble at a sound before it is heard. This is a point which must be insisted upon at rehearsal.

But indeed, in getting up a play with children as the performers, every single point must be taught and rehearsed, every gesture, every emphasis, every movement on the stage. Small diagrams have been inserted occasionally in the text of the following plays, in order clearly to show the relative position of the performers. It is very important that every change of grouping should be well rehearsed, as otherwise the actors are quite certain to get in each other's way at the critical moment, and especially to stand in front of the one who is speaking—a very favourite position.

No one knows, who has not attempted to teach children anything, whether it be plays or lessons, the incredible ease with which they forget what they have learnt, and the number of times that a thing must be repeated in order to have the faintest chance of being remembered at the right moment—or the number of prohibitions and warnings that must be given in order that a thing may not be done at the wrong moment. And even then, the stage manager must not be disheartened, if, when the performance takes place, his company invent an entirely new series of enormities,

both of omission and commission. This is a misfortune which it is absolutely impossible to guard against, as the fertility of children's invention in this respect is quite unlimited.

There are some errors, however, into which juvenile actors are sure to fall, against which it is possible to wage war beforehand, and which must be corrected every time they recur.

For instance: all children are apt to drop their voices at the end of the sentence, and speak the last words much too fast. They must be taught to speak loudly, distinctly, and slowly enough all the time to be heard all over the room, instead of subsiding at the end of the sentence into an inaudible gabble. They must also be made to take up their cues at the right moment: not to begin speaking before the interlocutor has finished his sentence, nor yet to wait too long before replying.

They must be taught never to speak while applause or laughter is going on, but invariably to wait until it is over before going on to the next sentence. It has hardly ever happened to me to hear the very beginning of a play acted by amateurs, as the opening lines are almost always spoken through the applause which greets the first performers who appear.

Children must also be cautioned to turn away their heads when making a remark supposed to be an aside. It destroys the effect when a performer who has to say, for example, 'What will she do when she knows all?' delivers these words into the very face of the person who is supposed to be in ignorance of the mystery, so that she is prematurely enlightened.

When it is not a question of asides, but the interlocutors

are talking together, a medium course must be steered between keeping the eyes riveted on the person spoken to and never looking at the audience, or looking at the audience the whole time and never at the interlocutor. Perhaps, on the whole, the first extreme is the better one. But it has always seemed to me that when people say, in discussing these questions, 'You don't see people in real life looking away from their interlocutor,' they forget that when two people are quietly talking together in real life, it is not commonly their object to make several rows of people, seated in quite another direction, hear what they are saying. It is not always quite safe to be guided on the stage by what people do in real life, since under the latter conditions it is not necessary that anyone should hear or grasp what they are saying except the person to whom they are saying it. In fact, as has been well said, if people were to behave on the stage as they do in real life, you often would not see that they were behaving at all.

As regards general deportment, however—standing, walking, sitting, moving—most of the maxims that apply to private life apply with still greater force to the stage, where, since the attention of the spectators is riveted on the performer, it is still more necessary to stand well, walk well, and sit well, than it is in daily life, where error in these respects may hope sometimes to pass unperceived. And especially with regard to the plays in the present volume it is necessary to insist upon this, since they are destined for performers at a time of life of which the most prominent characteristic, perhaps, is ungainliness.

It is of the greatest importance to learn to stand still: not to shift from one foot to the other, or to fidget with the hands. Indeed, the hands of amateurs on these occa-

sions seem to be so extraordinarily in the way, that they give the impression of being appendages worn for the first time, like a sword in a court suit, and being perpetually in the way of the wearer. Feet also appear to be extremely inconvenient parts of the person, especially those of boys. It is impossible in the small space at my command to enumerate all the things that a boy is likely to do with his feet. I can only mention a few strange attitudes which he is likely to adopt. He is quite likely, at a moment when he is playing a leading part and should be sitting gracefully



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

and easily in his chair, both feet on the ground in front of him, one a little before the other, to adopt the attitude shown in fig. 3, which could only be tolerated as an expression of comic despair or bewilderment, and is not suitable in moments of romantic emotion. Or else (fig. 4) he sits with his feet straight out in front of him, the heel of one on the toe of the other, which makes them look as big as possible; or (fig. 5) he puts them as far back under his chair as possible, resting on their toes. Or else he combines these three movements by shuffling and scraping his feet in and out with lightning rapidity, all the time he speaks. Some-

times also (fig. 6) he curls his legs tightly round the front legs of his chair, a position which it is very difficult to get out of in a hurry.

A girl is just as likely to assume any of these attitudes as a boy, but she has the advantage of having her outlines modified by drapery. But here also there may be pitfalls—in a stage costume at any rate, for she does not always know how to manage the voluminous folds hanging round her, longer than those she is accustomed to wear. When she sits down, for instance, sideways to the audience, she



FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.

must be careful that her gown should fall in loose folds on the side towards the spectators (fig. 7), instead of having, as is more commonly the case, most of her drapery on her wrong side, which gives the effect of its being tied tightly round her legs (fig. 8). She must also practise standing and walking in the dress she is going to wear, if a long one, that she may not fall over it.

In pieces in which boys have drapery to manage, such as court trains or robes of state, it is absolutely necessary that they should rehearse in these garments beforehand. If the actual costume is not available, it can be replaced for

the moment by a sheet or a rug to practise with. The same thing applies to a costume which includes a sword. Otherwise, the performer will sit on the sword or stumble over it every time he moves. It can be rehearsed quite well by a walking-stick hanging from the belt.

Both boys and girls should be taught to stand properly, an art which they seldom master in private life—that is, with both feet firmly on the ground, and the weight of the body equally distributed between them. The head should be erect, the shoulders held back, and the front of the person



FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.

not protruded. It is a platitude, but one which cannot be too often repeated, to say that on the position of the feet the carriage of the whole body depends. Many children get into a habit, which should be watched and corrected, of standing on one foot, on which the weight of the whole body is thrown, while the other leg is bent and hardly rested upon. This throws the whole body crooked, and gives a slouching appearance: the child stands in a limp heap, with the head and the lower part of the body poked forward, and the shoulders rounded. This fault cannot be too often corrected, both on and off the stage.

Some girls have a habit of always standing with their arms tightly folded in front. This has a tendency to narrow the chest and make the shoulders round, and should be discouraged on every ground, besides being stiff and ungraceful on the stage. I have seen a schoolgirl play a love scene in the attitude shown in fig. 9, which was not well chosen for that occasion, although it might suitably have been adopted at a moment in which the part demanded an expression of indignation or of determination. As a general rule, if a girl wishes to fold her hands and arms in front of her and keep



FIG. 9.



FIG. 10.

them still, let her cross her hands only, not her arms (fig. 10). She must beware of standing with her arms a-kimbo, especially when playing a part which demands grace and refinement.

Children should be drilled in walking as well as standing, and taught not to slouch or roll from side to side. In walking across the stage, the performer should contrive to arrive at the end of the space he has to traverse with the foot which is foremost away from the audience (fig. 11). An attitude in which the foot nearest the spectator is foremost (fig. 12), and both feet are turned sideways to the audience, produces

the most ungraceful effect, particularly if the performer at the same time makes spasmodic attempts to turn his face towards the audience while his body is at right angles to them. The exact contrary of this is desirable. If the actor has walked, say, towards the right corner of the stage—that is, to the spectator's left—his right foot should be foremost, his left foot pointed towards the audience (A). His body will then be turned two-thirds to the audience, and he can either turn quite round to them (B), or else to his interlocutor,



FIG. 11.



FIG. 12.

without the various parts of his body becoming entangled, as they otherwise inevitably seem to do.

In falling on one knee, the knee put to the ground should be the one nearest the audience.

It is important that the piece should be rehearsed with the furniture on the stage arranged as it is going to be at the performance, so that the actors may not find unexpected tables and chairs occupying the places where they themselves have been accustomed to stand.

It should also be rehearsed with all the 'properties'—that

is, the portable accessories. If a child has a letter to bring in, a tray to move, &c., in the play, let him always have the letter or the tray at rehearsal, that he may know exactly what to do with them. Do not give him any stray objects to hold or carry about that are not essential to the piece. He will probably drop them or tumble over them, and will certainly be preoccupied by them. Some responsible person (this is the province of the prompter) should make a list of all the properties, and see before the performance begins that they are all ready and in their places. When one of the characters has to go out to fetch something, say when Abdallah, in 'Ali Baba,' goes out to fetch the tray, or the Ogre's wife to fetch the money-bags, be sure that the tray and the money-bags are standing ready, on the side on which the actor goes out to fetch them. Also, when one of the characters has to bring in a property on which the play turns, such as the beans the Countryman brings in in 'Jack and the Beanstalk,' or the shoe the Herald brings in in 'Cinderella,' be sure before the actor goes on to the stage that he has not left the property behind him.

All 'business'—that is, the action on the stage which accompanies the dialogue—should be so carefully rehearsed, even when it is quite insignificant, that the same piece of business, whether it be extending the hand, crossing the stage, smoothing a cushion, or putting down a dish, invariably comes at the same point in the dialogue, whether it directly bears upon it or not. This tends to give steadiness and certainty to the performance, and is often a mechanical aid to memory.

In making gestures with the arms and hands, the arm should be freely extended from the shoulder, with the hand gracefully open, and not, as is generally the case, the arm

jerkily protruded, with the elbow kept quite close to the side, and the hand put out with the fingers curled up. We in this country labour under an initial disadvantage as far as the successful use of gesture is concerned. The Italians and the French, who naturally and unconsciously accompany their words with gestures which have come to have an entirely intelligible meaning, can thereby, of course, on the stage much intensify the meaning and effect of what they say, as every gesture is simple, free, and natural, and in absolute harmony with the words it illustrates. Unfortu-



FIG. 13.



FIG. 14.

nately for us, however, we are not in the habit of gesticulating in daily life, so when we try to do so on the stage we are compelled laboriously to imitate gestures which are entirely foreign to our natural manner, and which therefore, instead of being expressive, are stilted, conventional, and inadequate. A kind of fin-like flapping of the hand and fore-arm (fig. 13) is the ordinary stage gesture of the English boy and girl. On the whole, amateurs are probably safer in trying to gesticulate less rather than more, and in avoiding vague, intermittent, and meaningless movements of the hands and arms. It is well to remember that in the case of a gesture

that is used with deliberate intention, the effect of it will be heightened if it is used before the words illustrated are spoken, rather than after them. Thus, an actor who has to say 'Go!' and point to the door, will find it more effective to point to the door first, and then say 'Go!' afterwards (fig. 14).

Where occasions for eating and drinking are introduced into the following plays, it will be better to have something really to eat and drink on the stage, provided that the youthful performers are not thereby impeded in their utterance. But this must be carefully rehearsed. In the scene where Beauty and the Beast dine together, for instance, in play No. 6, I once saw Fatima rendered speechless in the middle of the scene, from having embarked too eagerly on a large lump of Turkish Delight, a substance which does not make for elocution. Take care also that any glass which has to be held up with liquid in it is only half filled, otherwise its contents will certainly be spilled. Experience teaches that all these things, though it may seem unnecessary to mention them, must be foreseen and guarded against.

It is better, especially where very young children are concerned, not to have the performers in attendance at the rehearsal until their own scene is to be played. There is no greater mistake than having children hanging about, restless and impatient, longing for the moment of their performance to come, and not knowing what to do till it arrives. It would perhaps be more than human if, under those conditions, they did not begin bear-fighting in the background, or at any rate talking loudly on irrelevant subjects, in which case it would also perhaps be more than human of the stage manager not to protest, or turn them out with some acrimony, and then an atmosphere is induced which is not one of enjoyment. Let each scene be rehearsed as often as

required, and then go on to another. It will make all the difference to the 'go' and brightness of the piece if the performers have not been tired out and irritated during the preliminary stages. For the same reason, when there is any particular bit that does not go smoothly, do not, in order to rehearse it, play a long scene over again. It is infinitely better to repeat the one or two sentences, or the one or two movements, in which the difficulty lies, over and over again until they are mastered.

There is one moment of the performance which to the best of my belief is never rehearsed at all, although it would certainly be the better for some preparation—the one when the performers are called on at the end. They generally flock in, with some uncertainty, in view of the audience, stand a moment in sheepish embarrassment, and then troop quickly out again, giggling to hide their confusion. This must be rehearsed as well as everything else. When the curtain has fallen, let the performers, if the applause continues, return quickly, before it is raised again, on to the stage, and form in a row facing the audience (male and female alternately when the cast permits), with the principal characters in the middle. Then, when the curtain is drawn up again, let them all make a low bow: after which the curtain should be lowered at once, otherwise the actors will all stand with their eyes cast upwards, wondering when it is coming down again.

The same thing applies to encores of a song, chorus, or dance. It must be settled beforehand whether the thing is to be repeated or not if encored, and also from exactly which point. Then let the accompanist strike the preliminary chord, and the performer begin again. I may as well say here that no introductory bars have been prefixed to the

various songs, partly from want of space, and also because it is difficult for a youthful performer to stand waiting while a *ritornella* is being played. It will be well, however, that one chord should always be struck, and the singer taught to start the song from it. It is, I feel, absurdly unnecessary to say that by the 'chord' I mean the first note or key-note of the key the song is in, together with the third note of the key, the fifth note, and the key-note again an octave higher. These must all be struck at the same time, the lower key-note with the left hand, the other three notes with the right hand.

In the music introduced into the processions, it is always very much better, if possible, that the band that marches in should really play. Drums can always be used, played with a stroke of the sticks on the strong beats of the bar—since probably the drummers in question will not be qualified to do anything more elaborate with them—also cymbals and triangles, which do not require much experience in order to use them effectively, but which require to be practised in order to come in absolutely at the right moment. By far the most useful instrument, however, on these occasions, is the one called in France the 'mirliton,' a cylindrical tube made of bamboo, from six to ten inches long, closed in at the ends by tissue paper, and blown by a hole at the side near the end. Mirlitons, being covered with gold and silver paper, are very effective to the eye; they produce a sound like that of a comb with paper on it, but glorified. They can be bought in France for one sou or two sous, according to size, and in England, when they are sold at all, for the same price. Many English toy-shops keep them, and, if not, will generally procure them.

The piano must, of course, accompany and strengthen this somewhat heterogeneous band.

Wooden swords, cardboard shields, &c., can always be made to look effective by having strips of gold or silver paper pasted on to them.

It is well to have in mind the extreme danger incurred by putting sharp weapons into the hands of the performers in scenes where a fight takes place on the stage, such as the scene in 'Ali Baba' where Cassim is stabbed; the one in the same play where Morgiana dances round brandishing a dagger, and then stabs Cogia with it; the one where Bluebeard is killed; the one in 'Jack and the Beanstalk' where Jack cuts off the Ogre's head; and in the 'Tinder-box' where the soldier cuts off the witch's head. All these scenes should be played with a toy wooden sword rounded at the end. Children get into such a state of excitement on these occasions that they hardly know what they are doing. A celebrated French composer of the last century, when a child, killed one of his little playfellows, with whom he was acting, by running him through the body. There are too many instances that might be cited of the same kind, and not only with children or amateurs. In my own experience I have seen blood drawn, though fortunately the wound was not serious, in a scene between a leading actor and actress at one of the first theatres in London. And, almost as I write, comes the news of the recent terrible incident at the Novelty Theatre, where an actor was stabbed to death in sight of the audience. I have dwelt at some length on this subject, as I am penetrated by the importance of it.

And now a word as to 'making up'—that is, painting the face—a process which, I am inclined to think, should in the case of child-actors be very sparingly used, if not dispensed with altogether. The general tendency of amateurs is to

make up too much and too heavily. It is, of course, desirable that the colour in the face should be distributed in the right places, that the cheeks should be pink, and the nose, forehead, and chin should not; but with most children this is fortunately the case without making up. When it is not, a little dry rouge and powder will probably do all that is required. A sallow child will be improved by having some dry rouge rubbed on the cheeks, and one without eyebrows by having them lightly pencilled; but no more than this will be necessary, that is, if the part to be played is a young one.

Care should be taken that rouge is applied high enough on the cheek-bones. Amateurs are apt to put it too low down, almost on a level with the lips.

The preliminary anointing the face (after washing and drying it) with cold cream, which is then rubbed off, before applying the rouge, powder, &c., customary in amateur 'dry' make-ups as well as grease-paint ones, is, in my opinion, entirely unnecessary for children. Their features are not in the least likely to work with dramatic emotion, nor are tears likely to pour down their faces (unless, indeed, as I have seen happen on one occasion, a very juvenile actor howls with anguish at being brought suddenly face to face with a room full of applauding spectators), and, therefore, their make-up need not be of the kind that is very enduring.

Of course, where the character to be played is an old one, with a wrinkled, discoloured face, it will be necessary to make up more thoroughly. This can be done with 'grease paints' as follows:—Wash the face and dry it; rub cold cream over it, and wipe the cold cream off, as in 'dry' make-up. Then with the finger rub all over a little 'crème

impératrice,' to be obtained in various shades to suit different complexions. Care should be taken, if the stage is to be lighted by electric light, that the shade of white, if any, used in the *crème impératrice* be one which does not turn bluish mauve by electric light. Use the *crème* sparingly, and rub it in smoothly and evenly. The beginner nearly always uses too much, and the effect is greasy even through the powder. After this is done, rub in the stick rouge (grease-paints are sold in sticks) very evenly, shading it off with the finger. Then add the powder, which can be obtained of any tint required. Wrinkles must be added with grease-paint, before the face is powdered. They must not be put in haphazard, but must be drawn carefully, in the lines into which the face naturally falls. These can be found by puckering up the face before a looking-glass. To find the horizontal lines on the forehead, raise the eyebrows; to find the vertical ones, frown, bringing the brows closer together; to find the lines round the eyes and mouth, raise the corners of the mouth in an exaggerated grin, at the same time screwing up the eyes. It will probably not be necessary to draw all these lines. The amount of making up required must depend upon the distance at which the performers are going to be from the audience, and should be judged of when standing at that same distance from them by a good artificial light.

One important point that is generally forgotten by amateurs is, that they should whiten their hands. Nor do they always wash them the last thing, after handling paints, arranging properties, &c. They often appear before the public with conspicuously red and dirty hands—for hands are always red when they are hanging down—much at variance with the exquisite pink and white complexion their faces have assumed for the occasion.

Any of the requisites for make-up, such as the different kinds of rouge, the sticks of grease-paint, the pencils, and the various shades of 'crème impératrice' and powder, can be got at any large hairdresser's or chemist's. However, as I have said before, personally I infinitely prefer to see children in amateur plays acting without being made up at all.

There are, however, one or two parts in the following plays which could not very well be taken by children without their faces being disguised, modified, or concealed, such as that of Rumpelstilzkin, of the Witch in the 'Tinder-box,' and the Ogre in 'Jack and the Beanstalk.' Rumpelstilzkin should have a false nose and false chin, and the rest of the face should be toned to go with the colour of these appendages. The Witch should have either a cardboard mask covering her face, with hair hanging to the sides of it, or a cardboard head, as the soldier brings in her head in his hand after cutting it off. For the Ogre in 'Jack and the Beanstalk' it will be better to have a large cardboard head with terrifying features, as in this case also it is displayed to the audience after it is cut off. Both of these heads, as well as the animal's head for the Beast in 'Beauty and the Beast,' and the Wolf in 'Red Riding Hood,' can be bought for four or five shillings at any good toy-shop or theatrical property shop. Or, if preferred, they can, by the use of a little manual dexterity, be made at home upon a wire framework. Directions for making them in this way, after a design of Mr. Lancelot Speed's, will be found at the end of the Introduction. I am also indebted to Mr. Speed for many valuable suggestions as to practical stage devices, useful for the various plays.

In conclusion, let me say, on behalf of the children who play at acting, that it always seems to me that their per-

formances are judged by far too lofty a standard. They should no more be judged by anything distantly resembling the standards of the stage, than the childish pastime of colouring pictures out of the 'Graphic' with a sixpenny paint-box should be compared to the achievements of Watts or Burne-Jones. I have an absurd recollection—I dare say it is an infantine memory common to many of us—that when I was a little child, and sat gloriously happy with a messy little wooden paint-box, colouring pictures out of a newspaper, and sending great splotches of colour sprawling over the outline on to the page beyond, my vague conception of a great artist was that he was one who never went over the edge. Now this is exactly, in my opinion, the standard by which children's acting should be judged. Let it suffice that it does not go over the edge. Let it be enough if the performers adhere to the outline given them, if they know the words they have to say, and say them so as to be heard, and if they stand and move upon the stage in places approximating to the right ones. To the child-lover among the spectators, it is enjoyment enough to watch a company of little children penetrated with an intense and solemn enjoyment of the unwonted clothes they are dressed up in—always to them the principal feature of the performance—or a company of young people a little older, equally conscious of the responsibility they owe to their costume and splendid appearance, and supported, without a misgiving, by the sense of being the most magnificent actors in the world.

With the mental picture of such possible interpreters, the writer of these plays rests well content.

FLORENCE BELL.

August 1896.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING AN OGRE'S HEAD OR BEAST'S HEAD

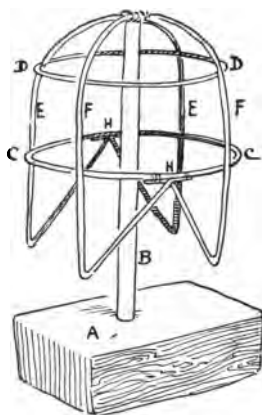


FIG. 15.

A, a stout block of wood; B, a piece of broomstick about 16 inches long, firmly fixed in the block of wood as a support during the construction of the frame of the head; c c, a ring of thin sugar-cane (known as flexible cane); d d, a similar ring—each cane to measure 38 inches, so that the rings are about a foot across; e e and f f, other canes, fastened at the top of the broomstick and arranged to support the two rings. (Fastenings to be very secure wherever the canes cross each other.)

The lower ends of these canes must be bent sharply and made fast at h, so as to form a V-shaped frame to go upon the shoulders (fig. 16). The frame can, when finished, be tied with tape under the arms.

A quantity of copper wire must be procured about the thickness of the lead in an ordinary pencil. This wire must be made into a network

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING AN OGRE'S HEAD xxxvii

all over the cane frame—first, by placing rings of wire in position, and then other rings at right angles to them; then tying the rings together where they cross each other, but leaving room for the wearer's head and neck below.

Then prepare a large jam-pot full of thin glue: tear thin paper into pieces about the size of a penny, and dip them in the glue while it is pretty hot, and place them on the wire network. A few strips of paper can be used too. The whole surface of the dome-like structure must be covered with glued paper patches, and allowed to dry, forming a firm covering. If it is not thick and firm enough, it must have another coat of patches, and be allowed to harden.



FIG. 16.

Then cut out places for the eyes and mouth, and large air-holes under the hair, glue a ball of paper on for a basis of the nose, and either wrap glued string round it, or else narrow paper strips, to fasten it to the frame.

Then model the face with modelling paste, to be bought at Roberson's, Great Queen Street, Long Acre. Large ears of papier-mâché can be bought for a small sum at the theatrical shops round about Wellington Street. These should be sewn to the paper covering of the head.

Beard, hair, and eyebrows, can be made of unravelled string or tow, but better, the crimped plaits of hair bought at the wig-makers'.

The face, when finished, to be made up with grease-paints.

xxxviii *DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING AN OGRE'S HEAD*

The head is heavy, but as it rests on the shoulders it does not matter.

Several large holes can be cut in the paper cover of the head, where they will be covered by the hair. The gap where the head joins the neck and shoulders must be covered by a cloak or large scarf worn round the neck, forming part of the dress.



FIG. 17

DIRECTIONS FOR DANCES
TO ACCOMPANY 'FAIRY TALE PLAYS'

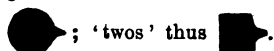
DESIGNED AND ARRANGED BY

MRS. MARSHALL-BURCH

OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, HARLEY STREET, LONDON



* * THE following dances can be executed either by girls or boys. It is advisable, for convenience of reference, to divide the dancers into 'ones' and 'twos,' the 'ones' being the ladies and the 'twos' the gentlemen. 'Ones' are indicated in descriptions and diagrams thus,



; 'twos' thus



If the dance is to be executed by girls only, the 'ones' and 'twos' should, if possible, wear different coloured dresses, to heighten the effect.

N.B. In the following directions *proceed* always means to go in a given direction with any step required. Thus, 'Proceed to the right for eight bars,' means that during those eight bars the dancers walk or *chassé* round in the required direction.

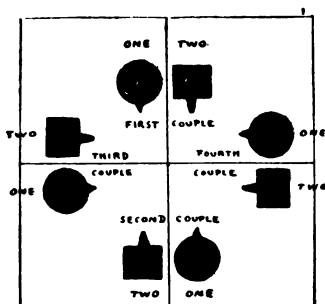
Turn means that the dancers revolve on the same spot.

DANCE NO. 1.

In four-time, for eight, sixteen, twenty-four, or thirty-two persons.

Stand in sets of eight, as for a quadrille, thus (fig. 18).

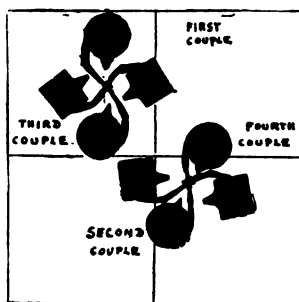
FIG. 18.



Audience.

1. First and second couples face towards those on their right. The four cross right hands, and proceed to the right for eight bars (fig. 19).

FIG. 19.



Audience.

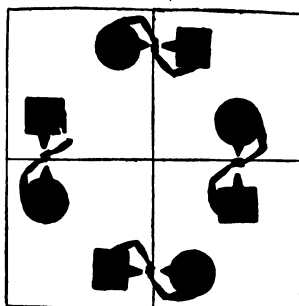
2. Loose right hands, cross left hands, and proceed to the left for eight bars.

3. All facing to the centre, make a circle: proceed eight bars to left, eight to right, and return to places.

II.

1. Each couple join left hands, facing each other (fig. 20).

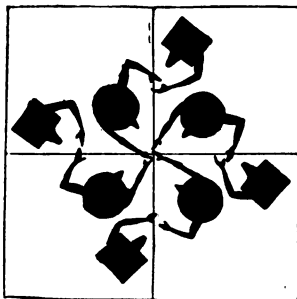
FIG. 20



Audience.

Twos stand still, facing a little to left; ones loose left hands, cross right hands in centre (fig. 21), and proceed eight bars.

FIG. 21.



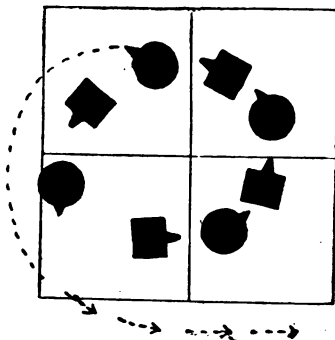
Audience.

Continue to turn another eight bars, then twos offer the left hand and turn their partners into their places, the ones and twos occupying each others' positions.

2. Twos now join right hands in centre, whilst ones stand still, only meeting their partners and giving their left hands at ninth bar, regaining their own places. This is done twice by ones in the centre, twice by twos.

3. Now all right-face thus (fig. 22), marching round.

FIG. 22.



Audience.

Turn, facing audience, and make a very slow, very low court-curtsey, counting eight bars.

This dance can be executed to a sliding walking step.

DANCE NO. 2.

In three-time. Mazurka is best.

This dance can be executed by any even number of dancers.

I.

All enter from door, L., in single file, thus (fig. 23). Then left-face so as to face audience. Slow curtsy all.

FIG. 23.

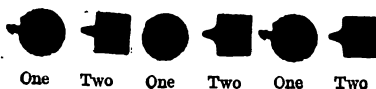


FIG. 24.



FIG. 25.



1. All join hands thus : stand facing audience ones and twos alternately (fig. 24) ; arms crossed in front, each person giving right hand to left-hand neighbour's left hand, and left hand to right-hand neighbour's right hand, taking care that each person holds the left hand crossed over the right (fig. 25), and advance with following step.

Raise right leg by bending knee, counting one at first beat (fig. 26).

FIG. 26.



Stretch it straight out in front, pointing toe, counting two at second beat.

Place toe daintily on floor, making a marching step forward, counting three at third beat.

2. Same repeated with left foot, and so on till four steps have been made with each foot. This will leave right foot behind.

II.

To take eight bars.

For movement back, loose hands, step back on right foot, leaving left pointed in front and left half of body well forward, turning head over left shoulder ; then step back on left foot, leaving right pointed, with right half of body well forward and head looking over right shoulder. Repeat each twice, making four steps with each foot in all. Count three to this movement.

When left foot is pointed take this pose (fig. 27).

FIG. 27.



When right foot is pointed take this pose (fig. 28).

FIG. 28.

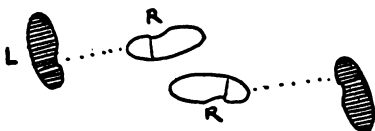


This will take eight bars.

III.

1. ** Ones left face, twos right face so as to face each other ; join right hands in an arch, holding them high (fig. 29).

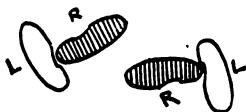
FIG. 29.



N.B. The shaded foot is that on which the weight of the body rests.

2. One step for right foot joining left behind, thus (fig. 30), at the same time peeping under the hands and looking at each other.

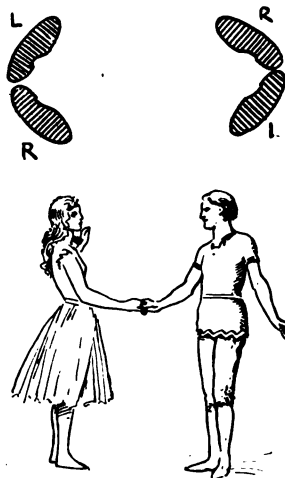
FIG. 30.



3. Step back with left foot, drawing right after it until they join each other, with right foot in front, at same time lowering hands and looking over them at partner.

Repeat this ; the second time finish with feet thus (fig. 31).

FIG. 31



4. Now loose hands, walk into partner's place, passing with right shoulder, with following step :

FIG. 32.



Left foot, one very small marching step forward. Right foot join behind, thus (fig. 32). Left foot another small step ; and in placing left

foot on floor, pass right foot in front. Then make two steps with right foot, and at second place left foot in front.

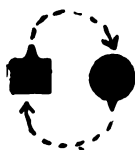
Repeat same with right and same with left. The whole will take eight bars.

5. Join left hands; recommence same movement with left hand joined, and beginning with left foot. In returning to places, pass with left shoulder, and begin the step with right foot,

The step for changing places must be very small; the whole to be repeated from ** (Section III.).

Ones and twos in changing places should make this form (fig. 33). Then right-face, and go out of room as follows.

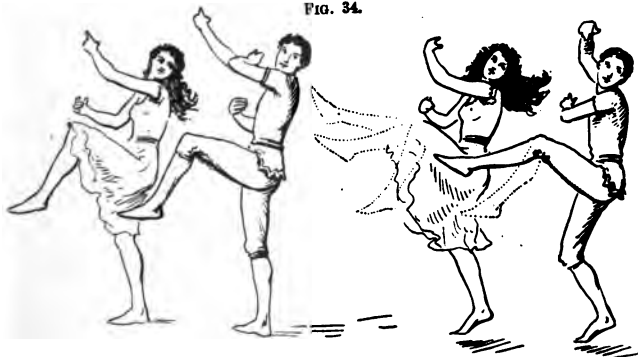
FIG. 33.



IV.

1. A sliding step forward with right foot, counting one.
2. Spring lightly on it, at same time pointing left foot in front, with leg well stretched and rather high (fig. 34).

FIG. 34.



(When left foot is pointed, left arm is forward; when right foot is pointed, right arm is forward.)

3. Spring again with left foot still pointed; to this count two, three.

That will be one, two, three, for the movement until exit.

SOLO DANCE

This dance is in Pas de Quatre time. A full skirt 16 yards wide must be worn. It can be made of art muslin at 1½d. a yard, shaped as in the illustrations below, and worn over the shoulder.

It should hang about six inches clear of the ground.

First step.—Advance right shoulder and go round the room, till back in place. Number of bars according to size of room.

1. Slide right foot, counting one, at the same time bringing dress in front with a waving movement of the right arm; left arm high behind head (fig. 35).

2. Left foot brought close up behind right, counting two. Slide again with right foot, counting three; spring left foot forward at four, at same

FIG. 35.



FIG. 36.



time bringing dress with left hand forward, and right hand up behind (figs. 35 and 36).

This step is like a Pas de Quatre step, only sliding instead of marching. Repeat this alternately with each foot and arm until in place. Number of bars required will be according to size of room.

Second step.—Face audience, going in a straight line, first to left, then to right, thus :



The dress held wide.

FIG. 37.



* 1. Point right foot at side, counting one (fig. 37) ; then draw it in behind.

2. Slide left at side (two) ; right behind (three) ; spring left foot, and point at side (four).

3. Then draw left foot behind (one) ; right at side (two) ; left behind (three), and right pointed at side (four).

FIG. 38.



4. Again right behind (one) ; slide left at side (two) ; right behind (three) ; left pointed at side (four).

5. Bring left foot pointed behind (fig. 38), and make two little bob

curtseys, counting one, two to first bob, and three to second, and pointing left foot outwards at four.

Recommence from *, but beginning with left foot instead of right. This time curtsey will be with right instead of left. Repeat the whole once more.

Dress must be held wide with both hands during this second step.

Third step.—Dress held wide with both hands.

Spring on left foot, pointing right at side (fig. 39), counting one.

Cross right leg before left leg and count two (fig. 40).

FIG. 39.



FIG. 40.



Again spring at side (count three), and again right leg up and across left leg.

Turn to right, moving as nearly on the same spot as possible, and run round on toes; right (one), left (two), right (three); and then point left leg up (four).

Same with left, only turning to left instead of right. Repeat from *.

Fourth step.—Dress spread; turn with right shoulder; that is, right side to audience.

* * Slide a long step to right with right foot; at the same time lifting dress high with right hand, lowering it with left, and springing left leg off ground.

Draw it close to right. Same back to place with left.

The dress must always be raised on the same side as the leg which is on the floor.

Right again, left again; then walk, right, left, right, left. Lift right leg and turn (into place where partner would be if dance were not a solo), so as to have left shoulder towards audience.

Finish the measure, sliding to left with right foot behind, and to right with left foot behind.

Now repeat from *2, only beginning with left foot instead of right.

Finish dance with same step round room as at first, going to left. When in place make an ordinary slow curtsey.

DANCE No. 4.

For eighteen or twenty-four. Three rows of six each, or any additional number of pairs in each line.

Only one step throughout, besides a plain, quick march.

No. 1 step.—Stamp with right foot, counting two; stamp with left foot, counting two; stamp with right, counting one; and at two spring on right foot with left across, thus:

FIG. 41.

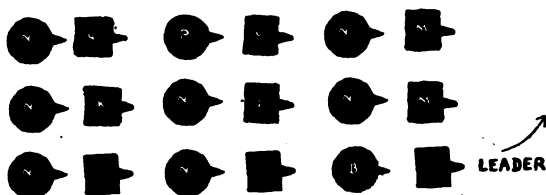


Then spring on left, counting one, and at two spring with right foot across, reversing movement of arms; always remembering that when right arm is raised, left foot must be crossed. The step can be repeated the number of times required.

Then each No. 2, with right hand taking left hand of partner (which hold very high) form in lines.

Branch off, ones to right, twos to left; with a quick march lead up to places again. Turn, facing partner, which will form the section of eighteen into three lines, thus:

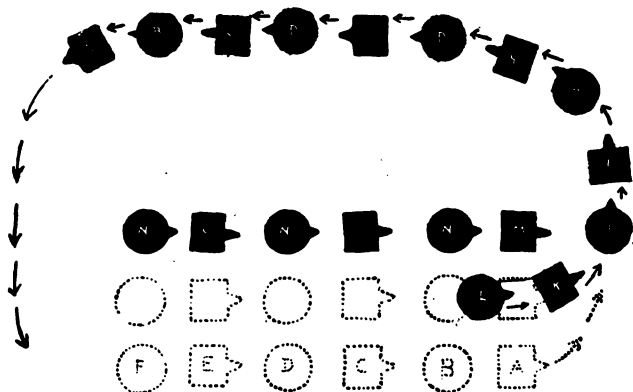
FIG. 42.



Now, ones and twos cross into each other's places and return; but No. 1 step (omitting stamp) must be done, facing partner, twice with each leg, before crossing into partner's place, and the same before returning.

Then turn, with quick march, giving right hand, into partner's place. No. 1 step again; turn with left hand into own place, and all face audience. Then the whole eighteen left face—that is, turn to left—so that right shoulder is towards audience (fig. 42).

FIG. 43.



The front line then leads round outside room, as described, joining each line as it passes, until a complete circle is formed round the room (fig. 43).

A to L are moving round to the left. M is preparing to follow L as soon as L has taken a few more steps. At present, M to R are standing still.

The dotted positions show the places vacated by A to L. When leader reaches place, instead of going round room again form a single line, if size of room admits, if not, two lines ; but the dancers should be very close together. The whole section right face, which will bring them facing audience, and two bob village curtseys will finish.

Any ordinary Scotch reels are suitable for this dance

* * No. 1 step in Dance No. 3 will be found very useful as an accompaniment of a chorus at the end of a play or to mark time as the curtain comes down. It can be used on such occasions without the movement of the arms shown in the illustration.

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ALI BABA, OR THE FORTY THIEVES

IN THREE ACTS

CHARACTERS (5 Male, 3 Female)

ALI BABA, *a Merchant*

CASSIM, *his Brother*

COGIA HASSAN, *a Robber Captain*

ABOU FISTICUFFS, *his Lieutenant*

ABDALLAH, *a young Slave*

AMINA, *Wife of Ali Baba*

MRS. CASSIM, *Wife of Cassim*

MORGIANA, *Ali Baba's Slave*

Robbers, Attendants, &c.

ALI BABA. COSTUMES

Ali Baba.—In Acts I. and II. very shabby, full dark trousers, a long shirt of some thin brown material down to knees, sash. In Act III. long full trousers, slashed shoes, embroidered shirt down to thigh, broad sash with scimitar stuck in it, embroidered sleeveless coat, turban.

Amina.—In Acts I. and II. plain white full trousers, a dark long blouse over it, to knees, a sash round waist; whole effect shabby. In Act III. embroidered trousers, flowing skirt, white shirt with full sleeves, embroidered sleeveless jacket, long embroidered cloak hanging over shoulder, turban, feather fan.

Mrs. Cassim.—In Act I. embroidered trousers, flowing skirt, white shirt with flowing sleeves, embroidered sleeveless jacket, long embroidered cloak hanging over shoulder, turban, feather fan. In Act III. as plainly dressed as possible, though the dress must still be Eastern. Sleeveless gray jacket over black full shirt, black skirt, perhaps showing trousers.

Morgiana.—In Acts I. and II. very shabby, dark blouse, dark sleeveless jacket, full trousers. In end of Act III. pointed sandal shoes, full dancing skirt of some light effective fabric, embroidered silk jacket, ornaments.

Cassim.—Richly dressed; large turban with jewels in it, short embroidered coat, with sash, richly embroidered trousers of some light silk. He must have pockets at the side of trousers.

Abdallah.—Buttoned gaiters, long coloured stockings, loose coat with sash, fez with tassel.

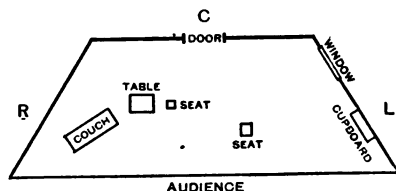
Cogia.—Round yellow cap, full trousers down to knees, pointed shoes, striped stockings, short coat with wide sleeves down to elbow, belt fastened in front, coloured underneath.

Abou F.—Turban, pointed shoes, flowing trousers, coat and sash.

Robbers.—All dressed in variations of above male costumes.

ACT I

SCENE.—*A Room in ALI BABA'S House. Decoration and furniture Oriental, but with no splendour or richness. Door at back, L. C. Window L. at back. Further forward, L., a cupboard or some shelves. Couch forward, R. Table at head of couch. Seat L. of table. Seat forward, L. C.*



[*MORGIANA and ABDALLAH are laying the table, R.C. ABDALLAH holds the tray, from which MORGIANA takes things to put on the table.*

Morgiana (puts her head on one side and looks at the table). There, now, I think that is everything. The coffee-pot, the sweetmeat dishes, the filigree spoons. . . .

Abdallah. But where are the good things to eat and drink?

Morgiana (behind the table). Abdallah! In all the time I have been a confidential slave in Ali Baba's family, and that is nearly fifteen years, I never heard a boy ask such vulgar questions as you.

Abdallah (L. of table). Well, I only thought that perhaps there was going to be some coffee in the pot and some sweetmeats in the dishes.

Morgiana (patting cushion on couch, &c.) You had no business to think. I knew what it would be the day my mistress

went to get you at that horrid bazaar in a slum. I said to her: 'Those cheap sixpenny slaves are never any good.' But she is so poor she could not afford a better one, worse luck! And yet she had set her heart upon keeping a manservant, because Mrs. Cassim had one.

Abdallah. Mrs. Cassim? Who is Mrs. Cassim?

Morgiana. What, more questions! Why, she is master's sister-in-law, of course, and she lives in that great big house just opposite to us. [*Crosses to window, L., and points.*] So that we can't help seeing what goes on in it, and of course it is dreadful for a fine lady like my mistress—or indeed for any lady—to see someone else enjoying things that *she* hasn't got.

Abdallah (comes forward, R.) Oh! then she is a very fine lady, is she?

Morgiana (coming down, L.) My mistress? I should think so, indeed! Why, if the end of her finger aches she goes to bed for half a day, and calls me to sit by her side and fan her. If that isn't being a fine lady, I don't know what is. Now we will see what there is in the cupboard for her to eat. Give me that dish.

[*Pointing to table.*]

[*Goes to the cupboard, followed by ABDALLAH, who takes dish from table. MORGIANA kneels at cupboard, L. ABDALLAH more up stage a little towards C., facing audience.*]

Morgiana. Mind you don't let it drop! [*ABDALLAH lets the dish fall with a clatter.*] *Angrily:* Now then!

Abdallah. Well, you shouldn't have put it into my head!

Morgiana. I shouldn't have put it into your hand, you mean, you clumsy creature!

Abdallah. Well, it's lucky the dish was empty. [*Picks it up.*]

Morgiana. Yes, for once it was; but oh, I do wish we had something to put on it! [*Looks in cupboard.*] Stay, I think I see a currant in the corner of the cupboard. Yes, there it is—and two coffee beans! they will make a cup. [*Gets up, crosses to table, R. ABDALLAH on her left.*] Fortunately, in the East we always drink very little coffee at a time; not like in England, where, I am told, they have it for breakfast in great bowls.

[*Takes dish from ABDALLAH and puts it on table.*]

Abdallah. What very greedy people the English must be!

Morgiana. Horrid! There now, everything is ready. [*L. of table.*] Now, do you take this large fan [*he advances to take it*], and when my mistress comes in walk backwards before her.

Abdallah (*starting back without taking fan*). Walk backwards!

Morgiana. Well, why not? Surely that is not very difficult. Like this, look. [*Starts from L. of table and walks backwards up to L. corner of stage, moving fan gracefully as she goes. ABDALLAH has crossed to R. corner down stage and watches her.*] Here, take the fan and let me see how you do it.

[*She comes down, L. back to R. front. ABDALLAH takes fan, walks from R. back to L. front. ABDALLAH falls down on his back, L. C.*

Abdallah (*getting up again*). I very nearly got it right that time.

Morgiana. I am glad you think so. [*Sits on front end of couch, R.*] Try it again, you stupid.

[*He comes forward to L. of table again. He falls again, L. C., but sitting, not flat.*

Abdallah. That was capital, wasn't it?

Morgiana (*ironically*). Ob, quite. [*AMINA heard calling out-side.*] Here she is. Give me the fan [*he gets up and brings it to her. She crosses and goes up L. of door*], and you throw open the door and bow to the ground when she comes in.

[*ABDALLAH crosses to R. of door, throws it open.*

Amina (*standing in doorway*). Is my afternoon refreshment ready?

[*ABDALLAH throws himself forward on the ground with a flop.*

Abdallah (*getting up*). I very nearly got it right that time.

Amina. What is this? You must teach him better manners, *Morgiana*.

Morgiana. He is so clumsy, madam, that I despair of him.

Amina. He will learn in time, I dare say.

[*Crosses in front of table, R., and goes to couch.*

Abdallah. Yes, your Highness. [*Bows again towards couch and goes forward on to his hands, then recovers himself.*] I very nearly got it right that time!

[*Gets up and stands at back, L. of door. AMINA has gone to couch, R.*

Amina (*R. on couch*). And now what have you got for me? Something very choice and dainty, I hope. What is there in the coffee-pot?

Morgiana (*L. of table*). Some excellent boiling water, madam. If you will allow me, I will add to it these two coffee beans in your cup; the flavour will be delicious.

[*Pours the water into the cup. Gives AMINA the cup.*]

Amina. I think on looking closely I see something in that dish—what is it?

Morgiana. A currant, madam, sprinkled with sugar.

Amina. And on that one?

Morgiana. On that one? Well, there is not much. Last week there was an onion preserved in syrup. But at present there is nothing.

Abdallah (*coming forward*). An onion? Oh! I should like that. [*Smacks his lips.*]

Amina. That boy has low and common tastes. Send him out of the room, Morgiana.

[*MORGIANA takes him by the shoulders and pushes him to the door.*]

Morgiana. Go away, you sixpenny creature!

[*ABDALLAH falls down as he goes to the door, gets up again and goes out.*]

Amina (*putting down cup*). What, Morgiana, is that all? Can you find nothing better to tempt me with?

Morgiana (*standing behind seat, L. of table*). Alas! madam, there is nothing in the house.

Amina.¹ Isn't this a cruel fate? That I should suffer privation—I, who used to have the best of everything!

SONG. *Tune—'Once I loved a maiden fair.'*

Amina. Once I was a millionaire,
And in wealth delighted;
Now I'm poor and full of care,
All my joy is blighted.

¹ It would be much better to sing this song still reclining on the couch, resting on left elbow; but if the singer prefers to sing standing, let Amina get up wearily as she begins this sentence, and cross to L. C.

Once I was a millionaire, And in wealth de-

lighted; Now I'm poor, and full of care,

All my joy is blighted. Once so gay I sat all day

Callers en - ter - tain - ing ; Now, alas! my

door they pass— I am left com - plain - ing.

Once so gay I sat all day
 Callers entertaining ;
 Now, alas ! my door they pass—
 I am left complaining !

And when I look out of the window at Mrs. Cassim's house opposite (*pointing with left hand to L.*), I see the bakers, the pastry-cooks, the poulterers, and the fishmongers hurrying in with their loaded trays. And Mrs. Cassim herself sitting on a silken cushion, sipping her coffee, while her husband, reclining on a couch opposite to her, smokes a jewelled pipe as long as my umbrella. How he can have the heart to do it when he knows that his only brother, my unfortunate husband, is so poor, I don't know !

Morgiana (adjusting coverings over AMINA's feet). My master is later than usual in coming in to-day.

Amina. Alas ! I fear he will be later still. He left me this morning, saying that he would not return until he had found some means of livelihood, and he departed driving his asses in front of him, with empty sacks slung over their backs—empty, alas ! for he, who used to be one of the greatest corn merchants in the East, now has nothing left to sell.

Morgiana. There is someone stopping before the door ; perhaps it is my master returning. [*She goes to the window.*] No, it is Mrs. Cassim !

Amina (sits up hurriedly and puts her feet on the ground).

* *Mrs. Cassim !* Come, as usual, to gloat over our misfortunes ! Quick, *Morgiana*, take away these things ! she shall not see how little I have for five o'clock tea.

Morgiana (returning from window, stops as she passes door). (*Listening.*) It is too late—that horrid little Abdallah has let her in.

Enter ABDALLAH. He stumbles as he comes in, then recovers himself and stands R. of door.

Abdallah. It is Mrs. Cassim, come to call, your Highness. I have got her here on the stairs.

Morgiana (cuffing him). Go away, you horrid little thing !

Abdallah. Why, I haven't fallen down once since I opened the door.

Enter Mrs. CASSIM very gorgeous. Exit ABDALLAH.

Amina (has risen, goes up in front of table). How do you do, Mrs. Cassim? I am charmed to see you.



ENTER MRS. CASSIM, VERY GORGEOUS

Mrs. Cassim (coming down C., Amina on her L.). Thank you, Mrs. Ali Baba.

Amina (pointing to couch). Will you sit there?

[*Mrs. CASSIM sits on couch. AMINA on seat left of table.*

Mrs. Cassim. I was determined I would come to-day. I said to my husband, 'It is just with one's poor relations one ought to be most particular, and I won't put off calling another day.'

Amina (aside). Insolent woman!

[*MORGIANA is clearing the table.*

Mrs. Cassim. Oh! one moment, please, Morgiana, before you

take that away. [*M. stops with tray in her hand, puts it down on table again.*] I was in hopes, sister-in-law, that you were going to offer me a cup of coffee. I suppose, in a relation's house, one may make so bold as to suggest it.

Amina. Oh! the fact is . . . I am so very sorry . . . I fear. . . .

Morgiana (*behind table, looking at the pot*). My mistress has unfortunately just finished it, madam. She drank five cups this afternoon—quite an unusual thing for her.

Mrs. Cassim (*coldly*). Very unusual, I should think. You will make yourself ill, Sister Ali Baba, if you go on like that.

Amina. Thank you, Sister Cassim; I understand my own constitution very well, such as it is.

Mrs. Cassim. But perhaps at least you can give me a sweetmeat, if you have any left. [*MORGIANA affects to look in the dishes.*] Some violets preserved in sugar are what I like, or some pineapple creams.

Morgiana. What a pity! The pineapple creams were finished yesterday, and, as for the violets, we expect some more in to-morrow.

[*She lifts the tray, carries it across, L. ; puts the dishes away in the cupboard during what follows, then stands by window, L.*]

Mrs. Cassim. I see. I congratulate you, sister-in-law, on having a slave who can lie so well.

Amina. Morgiana is a most excellent slave.

Mrs. Cassim. She is more presentable than the individual who let me in, but I dare say you can't afford a better one.

Amina. He certainly made a mistake in admitting you, sister-in-law.

Mrs. Cassim (*getting up*). It will be some time before he has occasion to do so again. [*Amina gets up also.*]

Enter ALI BABA violently. AMINA falls back behind table.

Mrs. C. at R. corner down stage.

Ali (*going quickly to Amina*). Amina, my wife, rejoice with me! . . . [*Stops as he sees Mrs. CASSIM and changes his tone. Advances to her, R. ; AMINA crosses L. behind him, so that he is*

between them.] Oh! good afternoon, Mrs. Cassim. You are very well, I hope, and my brother?

Mrs. Cassim. Thank you, we are both well, and very prosperous. But what was that you were saying as you came in? I am glad to think that you seem to be prospering too.

Ali (covering his embarrassment with a nervous laugh). As I came in? Did I say anything? I don't remember.

Mrs. Cassim. You appeared to be choking with rapture, but perhaps I was mistaken.

Ali. Oh! I only meant that, noticing your retinue of negro slaves at the door, your embroidered palanquin, and your cream-coloured mules, I guessed that you were here.

Mrs. Cassim. That was very clever of you.

Ali. And I was going to say to my wife, 'Let us rejoice because Mrs. Cassim has come to call.'

Mrs. Cassim. Oh, I see. Good-bye, sister-in-law—you certainly have the most ingenious household; they are full of invention.

Ali (holding door open, crosses in front of table. ALI BABA, R., further up. Calls ABDALLAH to MRS. C.). Take care of the steps.

Mrs. Cassim. Yes—they are so very different from what I am accustomed to!

[She goes out. MORGIANA has advanced from window to door, and stands L. of door as Mrs. C. goes out. As she disappears, ALI B. seizes MORGIANA's right hand in his left, drags her forward, seizes AMINA's left hand in his right.

ALI BABA comes in, rushes first to AMINA, then at MORGIANA, whirls them round, then sinks into a seat.

Ali (getting up, draws AMINA R. of him, MORGIANA L.). Now then, Amina, my wife, and you, my faithful slave, I have something to tell you! I am sure you guess it from my manner.

Amina. Yes, yes, I did notice something. What is it, husband, what is it?

Ali. Well, as you know, I started early this morning with my asses, my three asses, all that I have left—and very tiresome they were, for they would all three go in different directions every time that we got to a cross road. At length, however, they seemed strangely

determined all to go in the same direction. I followed them, and they went straight into the forest.

Amina. But was that where you wanted them to go?

Ali. Not in the least, and I promptly lost my way. Then, as I sat there sadly under a tree, my asses round me hanging their heads in sympathy, what do you think I saw coming towards me?

Amina. A spider?

Morgiana. A squirrel?

Ali. I saw a cloud of dust, and behind the cloud of dust were forty horsemen, richly clad and fully armed. You know my stout heart and valiant courage—what do you think I did?

Amina. You ran your sword through them all one after the other as if they were birds upon the spit.

Ali. Not exactly. I first climbed up into the tree and hid. My faithful asses endeavoured to follow me, but, remembering that they were grizzly donkeys and could not climb trees, they contented themselves, with extraordinary sagacity, with hiding behind the trunk of it.

Amina. Were they discovered?

Ali. Ask no more questions. Listen both of you, and you shall hear what happened. The leader of the band, whose turban was set in jewels, whose sword blazed like lightning, whose moustaches stuck out half a yard on each side of his face, advanced to one of the trees. He smote the trunk with his sword, and cried three times some strange words, 'Open, Serame,' which the band repeated in chorus behind him, and the echoes of their voices rolled and shook in the forest until I nearly fell off the branch I was sitting on. As they shouted it for the third time a door opened in the tree. One by one the robbers dismounted and went in and the door closed behind them.

Morgiana (excited). And then, master, you doubtless caught the forty horses they had left and rode away with them?

Ali. I was just about to do so when the door in the tree opened again; the robbers came out one by one and mounted their horses. The captain came out last and said, 'Shut, Sesame,' which was repeated by the robbers in the same way as before. After which they rode away as they had come.

Amina. And is that all?

Ali. Peace, Amina, wives should be seen and not heard ! When they were out of sight I got down, I went to the trunk of the tree. I smote it and said 'Open, Sesame.' It flew open. What did I see ?

Morgiana (eagerly). The inside ?

Ali. The inside, not of a tree, but of a palace. A magnificent vaulted hall, blazing with light ; piles of merchandize standing about, piles of gold and silver, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, glittering in the light. I lost no time—I rushed out and took the bags off my asses, I ladled into them as much gold as they could hold, and filled up the chinks with precious stones, piled them up to the brim, till the poor asses staggered under their weight, laid some bunches of wood on the top, as though I had been cutting wood in the forest, drove them home, and here I am.

Amina. And where are they now ?

Ali. I drove them into the back yard.

Amina. Quick ! Let us bring the bags up and count our wealth !

Ali. It would really be quicker to weigh it. Have we a tin measure ?

Morgiana. Alas ! I fear not, it is so long since we had anything to weigh.

Ali (to Morgiana). I tell you what—go across to Cassim's house and ask them to lend us one.

Morgiana. Instantly [*going up*].

Ali (calls after her). [*Pacing L. excitedly.*] And tell Abdallah to hurry up with those bags. [*Turns at corner, facing R.*]. I told him to bring them up at once.

Morgiana (in doorway). Here he is, sir. [*Exit.*]

Ali and Amina. Ah !

[*They rush up stage, ALI L. of door, AMINA R. The door opens, and ABDALLAH appears dragging a bag after him ; he falls down. ALI takes the bag and drags it forward to L. C. of stage. AMINA rushes to L. corner of stage.*]

Abdallah. I very nearly got it right that time. I will just go back and get the others. [*Rushes out, falling down as he does so.*]

Ali (C. of stage, R. of bag. Unties the neck of the bag mysteriously). Now then, Amina, look ! look !

[*They open the bag and look in.*]

Amina (L. of bag. Clasps her hands). Oh, what treasures! Gold! Silver! Diamonds! I shall have three *rivières* and a tiara, and seven brooches, I think, in a row along the front of my gown. Mrs. Cassim, I believe, has only two.

Ali. Oh, we will astonish Mrs. Cassim before we have done with her.

[*ABDALLAH brings in two more large sacks; he nearly falls but saves himself in time.*

Abdallah (aside). That's splendid! I managed it that time.

[*Goes out. ALI and AMINA put bags in a row at right angles to back of stage; then in ecstasy rush into each other's arms and whirl round, leaving off so that ALI is R., AMINA is L.*

Ali. Now, then, isn't that magnificent? We are rich for the rest of our lives. I wonder how much there is there.

[*MORGIANA rushes in with a measure in her hand.*

Morgiana. There; that's a quart!

Ali. That's right, you good girl. You have been quick!

Morgiana (C.). I took it off the dresser just as it was, without waiting for them to wash it. [*Looks inside measure.*] Well, I should be ashamed to have a thing in my kitchen all greasy and sticky at the bottom.

Ali. Here, give it to me, and we will see what we have got.

[*Goes eagerly towards bags.*

Morgiana (following him, on his left, further up stage). Let me take it and wash it first, master; you can't use it like that!

Amina. No, no, we won't wait for anything more; we must see how much we have got.

[*ALI R. of bags, AMINA L. of them, M. between them, behind bags.*

Ali (holding up measure). Now, then, that's a quart of diamonds. Let me see; how many quarts make a gallon? Is it five or six?

Morgiana. I always thought it was four.

Ali. The fact is, it's no use our trying to weigh it, or to count it either. [*Pours back from measure into bag, then hands measure to M.*] We will make up our minds that we have more money and jewels than we know what to do with, and we will put the sacks in the spare bedroom. Abdallah shall take them away again.

[*A knock at the door.*

Enter CASSIM. ALI starts back, R. MORGIANA and AMINA stand before the bags, L. C.

Cassim. May I come in ?

Ali. Why, of course, brother, of course—we are delighted to see you.

Cassim (C., advancing). My wife heard just now that you had sent over to borrow a measure, so she asked me to come over and see if they had given you the right one. [*Peering round.*]

Ali. Oh, thank you, yes, quite right ; we only wanted to weigh some flour, and our own measure happened to be—to be——

Morgiana (pointedly). Gone to the wash.

Ali. Exactly.

Cassim (affecting to speak carelessly). I see—most natural. Then, shall I take our measure back with me ? That will save you the trouble of sending it. [*Taking it from M.*]

Morgiana (trying to stop him). If your Excellency will allow me, I will wash it first.

Cassim. No, no. I will send word by my lord of the household to mention to my butler to tell my head cook to instruct my scullion to give orders to have it washed. [*Takes the measure.*] Thank you. [*Looks inside the measure. All the rest look at one another.*] Why, what do I see ? What is all this at the bottom ?

Morgiana. Dirt, I should think. The fact is, your Excellency, the scullion, head cook, butler, and lord of the household appear to have forgotten to have the things washed up for a week.

Cassim. And a very good thing too, for by this means your duplicity is unveiled. I see cleaving to the bottom of this measure two pieces of gold, three large diamonds, a ruby, and a topaz. What a very careless miller you must have, brother Ali, to leave so many foreign substances in his flour !

Ali. Yes, I must speak to the fellow—you must remind me in the morning, Amina.

Cassim. Brother, your deceit will not avail you. You have not been weighing flour, but gold and precious stones ! Tell me at once where they came from, or I will tie a rope round your neck and lead you before the judge to have your head cut off. I have only to call across the road for thirty of my servants to come ; they sit in my hall all day looking out of the window, and will be too glad of something to do.

Amina (to *Cassim*, rushing forward and disclosing bags).
No, no! Don't cut his head off, good brother *Cassim*!

Cassim. What is in those bags?

Amina. I will tell you. If you will keep our secret you shall know all.

Ali. Swear, then—swear by the hair of the Prophet.

Cassim. I swear! Now, then, tell me where you got the gold and precious stones.

Ali (mysteriously, taking him by the arm). You go into the forest, the very darkest part of the forest. When you get there you take the first turn to the left and the second to the right, and then you will see a tree.

Cassim (much impressed). No!

Ali. A very big tree; you will know it by its having a door in the trunk, with a handle made of iron; you will smite on the door, and you will say, 'Open, Sesame.'

Cassim (eagerly). Open what?

Ali. Sesame. Se—sa—me—.

Cassim. I see, I see. Se—sa—me—. [ALI B. R., CASSIM R.C., AMINA L.C., M. L.]

SONG. Tune—Norwegian Folksong.

Ali Baba. S, e, s, a, m, e—you see,
And that's what you must say.

Amina and Morgiana. S, e, s, a, m, e—you see
For that's the only way.

Ali Baba. When once 'tis heard, that magic word,
The door will open wide,
And then you'll feel you want to steal
The things you see inside.

[Repeat together.]



say. S, E, S, A, M, E, you see, for

that's the only way. When once 'tis heard, that

rit. a tempo.

ma - gic word, the door will open wide, And

then you'll feel you want to steal the things you see in - side!

Ali. The door will open, you will go in; it will shut behind you, and you will see a cave full of gold and jewels—then you say the same thing to come out again.

Cassim. I see, I see. [*Looks at his watch.*] I shall just have time to slip round there before dinner. [*Turns to go up stage.*]

Ali (following and stopping him). Not so fast ; you shall not go alone, I will go with you.

Cassim (turning back, in a conversational tone). Oh, that will be delightful ! What sort of time do you propose to start ?

Ali. Suppose we say to-morrow morning ? Or this evening after dinner ?

Cassim. Shall we say at nine o'clock ? Very well.

Ali. At nine. All right.

Cassim. That is settled, then ; I'll call for you at nine o'clock.
[*Goes up. Aside. Looking at his watch.*] I have got two hours before dinner, I shall do it yet. [*Aloud.*] Good-bye, all of you.

Ali. Good-bye, dear brother ; so kind of you to look in.

[*ALI BABA goes up, R. C., as CASSIM goes to door.*

Amina to Morg. There now !

[*She wrings her hands with a gesture of despair, and crosses to R. corner down stage.*

Morg. (same action). I knew it !

[*Wrings her hands and comes down, L. As the door closes upon CASSIM, ALI BABA mysteriously beckons first to AMINA, then to MORGIANA. He comes down stage, C. ; they press close one on each side of him.*

Ali Baba. We will start now, this very moment. We shall have time to get there and back before dinner.

FINALE. *Tune—Scandinavian.*

Away, away, to the place we know,
Where the great big trees of the forest grow,
The place where Cassim wants to go,
But he will be too late !

The place is like Tom Tiddler's ground,
Gold and silver lie around,
Pearls and rubies, too, are found—
And we'll be there by eight !

[*At the conclusion of song they all put their fingers on their lips and steal mysteriously towards the door.*

1 2 + da 1 + 2 + 4

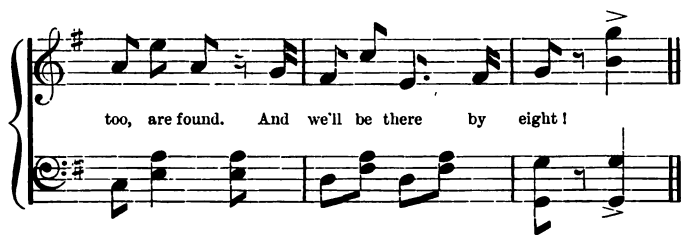
A - way, a - way, to the place we know, Where the

great big trees of the for - est grow, The place where Cas - sim

wants to go, But he will be too late! The

place is like Tom Tid-der's ground, Gold and sil - ver

lie a - round, Pearls and ru - bies,



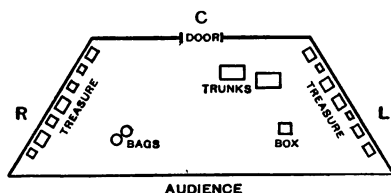
too, are found. And we'll be there by eight!

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line. The lower staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a bass line of eighth and sixteenth notes, also ending with a double bar line. The lyrics "too, are found. And we'll be there by eight!" are written between the two staves, aligned with the melody.

Curtain.

ACT II

SCENE.—*The Robbers' Cave. Entrance at back, C. All round are standing bags and boxes labelled 'Gold,' 'Silver,' 'Pearls,' 'Diamonds,' &c. Two larger trunks than the others are standing a little away from the rest towards back, L. C.; further forward, L. C., a small box. R. C., further forward, two smaller canvas bags, open at the top, leaning against each other. CASSIM alone. [CASSIM looks first into one of the two bags, R. C., and then into the other.]*



Cassim (turning round, C.). No, it's no use! There is no room for another sixpence in either of them. I wonder if I could carry any more. [*He feels himself all over.*] I should think there is room for a few more jewels in my sash. [*Feels.*] Oh, certainly, yes, I may as well have another thousand pounds' worth of diamonds. [*He stoops and takes a handful from bag, L., and puts them inside his sash.*] There! [*Feels himself again rather anxiously.*] I wonder if it shows? If I look as if I had got anything concealed about my person? Oh no, I don't suppose it does. I was always a fine figure of a man, and I dare say I seem a little more portly than usual. That's all. [*Looks at watch.*] A quarter to eight—plenty of time. Ali Baba is still safe at home expecting me to call for him at eight, but I knew a trick worth two of that! Well, I suppose I had better fasten these up. It does seem a pity

not to be able to take away more. [*Ties up his two bags, R. C.*] I don't suppose I have got more than a million pounds here, and I am such an avaricious man that I should like to have twice as much. But it can't be helped, I suppose. Now, I had better start, for I shan't be able to walk as fast as usual like this. [*Waddles about.*] I wonder if there is anything odd in my walk. I must keep in the back streets when I get to the town. Now then! [*Tries to lift bags.*] It is no good, I shall not be able to carry these. I must drag them out and hide them in a hollow tree and come back for them to-morrow. [*Drags the bags towards the entry, puts them leaning against wall, R. of door. Feels for the handle of the door.*] Where's the handle? Oh no, to be sure, that is not the way it opens. It opened with that word, that strange word. Let me see now, what was it? Why, how absurd! it has quite gone out of my head. [*Paces across, R.; puts hand to forehead. Tries to remember; stamps his foot impatiently.*] It is a silly plan, having to open a door with a word, instead of a good sensible handle, a nice knobby thing that sticks out so that you can't help remembering it! Fancy having to ask a door its name, as if it were a child one met in a village! What is it? Oh, you stupid wooden thing! [*He kicks the door.*] Come now, if I try enough, I am sure to remember it. I feel it is somewhere in my brain—about here, I believe. [*Walking forwards to L.; touches the back of his head.*] If only it would get into the right place. [*Sits down on a rock and buries his head in his hands.*] Ah! it was some word in three syllables, I know. Rosemary, was it? Furmity? Dimity? Property? Higgledy? What was it? Rather a bore if I don't remember it by dinner-time, and Ali Baba finds me here. Stop a minute! I believe it began with a D—no, it was an M. Ah! I know, it was an S! I am getting near it! open—open—(*he thinks again*). [*'Open, Sesame!' is heard from the robbers outside. CASSIM springs up terrified.*] What is that? Someone is coming in! I am lost!

[*Rushes behind a rock as the door flies open, and COGIA HASSAN comes in, followed by his lieutenant, ABOU FISTICUFFS.*]

N.B.—*The more robbers available to follow them in and line the cave the better, but where these are not available COGIA and his lieutenant will be enough.*

Cogia. [When as many robbers as are available have come in, speaks as though addressing those who are remaining outside.] So, my trusty band! remain outside and guard the entrance, whilst I, your captain, gloat with my lieutenant, Abou Fisticuffs, over our stolen treasures, our ill-gotten wealth.

[Puts his hand on ABOU FISTICUFFS' shoulder.



ENTER COGIA, HASSAN, AND ABOU FISTICUFFS

About F. (who wears an enormous turban and speaks very gruffly). We will, your lordship. [COGIA sits on box, L. C. front.

Cogia. Shut, Sesame!

[The door closes.

Cogia (with a sigh of relief). Dear me, what a good plan it is to be able to shut the door without getting up from your seat!

About F. It is, your lordship.

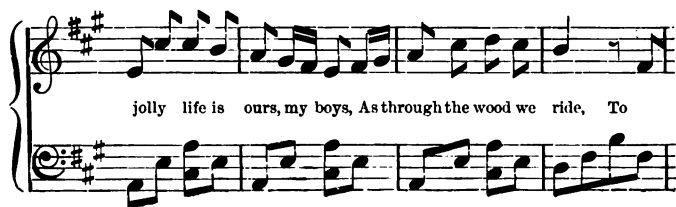
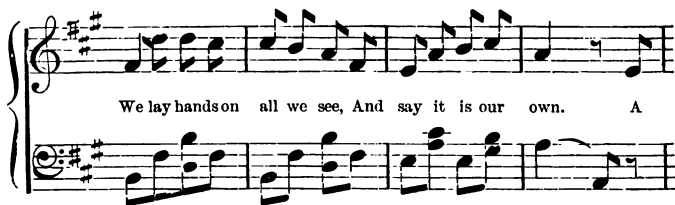
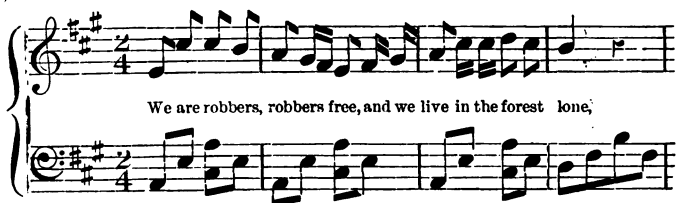
Cogia. Altogether, what a charming life is ours!

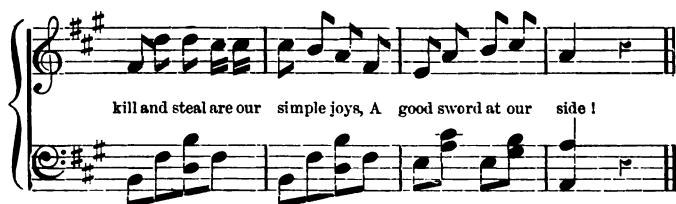
About F. It is, your lordship.

SONG. *Tune—'Der Rothe Sarafan.'*

Cogia. We are robbers, robbers free,
And we live in the forest lone,
We lay hands on all we see,
And say it is our own.

A jolly life is ours, my boys!
As through the wood we ride,
To kill and steal are our simple joys,
A good sword at our side!





[ABOU F. at the conclusion of the song is strutting round. He sees CASSIM's bags; he coughs loudly twice.] Ahem! Ahem! Ahem!

Cogia (impatiently). What is the matter with you, Abou Fisticuffs? Have you got a cold? I hate people with colds.

Abou F. It is something worse than a cold, your lordship.

Cogia (springing up). Influenza?

Abou F. (in a sepulchral voice, pointing to the bags with his sword). Bags, strange bags!

Cogia (springs up). What? What is that you are saying?

[All the robbers crowd round, looking eagerly at the bags.

Cogia. A stranger has been here; he has discovered our retreat. [CASSIM is seen to tremble violently behind the rock.] Who can the miscreant be? Search the cave instantly, and bring him forth alive or dead. [The robbers walk round in single file, starting at R. of door, and looking R. and L., looking everywhere. When they come to the rock where CASSIM is hidden, he goes out on the other side, and falls into the arms of COGIA.] Ah, what have we here? Speak, wretch, and tell the truth.

[He drags him forward.

Abou F. (L. of Cassim). Speak, worm, and tell his lordship the truth.

Cassim. Alas, your lordship, I lost my way walking in the forest, and as this was the only tree with a door in it I came in here to seek for shelter for the night.

Abou F. (points to bags at back). What is that, then? Bags, strange bags!

Cassim. That! Oh, that is my modest luggage. I never take more than that on a walking tour.

Cogia. Oh, you deceitful Turk! You came in here? How

did you get in? It is only those who know our secret who can open the door, and the man who learns our secret dies.

Abou F. He does, your lordship.

Cogia. Confess, confess at once, for you have only two minutes to live.

Cassim. Alas! your lordship, spare my life [*he kneels*], and I will tell you the whole truth. It was my brother, a very wicked



'SPEAK, WRETCH, AND TELL THE TRUTH!'

man, whose evil counsel led me to come here. He saw you come in this afternoon, he heard your secret spell, he repeated it after you were gone, he came in here and stole piles of your treasures and showed them to me, and I was so shocked at him that I came off here at once to tell you what he had done, that you might get your treasures back again.

Cogia. That is why you were here, was it ?

Cassim (getting up). For no other reason, I do assure you.

Cogia. Your brother must be a very wicked man.

Cassim. He is, indeed. We were always considered singularly unlike.

Cogia. What is his name, and where does he live ?

Cassim. His name is Ali Baba, and he lives in the street of the Golden Fountains, number fifty-two.

Cogia. It is well. My lieutenant will call and kill him in the morning. Abou Fisticuffs, remember the address.

Abou F. I will, your lordship.

[*ABOU F. has been bending down looking closely at the strange size of CASSIM's trousers. CASSIM tries to appear unconscious.*]

Abou F. And in the meantime, your lordship, will you ask this gentleman what he has got in his pockets ?

Cogia. He certainly appears to have something.

[*Looking at CASSIM.*]

Cassim. It is only that I am in the fashion, your lordship. Trousers are worn so very wide now, they measure five yards round at least, and to my mind it looks exceedingly smart.

[*Tries to look jaunty.*]

Abou F. (feeling him). And is it the fashion to fill them with marbles ?

Cassim. Pebbles, nothing but pebbles, I assure you. I use them for ballast when I go for a long walk.

Cogia. Turn out his pockets.

Abou F. (plunges his hand into CASSIM's pocket and withdraws it full of pearls and coins). What sort of pebbles do you call these ?

Cassim. Mercy ! mercy ! your lordship, I will give them all back again.

Cogia. You are a very wicked man. There must be a strong family likeness between you and your brother Ali Baba. Kill him, please, Abou Fisticuffs.

Abou F. I will, your lordship.

[*CASSIM gives a cry. He waddles up, C. ; ABOU follows him, drags him back to front of stage, C., and kills him with his scimitar.*] I have, your lordship.

Cogia. So perish all who know our secret !

Abou F. Then what about the other one, Ali Baba ? We must get at him without loss of time, or he will be telling some other gentleman with fashionable trousers.

Cogia (meditating). Yes, indeed, we must !

Abou F. Shall we ride back that way and carry him off ?

Cogia. No, I am afraid forty robbers galloping down the street would attract notice. We must be disguised. Ah ! I have it. Come, let us go, and as we ride along I will tell you my scheme. [*Calls out.*] 'Open, Sesame.' [*The doors open.*] [*COGIA calls out.*] To horse ! to horse ! all of you ! and off by the light of the moon !

[*Repeat chorus as they go out—'A jolly life is ours, my boys.'*

They go out and the door closes behind them. The stage is empty, then 'Open, Sesame,' is heard again, and ALI BABA comes in cautiously, followed by AMINA and MORGIANA.

Ali Baba (looking round). It's all right. They are gone. Shut, Sesame ! [*The door shuts.*] How lucky it was we just missed those fellows !

Amina, R. It is a wonder they did not see us.

Morgiana, L. If they had, they would have murdered us.

Ali Baba, C. (looking round him and rubbing his hands). Now, then ! What do you think of this ?

Amina. Oh, it is wonderful ! [*Looks round her.*] Pearls, diamonds, gold and silver.

Ali Baba. Help yourselves.

Morgiana (gives a cry). Oh, they have forgotten a corpse here !

Amina. Oh, how untidy ! Don't let us look at it.

[*She and MORGIANA shudder, and turn away on different sides, and each plunges her hand into a large bag or box.*

Ali Baba. I am a man, and very brave, so I dare go and look at it. [*Bends over the corpse ; gives a cry.*] Amina ! Amina !

Amina, R. (without moving her head out of large box). Well what is the matter ?

Ali Baba. I have some bad news for you—some terrible news.

Amina (bending still further into the box). Wait one moment.

There is a very large pearl I want to fish up. All right. [*Lifting her head.*] Now, what is it?

Ali Baba. That unfortunate man, who lies there murdered, who do you think it is?

Amina. How can I tell?

Ali Baba. Someone near to us, and very, very dear.

Morgiana (lifting her head and pinning an enormous brooch that she has found into the front of her dress). Who is it, master, who is it?

[*CASSIM's body lying centre of stage towards back. ALI BABA kneeling behind it with his face to the audience. AMINA, P., MORGIANA, L.*

Ali Baba. It is Cassim, my beloved brother Cassim!

Amina (comes hurriedly forward). Cassim! Alas! Poor fellow, I always loved him as a brother—

Morgiana (coming forward). —in-law.

Ali Baba. Stay, I must tear my hair to mark the occasion. This is a most terrible misfortune.

Morgiana. I suppose you are quite sure it is a misfortune?

Ali Baba. Why, girl, what do you mean? My only brother killed, murdered by robbers in a cave, in the middle of a forest, and you ask if it is a misfortune!

Morgiana. Misfortune for him, certainly; but, as far as you are concerned, isn't it better that you should have all this to yourself.

Ali Baba (lifting his head). It is true. Cassim can't share it with me now; there is no one to dispute my right. [*Gets up.*] We may help ourselves as much as we like.

Amina and Morgiana. We will, we will.

[*They get up and rush at bags again, R. and L.*

Ali Baba (hesitating a minute). You don't think it seems a little unfeeling? [*Goes back and kneels.*

Amina. Not in the least. It is just what he would have done to you.

Ali Baba (gets up). That is quite true. Do as you would have been done by.

[*He also rushes to bags L. of door at back, and fills his pockets.*

Amina, R. (turns round with a handful of jewels in her hand).
Morgiana, I have been thinking that I will have a turban made entirely of precious stones. It would be a little heavy, perhaps, but very, very beautiful.

Morgiana. And I, madam, as I am only a poor slave, must be content with something very simple. I thought a diamond as big as an egg on each of my shoes, and three rows of pearls round my neck.

Amina. I think for your position that would be over-dressed.

Morgiana. Not in such a very large establishment as yours will be.

Amina (flattered). Well, that's true. We'll see.

Ali Baba (coming forward with several purses). I am not sure that I shall go in so much for jewels on my person as for solid wealth without ostentation. I was never like poor Cassim, wanting to keep up a house on that enormous scale.

Amina. By the way, I wonder what will happen to that house now?

Ali Baba. I think we had better go and live in it. We will take it over just as it is; our present one really is not suitable to our great wealth.

Amina. Most unsuitable.

Morgiana. I quite agree with you, madam. My present pantry is a miserable place, and I shall want at least five kitchens for the number of kitchen-maids you will require.

Ali Baba. But what about Mrs. Cassim? Must we take her over too?

Amina. Yes. She may remain on in the house as a poor relation.

Ali Baba. Very well; we will go straight back there now. We will return here to-morrow morning and fetch my poor brother's body.

Morgiana. Alas! poor gentleman! But I dare say all is for the best.

[*Sticks another brooch in.*]

Amina (putting a last handful hastily into her pocket). I dare say it is.

Ali Baba. Very well, then, if you are ready. 'Open, Sesame!'

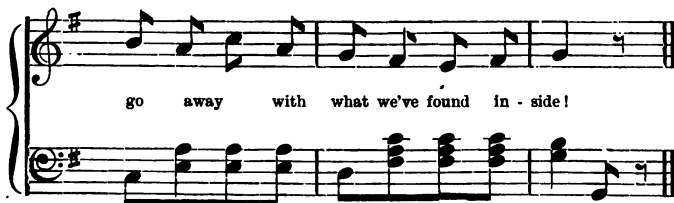
[*Door opens.*]

FINALE (*together*).

See! once 'tis heard, that magic word, the



door has opened wide; We must not stay—we'll

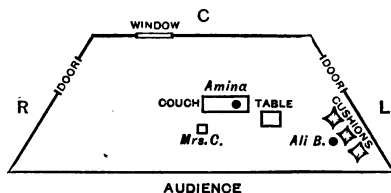


go away with what we've found in - side!

[*Go out jauntily, dancing steps.*]

ACT III

SCENE.—CASSIM'S *House*, now ALI BABA'S. Door (back) R. and L. Window, R. C. ALI BABA, splendidly dressed, smoking long pipe, reclining on cushions, L., down stage. AMINA reclining on couch, L. C., parallel to back of stage. MRS. CASSIM, plainly dressed, sitting on a stool at foot of couch, reading aloud. Small table at head of couch.



Amina. Not so fast, Mrs. Cassim, pray! not so fast! You should really take more pains with your reading, it is so useful an accomplishment for a poor relation.

Mrs. Cassim. I was not taught any of the menial arts in my youth.

Amina. That's a pity, as it turns out. You gabble so when you read that you make me feel quite nervous and excited. Fan me, please. [*Mrs. CASSIM fans her.*] Now, pull up my cushion, and draw up that covering. Oh, what a draught there is in here!

[*Looks round her and shudders.*]

Ali Baba. Yes; my brother did not understand how to make his windows shut properly.

Mrs. Cassim. Alas! the dear departed had such splendid health that he was never conscious of a draught. [*Dries her eyes.*]

Amina. Now, Mrs. Cassim, no crying, please. A companion should always be cheerful.

Mrs. Cassim. Alas! I shall never be cheerful again.

Amina. Then you will find it very difficult to get another situation, for you are not musical, you know.

Mrs. Cassim. I was always considered so by my dear husband.

Amina. Yes, but he was no judge.

Mrs. Cassim (aside). No judge! and he thought my singing exquisite!

Amina. The most you can hope for is to be considered domestic—a good housekeeper, a good manager, and so on. Don't attempt anything else.

Ali Baba. And be sure you succeed in that. I must tell you that the lamps at dinner seemed to me very unsatisfactory. The room was not nearly light enough.

Mrs. Cassim. I don't know why, I'm sure; the oil is what we have always used, and you burn twice as many lamps as we used to have.

Amina. Naturally; we are twice as rich as you were, and that makes us more particular. So the oil that was good enough for you is not good enough for us.

Mrs. Cassim (aside). Cat!

Enter MORGIANA, L.

Morgiana (C.). Please, your Excellencies, there is a travelling merchant at the door who asks if he may speak with you.

Ali Baba. Indeed! And what has he got to sell?

Morgiana. Oil, it seems, such as was never known before. He says he has forty barrels quite full of it.

Amina. Oil! Exactly what we want.

Ali Baba. Is it lamp oil, or salad oil?

Morgiana. I will go and ask him.

Ali Baba. Let us have him up and hear what he has to say. I dare say he will have some diverting tales to tell us about the strange places he has visited. What do you say, Amina?

Amina. With all my heart. But I will first go and put on a more beautiful veil, as beseems my position.

Ali Baba. And I will change my turban. Go, Morgiana, show him up. [*They get up to go out.*] [*Exit MORGIANA, L.*]

Amina. Mrs. Cassim, attend me to my apartment.

[*Exeunt ALI BABA, AMINA, and Mrs. CASSIM, R.*]

Enter MORGIANA, L., showing in COGIA

Morgiana. My master and mistress will be here directly, sir, if you will be so good as to wait. What name shall I say?

Cogia. Cogia Hassan, at their service.

Morgiana. Thank you, sir. [*He comes forward.*]

Cogia. And if you come to that, my love, what's *your* name?

Morgiana. Morgiana, sir, at *your* service.

Cogia. A pretty name, and a pretty girl too.

[*Chucks her under the chin.*]

Morgiana. Thank you, sir. [*Smiles at him and goes out, R.*]

Cogia. A bright-looking girl that. I only hope she's not too wide awake. But I've put her into a good temper to begin with.

[*Looks round cautiously, then goes to window, gives a long whistle.*]

Abou (*showing head above window-sill*). Yes, your lordship

Cogia (*standing L. of window*). Is everything ready?

Abou. Yes, your lordship. They're all sitting in our jars. It's a little stuffy with the lids on, but that can't be helped.

Cogia. Well, it won't be for long. Now, mind, when I whistle twice, you are all to get quietly out of the jars, and come in one by one.

Abou. And then we kill the family, I suppose?

Cogia (*considering*). Well, let me see. . . .

Abou. I always think it's best to kill everybody, then you're sure there's no mistake.

Cogia. Well, perhaps you're right. Yes, kill everybody, that's the simplest plan.

Abou. Yes, your lordship.

[*He disappears.*]

Enter ALI BABA and AMINA, followed by Mrs. CASSIM, R.

Ali Baba. To whom have I the pleasure of speaking?

Cogia. My name is Cogia Hassan, your Excellency. I am a merchant, and I come from the ends of the earth.

Amina. You are a great traveller, then?

Cogia. In oils, madam, in oils.

[*He bows to AMINA.*]

Mrs. Cassim, R. A most useful merchandize.

Cogia (L. C., bowing to Mrs. Cassim). It is, madam.

Amina (R. C.) Mrs. Cassim, I believe you were not addressed.



AMINA

Cogia (aside). Mrs. Cassim! [To AMINA.] Will you introduce me?

Amina. It really is hardly necessary. This is Mrs. Cassim, a widowed relation whom we have kindly taken to live with us.

Cogia (sympathetically). Widowed! it is a sad fate.

Mrs. Cassim (putting her handkerchief to her eyes). Alas! yes, my poor husband was murdered in a robbers' cave.

Cogia. Indeed? How terrible. But you should not have let him go there; it is a risky thing for husbands to go into robbers' caves.

Mrs. Cassim. Alas! Had I but known. . . .

Amina. Thank you, Mrs. Cassim, you need not talk any more for the present. Will you be seated?

[*COGIA sits on cushions, L., Mrs. C. stands R.*

Ali Baba (on stool, R. C.). How do you carry your oil?

Cogia. In earthenware jars.

Ali Baba. Is not that rather unwieldy? How big are they?

Cogia. They are large enough to hold a man in each. So you may fancy how much oil I convey with me. But it is of such good quality that I find no difficulty in disposing of it in every place I come to.

Ali Baba. That sounds delightful. You must let me have some to try.

Cogia (taking out a note-book). With pleasure. I will book your order at once. How much shall you require?

Ali Baba. Well, we will see presently.

Amina. Mrs. Cassim will make a list of the lamps.

Enter ABDALLAH, L., at the head of a procession of servants bringing in dishes. If no servants available, ABDALLAH brings in a tray.

Ali Baba. But first, Sir Cogia, I hope you will partake of some light refreshment with us, and tell us some of the adventures you have had in foreign countries.

Cogia. With the greatest pleasure.

[*The dishes are placed on a little table, which is brought forward.*

Ali Baba. Here are some cakes made of almonds and honey.

Cogia. They are excellent.

Ali Baba. Or, if you prefer them, here are some pineapple creams.

Amina. You will like them, I believe.

Cogia. They are peerless.

Mrs. Cassim (aside). Alas! how fond I used to be of pineapple creams! [ABDALLAH and attendants retire back.

Ali Baba. And now tell us something of your travels. You must have seen many remarkable things.

Cogia. Indeed I have. I have spent months with pigmies no higher than my boot, I have spent years with giants as tall as Queen Anne's Mansions. They were very pleasant fellows indeed, and I was quite sorry to leave them. Then I stayed with the talking monkeys in Africa—most agreeable they were.

Ali Baba. And did you learn their language?

Cogia. Of course I did. They have written to me once a week in it ever since I left them.

Amina. That is truly wonderful.

Ali Baba. Have you ever been near the North Pole in your travels?

Cogia. Near it! I have been there over and over again. But for my part I prefer the South Pole. It is less cockneyfied.

Ali Baba. You have truly seen a great deal. Pray tell me what is your opinion of the sea-serpent?

Cogia. I have the very highest opinion of him. I think him the very biggest, scaliest, twirly-wirliest serpent I ever saw.

Amina. You ever saw? What, have you seen him?

Cogia. Seen him? I should think so! Why, we cast anchor by him, and lived on his back for a week, thinking he was one of the South Sea Islands.

Amina. Most surprising! He is bigger than a whale, then?

Cogia. Bigger than a thousand whales. They darted about round him like a shoal of herrings in comparison.

Mrs. Cassim. Are there whales in the South Sea Islands?

Amina. Mrs. Cassim! I am surprised at you! you have just heard the merchant describe them!

Ali Baba. And was it from those whales you got your excellent oil?

Cogia. Ah, precisely—you do right to recall me to business.

[Gets out note-book.

Ali Baba. But before we go to business you will allow us, I hope, to offer you such slight entertainment as our poor talents can afford.

Cogia (aside, alarmed). What? Am I going to be treated to some domestic music?

Ali Baba. Morgiana is considered to dance very well.

Cogia (aside). Oh, well, dancing, that isn't so bad.

Ali Baba. And while she makes ready, we will withdraw to my private rooms, and my wife will sing to us while we recline and smoke.

[*Gets up.* *COGIA also gets up.*

Mrs. Cassim. Or, if you like, I will sing. I am considered to have a very sweet mezzo soprano.

Amina (getting up). While I accompany, I suppose? No, thank you, I prefer to do my own singing.

Cogia. It will be too charming.

[*They go out.* *COGIA offers his hand to AMINA to go out R.*

MORGIANA, ABDALLAH, and ATTENDANTS, have come in to clear away the meal. MORGIANA smiles and curtsies to COGIA as he passes. Then ALI BABA goes out, then Mrs. CASSIM. ATTENDANTS, MORGIANA, and ABDALLAH, clear away. ATTENDANTS go out, leaving MORGIANA and ABDALLAH. They clear away the furniture as though for a dance.

Morgiana (puts couch against wall, L., stool R.). There now! I wish I had asked for some oil, I like having plenty of light for a skirt dance. I'll go and get some out of the merchant's jars; he can't mind. Let me see, what shall I put it in?

[*ABDALLAH hands her the kettle.*

Morgiana. No, no! that will make the tea taste of paraffin.

Abdallah. That's the joke of it!

Morgiana. Abdallah, you are incorrigible! Do remember that you now have twenty slaves under you, to whom you must set an example.

Abdallah (pompously). All right, I'll tell one of my underlings to wash it.

Morgiana (going out). Now mind what you are about with that tray.

[*Exit.*

Abdallah. I like that! It is nearly three weeks since the last time I fell downstairs with the tray.

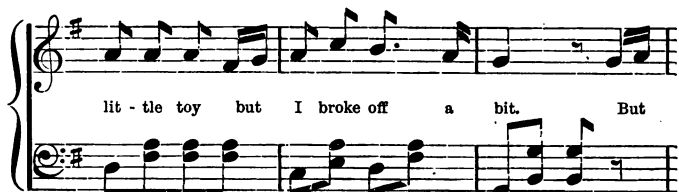
SONG. *Tune—'Oh, dem Golden Slippers.'*

Abdallah. I was a very clumsy boy

When young, I must admit---

I never touched a little toy

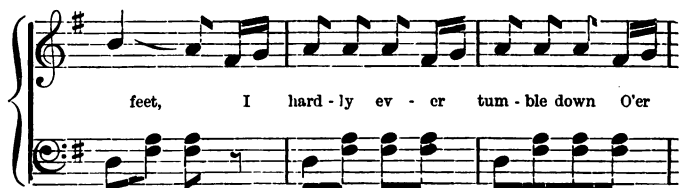
But I broke off a bit.



lit - tle toy but I broke off a bit. But



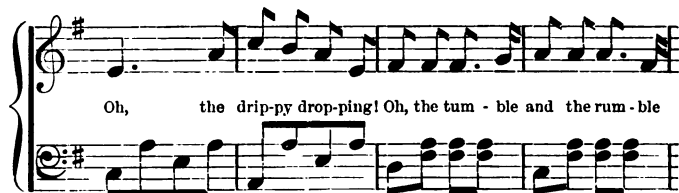
now with age I've wi - ser grown, And firm - er on my



feet, I hard - ly ev - er tum - ble down O'er



foot-stool, chair, or seat. Oh, the flip - py flop-ping !



Oh, the drip-py drop-ping! Oh, the tum - ble and the rum - ble

on the shi-ny floor! Oh, the cling-y clang-ing!

Oh, the bing-y bang-ing! Heard when-c'er Ab -

dal-lah comes with - in the cham-ber door!

[After song ABDALLAH goes out, R.; he is heard dropping tray.

After a moment MORGIANA comes back, L., with the kettle in her hand, looking very much startled.

Morgiana. Abdallah, Abdallah!

Abdallah (appearing in the doorway, looking sulky and injured). Well, you needn't make such a fuss, I only fell down one flight!

Morgiana. What, again! But I can't think of that now.

Abdallah. What a blessing!

Morgiana (handing ABDALLAH the kettle). Abdallah, put that on to boil at once.

Abdallah (smelling it). To boil? Why, there is paraffin inside it.

Morgiana. Yes, yes, I know. Put it on at once, don't lose a minute.

Abdallah (puts it on to lamp). Morgiana, you are not out of your mind, are you?

Morgiana. It is a wonder that I am not. Listen. I went out, I looked into the first jar, there was oil in that, I filled my kettle from it, and then I heard the oil in the next jar sneeze, and the oil in the third said 'Bless you!' and the oil in the next said, 'Well, I have had about enough of this!'

Abdallah. Well, that is not natural, you know.

Morgiana. I believe that in those jars there are robbers come to murder us in our beds!

Abdallah (subsides on to the floor in alarm). Robbers! We are lost!

Morgiana. ——— disguised as lamp oil.

Abdallah (sitting up). Then what about the merchant who said he brought the oil from the South Pole? Did he get the robbers there too? Ah! perhaps they are sea-serpents!

[Collapses on to floor again.]

Morgiana. The merchant is a confederate, too, of course—their captain, probably. *[With a sudden illumination.]* I have it! He is the robber captain we saw in the wood! I thought I had seen his face before, but fortunately I have discovered him in time to circumvent him. *[Takes the kettle off the lamp.]* Ah, this is boiling—now we will soon see.

Abdallah. What are you going to do?

Morgiana. You'll see.

Abdallah. Shan't I come too?

Morgiana. No, no, you would only be in the way. You go on with your work, but don't you say a word about this to anybody.

Abdallah. Not a word. It shall be a surprise to them, when the robbers come in.

Morgiana (going out, L.). I will pour some of this into each jar, and then let him sneeze who can. *[Exit, L.]*

Abdallah. Oh, this is exciting! I do think it is so nice when something fearful happens. *[Exit, L.]*

Re-enter COGIA, R.

Cogia. I thought that feeble music was never coming to an end! and I never can think of anything to say when the song is over—so I came away under pretence of seeing after my jars. Now, let me see. I wonder if this would be the best time to do it? I think it would. I will have them all in—they shall line the room, and as the family enter they shall slay them one by one. Yes, that will do perfectly. [*Goes towards the window. As he goes MORGIANA enters with the kettle; he starts back; chucks her under the chin.*] Ha! my good girl.

Morgiana. You are very familiar, it seems to me.

Cogia. I'm always familiar with charming ladies.

Morgiana. Wait till you've done with me, before you call me charming.

Cogia. Oh, yes! I know you are going to dance for me. I shall think that charming too.

Morgiana. I hope you will. I'm going to put on my dancing shoes. [*Exit, R.*]

[*COGIA puts his head out of the window and whistles, then whistles again and waits, then says anxiously in a loud whisper:*

Cogia. About Fisticuffs, About Fisticuffs! Why don't you answer? What can they be about? [*Goes hurriedly out, L.*]

Enter ALI BABA, AMINA, and Mrs. CASSIM, R.

Ali Baba. Really a most agreeable man.

Amina. He seemed quite to enjoy my singing.

Mrs. Cassim. Did you think so? I thought I heard him sigh with weariness.

Amina. With weariness! What are you thinking of? It was a sigh of pleasure.

Mrs. Cassim. Oh, was it? It's so difficult to tell one sigh from another when one's back is turned.

Re-enter COGIA, L., looking agitated

Ali Baba. Well, merchant, your oil's all right, I hope? What's the matter?

Cogia. Well, no; the fact is there is something wrong with it. I don't think I can oblige you with any this morning. [*Aside.*] They're all boiled—every one!

Ali Baba. Dear me! You don't say so? But still, I dare say there is more where that came from.

Cogia. Well, I must see, but I fear it may take some time. I have a long way to go to get it. In fact, I am afraid I must leave you this evening. I'll come back again next time, yes, I will certainly next time. [*Going towards door, L.*]

Enter MORGIANA, R. She stops him.

Ali Baba. But surely you are not going away without having seen Morgiana dance!

Morgiana. Yes, surely you are not going away without having seen me dance! Come, you promised, you know [*chucking him under the chin*]. And you are going to think me still more charming than before.

Ali Baba. Come, merchant, we will take no denial. You must stay and see her dance.

Cogia. Very well, since you insist upon it.

[*COGIA and ALI B., L., on couch; AMINA, R., MRS. C. by her.*]

MORGIANA dances round, then takes a dagger and waves it about. At last, suddenly, as she passes COGIA, she plunges it into his heart.

Ali Baba. Really, Morgiana, do take care how you dance! Look what you've done; you've killed our guest!

Morgiana (C.). Yes, I have stabbed him to the heart.

Amina (advancing, C.). It seems so inhospitable.

Morgiana. Do you know who he was?

Ali Baba. Was he not Cogia Hassan, the merchant?

Morgiana. No, he was no merchant, he was the robber captain, the one we saw in the wood, and his earthenware jars contained his men.

Mrs. Cassim. What! the murderer of my husband!

Amina. Be quiet, Mrs. Cassim; you seem to think that no one can be murdered except your husband.

Morgiana (C.). There is no need for anyone here to be mur-

dered—I have been beforehand with the robbers. They are murdered themselves. I have killed them all, every one.

Ali Baba (L.). Killed them all! Oh, you good girl! And so quickly too! It's a knack, I suppose.

Mrs. Cassim (R.). Noble Morgiana! You have avenged my husband.

Amina (R. C.). Oh, bother your husband! She has saved your husband's sister-in-law, that's what matters.



‘YOU’VE KILLED OUR GUEST!’

Ali Baba. The robbers’ cave now belongs to me alone. I inherit it from my brother’s murderer. Morgiana, you shall have your freedom, and five asses laden with gold.

Morgiana. Oh, generous master!

Amina. And you shall have a sixth laden with Mrs. Cassim. I give her to you for your very own.

Morgiana (taken aback). Oh, too generous mistress!

Mrs. Cassim (aside). I like that! Making free with things that don’t belong to you!

Amina. I'm not going to discuss it. When I have a generous impulse my heart will not be checked.

Ali Baba (clapping his hands). What ho, slaves! [*Enter ABDALLAH and SLAVES, L., with trays.*] That is right! Sherbet, nectar, otto of roses! We will drink to Morgiana, her master's friend! I am now, thanks to this noble girl, the richest man in the whole world. I therefore propose to live happy ever after. [*ALI BABA takes a goblet and holds it up.*] Morgiana, your very good health!

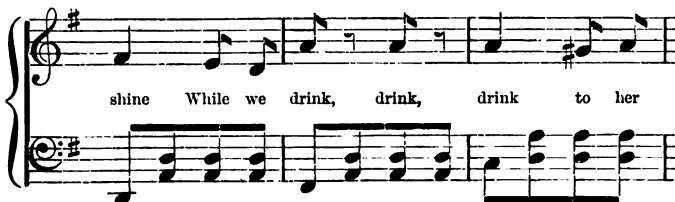
Amina, Mrs. Cassim, Abdallah. Morgiana, your very good health! [*They clink glasses.*]

FINALE. (*Old Tune.*)

Let us clink, clink, clink! let the golden goblets shine
While we drink, drink, drink to her health in flowing wine!
Let us sound, sound, sound noble Morgiana's praise
Through the round, round, round of our well-spent happy days!

For as long, long, long as we're here to tell the tale,
Shall our song, song, song to commend her never fail;
Telling how, how, how Morgiana did the deed
By which now, now, now we are all from danger freed.

With a clink, clink, &c.

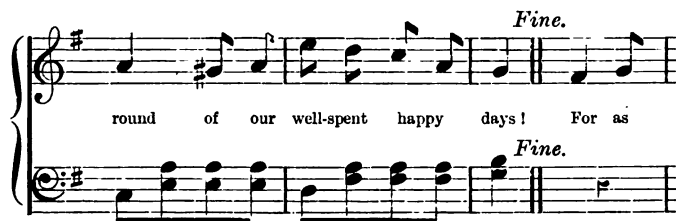




health in flowing wine! Let us sound, sound, sound noble



Morgiana's praise Through the round, round,



Fine.
round of our well-spent happy days! For as
Fine.



long, long, long as we're here to tell the tale, Shall our



song, song, song to commend her never fail; Telling

how. how, how Morgi - ana did the deed By which

This musical system consists of a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The piano part is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The vocal line is in the treble clef, with a melody that includes eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

D.C.
now, now, now we are all from danger freed.

This musical system continues the piano accompaniment and vocal line. The piano part maintains the same rhythmic pattern. The vocal line concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

[*They dance.* CURTAIN falls on dance.]

RUMPELSTILTZKIN

IN FIVE SCENES

CHARACTERS (7 Male, 1 Female)

THE KING

THE PRIME MINISTER

THE MINISTER FOR WAR

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY

THE CHIEF MILLER

MILANDA, *his Daughter*

RUMPELSTILTZKIN

LOLLIPOP, *a Page*

Courtiers, Attendants, &c.

RUMPELSTILTZKIN. COSTUMES

The King.—Long curly wig, silk knee-breeches, shoes with buckles, silk embroidered coat, ribbon of order across chest and large star, embroidered silk waistcoat, cloak with deep ermine collar: crown on, sceptre in hand.

Minister for War.—Long boots, coat open showing frogged waistcoat, cuffs turned back with leather, cuirass over the coat, sash across, three-cornered hat, sword and sword-belt.

Prime Minister.—Long cloak down to ground with deep cape (crimson with gold embroidery, if possible), shoes with buckles, silk stockings, knee-breeches, embroidered coat open and showing long waistcoat, big curly wig like a judge's.

First Lord of the Admiralty.—Shoes with buckles, silk stockings, silk breeches, naval uniform coat of Nelson's time, with epaulettes, silk waistcoat, sword, cocked hat, pigtail.

Miller.—Shoes with buckles, woollen stockings, buttoned knee-breeches, short cut-away coat of white linen or cotton, pigtail.

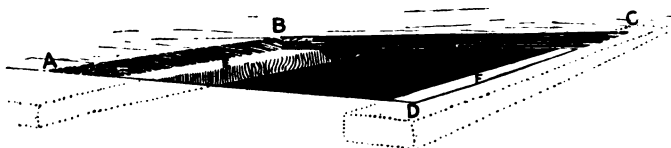
Lollipop.—Embroidered breeches, short embroidered coat, buckle-shoes, silk stockings, pigtail.

Rumpelstiltzkin.—Long leather boots with vandykes turned over at top, long stockings, a short jacket coat with band round it, cloak over one shoulder, pointed cap, gloves with long fingers.

Milanda (Scene 2).—Light-coloured bodice, with broad Swiss band, laced in front; long skirt, open over quilted petticoat.

(Scenes 3 and 5).—Long dress of handsome brocade, flowing wig, jewels, crown.

**** Directions for making a Trapdoor for the last scene, to enable RUMPELSTILTZKIN to stamp his foot through the floor.**



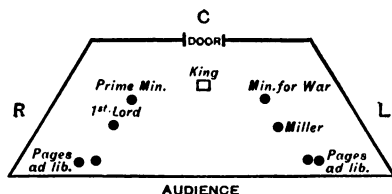
Cut out a piece of one of the boards, leaving a hole, *ABCD*, say 9 in. square.

Cut two strong pieces of wood, *E* and *F*, say 15 in. by 8 in. and 1 in. thick, and screw them firmly along the sides, *AB* and *CD*, of the hole, *ABCD*, and on the under side of the stage, taking care to allow a ridge, *E* and *F*, to project along the two edges *AB* and *CD* respectively—thus making a support to each end of the hole, *ABCD*, on which a piece of board may be laid for the purpose of rendering the stage safe during the earlier scenes. It is advisable with a 'centre-bit' to cut in this board a hole big enough to admit the finger, so that the board may be readily withdrawn immediately upon the fall of the curtain at the end of the preceding scene.

A piece of light-coloured paper, as near the colour of the stage as possible, and cut about 15 in. square, must, during the preceding scene, have been made ready, with its edges glued, or starched, or pasted. This paper must as soon as possible be placed over the hole in the stage, but it does not matter whether the paste dries or not before the stamping takes place.

The actors must keep clear of the paper patch during the scene.

SCENE 1.—*The Court.* The KING sitting on a throne surrounded by his Court. The PRIME MINISTER stands on his right, by him the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. On the KING's left, the MINISTER FOR WAR, by him the MILLER; the latter is a fussy pushing person, always trying to attract attention. Door, C., at back.



The King (stifling a yawn). There never was so stupid a Court as mine.

All (deprecatingly). Oh, your Majesty! [They bow.

The King. No one seems to have anything to say, anything to tell me. Your reports are all more tedious and barren one than the other. What! has nothing been happening anywhere in my dominions? No war, no plague, no revolution?

Prime Minister. Nothing, my liege. Undisturbed peace reigns over your kingdom; the blameless lives of your faithful subjects flow on in calm and unbroken happiness.

The King. But I never heard of anything so dull! I shall turn into an oyster if this goes on!

Miller (aside). Oh, I wish I could think of something amusing to say.

[*Moves forward as if to speak, then draws back as the KING begins.*

The King. Come, Prime Minister, have you no conversation? What do you talk about when you're at home?

Prime Minister. Well, my liege, sometimes we speak of our children. We say, my wife and I, you know, how pretty Barbara is growing—that is our eldest, your Majesty—or else how strong and big Jack is now; that kind of thing.

The King (heaves a sigh). And you, first Lord of the Admiralty?

First Lord. Well, your Majesty, I am bound to say we also sometimes speak of our children—and, indeed, your Majesty, you would be surprised if you saw how quick and clever our little Margery is—and only five!

The King (sighs again). And you, Minister for War, what have you to say?

Minister for War. Why, your Majesty, all the world being at peace, I converse with my wife on domestic subjects, such as little Dolly's progress at school, and so on.

The King. And is that what people always talk about to their wives?

Minister for War. Always, your Majesty.

The King. Then I'm glad I haven't got one.

All. Oh, your Majesty!

The King (sighing). And all the infants as blameless as their parents! What is to become of this country?

Miller (aside). I wish I could think of something brilliant to say!

The King. Has no one got any tales of magic, of impossibilities? Something that will surprise me, and make me gasp? that's what I like.

Miller (aside, with a sudden idea). Ah! I've thought of something! [*Aloud*] Please, your Majesty—

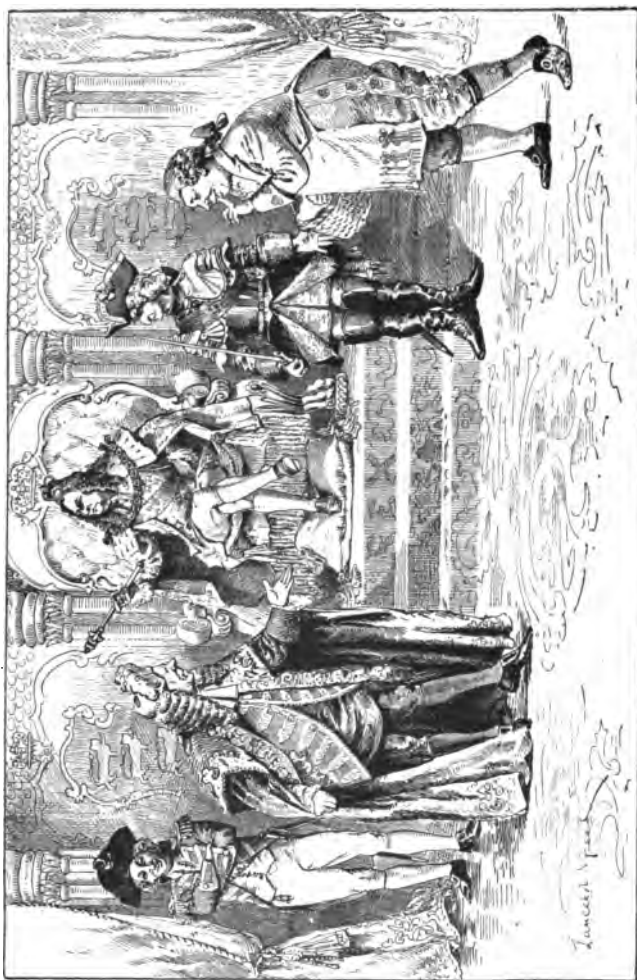
The King. Who's that?

Prime Minister. It is the Chief Miller, your Majesty. [*Aside to the KING.*] A very pushing fellow.

The King. Never mind, so long as he amuses me. Well, Miller, what have you to say?

Miller. I was going to say, your Majesty, that though my beautiful daughter is just as blameless as the rest of your subjects, nay, even more so, she is in one respect quite unlike anyone else's daughter.

The King. Yes, I've heard that kind of thing before.



'THERE NEVER WAS SO STUPID A COUNT AS MINE.'

Miller. Pardon me, your Majesty, what I have to relate is something quite new.

The King. That is a comfort.

Miller. My daughter has one strange and unique talent. She is a great spinner, I must tell you, most domestic and well brought up.

Prime Minister (eagerly). So is mine. Last week my Barbara spun herself, if I may be pardoned the expression, a—petticoat.

Miller (coldly). Indeed! But the remarkable thing about my daughter's spinning is that she can put straw on to her wheel and spin it into gold. [*Aside.*] Now, that will astonish them!

The King. Spin straw into gold! Well, that certainly is surprising. How does she do it?

[*COURT look at each other and shake their heads.*]

Miller. I really can't tell, your Majesty; it's a gift, I suppose, like anything else—like being able to draw or to sing, both of which, by the way, she does extremely well.

First Lord. My daughter also has a peculiar talent for music.

Minister of War. And mine for painting.

The King. Oh yes, that's more commonplace.

First Lord and Minister of War (together). Commonplace!

The King. I should like to have a specimen of your daughter's marvellous talents. She shall bring her spinning-wheel to the palace, and sit in an apartment upstairs, and spin her straw into gold before our eyes. It will be the most interesting sight in the world.

Miller (alarmed). The only thing is, your Majesty, that she is a very simple rustic maiden, and I don't think she would do herself justice if she were brought into your splendid palace.

The King. Then she must try; I will have no refusal. Prime Minister!

Prime Minister. Your Majesty!

The King. Give orders that two of my chariots shall proceed at once to the Miller's house to bring back his daughter and her spinning-wheel, together with a body of horsemen to escort her on the way.

Miller. But your Majesty—

The King. Peace, Miller, I hear so many wonderful stories of everybody's children— —

All (deprecatingly). Oh, your Majesty ! *[They bow.*

The King. That this time I will see for myself if what I am told is true.

Miller (agitated). May I at least, your Majesty, go on before to tell her of the great honour that is being done her, and to calm her natural agitation ?

The King. Yes, that you may do. But tell her that she must be ready in an hour without fail.

Miller. I will, your Majesty.

[Goes out hurriedly, the COURTIERs laughing as he goes.

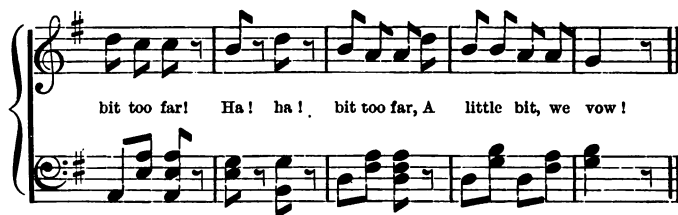
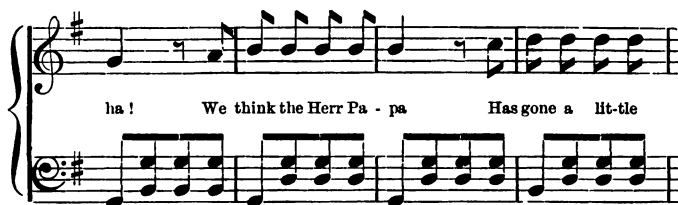
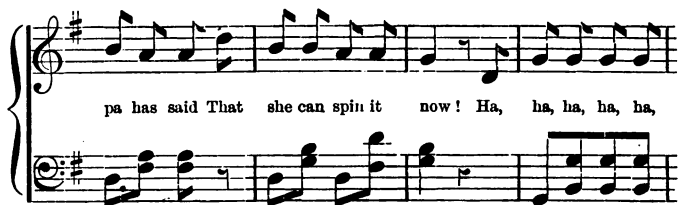
FINALE. (Tune—' Was kommt dort von der Höh.')

Courtiers. Yes, go and tell her now !
 Yes, go and tell her how
 She's got to spin the magic thread,
 For her pa has said
 That she can spin it now !

 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
 We think the Herr Papa
 Has gone a little bit too far !
 Ha, ha, bit too far—
 A little bit, we vow !

Yes, go and tell her now ! Yes, go and tell her

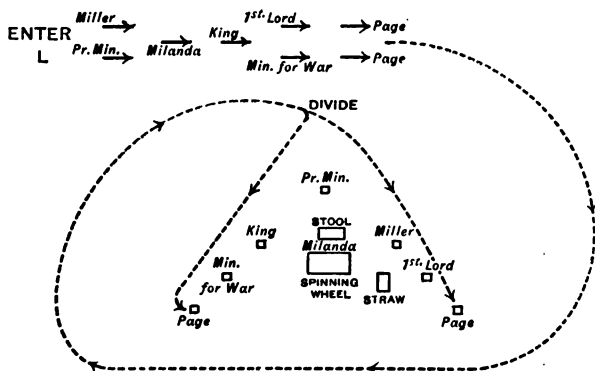
how She's got to spin the magic thread, For her



SCENE 2.—*A Chamber in the Paláce. Door, R., up stage. Couch or chair with cushions, embroidery, &c., on it at back. Window, L., at back, with window-sill. Spinning-wheel half way down stage, C. A stool behind it. A large bundle of straw L. of wheel.*

Procession enters, R., singing, in following order: First, two Pages, then the MINISTER FOR WAR and the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY together. Then the KING. After him

MILANDA, walking with her eyes cast on the ground. Then the MILLER and the PRIME MINISTER walking together, the MILLER holding his head very high, with burlesque pomp. They walk in in time to music, one step to each of the two beats of the bar, that is, a step to the first quaver and one to the fourth: first crossing stage to L., then down stage, and cross to R., then up again, turn and form round spinning-wheel in order given in diagram. This should bring them to the end of the nine lines of song.



CHORUS. *Tune—'Come, lasses and lads.'*

{ We } show { you } the way—now here must { you } stay
 { You } { me } { I }

The thread of gold to spin,
 Full many a reel must be filled from the wheel
 Ere evening closes in!

{ For } clearly understand it is the King's command
 { I }

That { you } spin it, spin it, spin it, spin it,
 { I } Spin the golden strand—

That { you } spin it, spin it, spin it, spin it,
 { I } Spin the golden strand!

RUMPELSTILTZKIN

We show you the way, now here must you stay, The

thread of gold to spin. Full many a reel must be

filled from the wheel, Ere even - ing closes in! For

clear - ly un - der - stand it is the King's com -

mand That you spin it, spin it, spin it, spin it,

Spin the gold - en strand; That you spin it, spin it,

spin it, spin it, Spin the gold - en strand!

The King (to the MILLER's daughter, when the chorus is ended and they have formed in order given). Now, then, is that all you want? Have you straw enough? [*She says nothing.*]

The King (to the MILLER). What is the matter? Is it shyness, or ill-temper, or what?

Miller. Oh, your Majesty, it is only respect, I assure you—the respect and awe she feels for your august person. [*Aside to girl.*] Speak up, you silly—say something, or we are lost!

Milanda (aside). But I don't know what to say!

Miller (aloud). His Majesty is asking how much straw you want to spin with.

Milanda (without lifting her eyes). Oh, it doesn't matter, your Majesty. One straw will be enough.

The King. One!

All. One!

Milanda. Oh, yes, that will do. [*Aside.*] It will come to just the same if it's one or a thousand!

The King. You hear, my lords? Give the Miller's daughter one straw.

Chorus.—For clearly understand

It is the King's command

That you spin it, spin it, spin it, spin it,

Spin the golden strand!

That you spin it, spin it, spin it, spin it,
Spin the golden strand!

[While the chorus sing this, to the same portion of the tune as it was sung to before, the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY detaches one straw from the bundle, while the PRIME MINISTER takes a cushion from seat at back, then comes down stage, R., behind the KING, MINISTER FOR WAR, and the PAGE, and goes up, C. The FIRST LORD then lays the straw on the cushion, and they present it with great pomp to MILANDA, each holding a side of the cushion. Then the PRIME MINISTER steps back, R., opposite MILLER, the KING advancing a little. This should just bring them to the end of the chorus. MILANDA puts the straw into the wheel; then she sits as though going to begin. All the others bend down, looking on. Then suddenly she pushes it from her, and begins sobbing loudly.

The King. What's the matter now?

Miller (hurriedly going to her). You really must try to do something—you will make me look a fool before the whole Court!

The King. What is it?

Miller. I think, your Majesty, that she cannot work when people are looking on; if she were alone she could manage it better.

The King. But that is most disappointing. I had looked forward to seeing the miracle with my own eyes.

Miller. Well, perhaps by to-morrow she will have got more accustomed to her surroundings, if she were allowed to try it to-day alone.

The King. Well, for to-day I don't mind. But, mind, to-morrow I must be allowed to see it.

Miller (relieved). You shall, your Majesty. [*Aside to MILANDA.*] Say something, stupid!

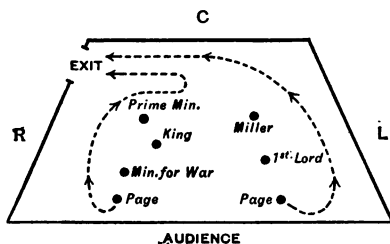
Milanda (hardly audible). You shall, your Majesty.

The King. A very nice-looking girl that; it's a pity she's not more sociable. But since it seems she can work better alone, we will leave her. Minister for War, let a regiment watch at the door of the chamber to see that she is not disturbed.

Minister for War. I will, your Majesty.

The King (turning round to MILANDA). In a quarter of an hour we shall return, and by that time we shall expect to find at least a dozen reels of gold. If we do not, your father shall pay for his vain boasting with his life.

[*Exeunt all but MILANDA in procession, thus: The two pages turn outwards and go up the stage, R. and L., joining at back, followed by the FIRST LORD and the MINISTER FOR WAR, who walk together as before; then the KING walking alone; then the PRIME MINISTER and MILLER together. They go out, R. They repeat as they march out the last part of the chorus from 'For clearly understand,' &c.*



Milanda (alone). Oh, dear me! What am I to do now? Was there ever such a crazy idea? How could my father have suggested it! To sit and spin that thing [*pointing to the straw*]—I should have thought even a man would have known better than that! Why, I couldn't spin a needleful of thread out of it, let alone twelve reels of gold! [*Takes straw out of wheel and throws it away; then takes bundle and dashes it down stage, R. corner, out of the way.*] Oh, what wouldn't I give to any one who would help me!

[*A crash of cymbals heard as RUMPELSTILTZKIN appears on window-sill, L.*

Rumpelstiltzkin. Pray, miss, what would you give? [*MILANDA shrieks and jumps up.*] Don't give a shriek, that is no use.

Milanda (R. C., down stage). Who are you? Where did you come from?

Rumpelstiltzkin. Never mind that ; I am a dwarf.

[*Steps down.* *MILANDA* retires a little further, *R. Milanda.* Yes, I can see that.

Rumpelstiltzkin (disappointed). Can you ? I was in hopes it couldn't be seen.



‘PRAY, MISS, WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE ?’

Milanda. What is your name ?

Rumpelstiltzkin. Never mind that either. [*Comes down stage, L.*] I happened to be flying through the air invisibly, and saw you were in trouble, so I thought I would come down and see if I could help you.

Milanda. It is very kind of you, but I am afraid nobody can help me, no one on earth—or in the air.

Rumpelstiltzkin. Don't be too sure. I can do most things. Tell me all about it, and why you are spinning with nothing on your wheel?

Milanda. Because that [*pointing to straw*] is what the King has given me to spin with, and I must spin twelve reels of gold out of it within the next quarter of an hour.

Rumpelstiltzkin. Twelve reels of gold? That ought not to be very difficult.

Milanda (starting). What!

Rumpelstiltzkin. What will you give me if I manage it for you?

Milanda. Oh! Do you mean to say you really can?

Rumpelstiltzkin. I think so, if you would make it worth my while. What will you give me?

Milanda. Anything you choose to ask for.

Rumpelstiltzkin. That is a bargain, is it?

Milanda. Indeed it is. There is my hand upon it.

Rumpelstiltzkin. And mine! In a year and a day I shall come back again and ask you for my reward.

Milanda. And you shall have it.

Rumpelstiltzkin (sitting down to spinning-wheel). Very well, then, that is arranged. Now, then, put something for the reels to tumble into.

Milanda. Here. [*Puts ornamental basket or bowl on his left.*]

Rumpelstiltzkin. That is right.

Milanda. And here is the straw.

[*Going to bundle, R., and taking it up.*]

Rumpelstiltzkin. Oh, I don't think we need the straw [*she stops with bundle in her arms*]; I may just as well spin the gold out of nothing while I am about it.

Milanda (throws bundle back into corner, overjoyed). Oh, how delightful this is!

Rumpelstiltzkin. You stand over there; I like having plenty of elbow-room.

[*MILANDA comes down, L.*]

Rumpelstiltzkin. Now, then, we're off!

[*Begins spinning, and sings.*]

SONG. (*Tune—from 'L'Elisire d'Amore.'*)

Turn, my little wheel, turn brightly
For the miller's daughter fair!
Spin the magic tissue lightly,
Spin the golden thread so rare!

Staying never, turning ever,
Turning ever to my song,
Tho' unseen, in golden sheen,
The fairy fabric floats along.

Float along, as I foretold,
Shining threads of fairy gold!

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The lyrics are placed between the staves of each system.

System 1:
Turn, my little wheel, turn brightly For the miller's daughter

System 2:
fair! Spin the magic tissue lightly, Spin the golden thread so

System 3:
rare! Staying never, turning ever, Turning ever to my

song, Tho' un - seen, in golden sheen, The fairy fabric floats a-

long. Float a-long, as I foretold, Shining threads of fairy

gold ! Float a-long as I foretold, Shining threads of fairy gold !

Rumpelstilzkin. Now, then, look into the basket !

[*MILANDA rushes at it and tilts it down ; some reels of gold thread roll out of it.*

Milanda. Oh, you have really done it !

Rumpelstilzkin (getting up). Certainly ; I have fulfilled my part of the bargain.

Milanda. And I will fulfil mine. But oh, do tell me how you do it !

Rumpelstilzkin. I can't do that, but I will tell you that it is only people of my size and general appearance who have this gift.

Milanda (taken aback). Oh, well, then, in that case——

Rumpelstilzkin. What were you going to say ?

Milanda. Nothing, nothing. But do tell me what you are called, that I may at least know the name of my benefactor.

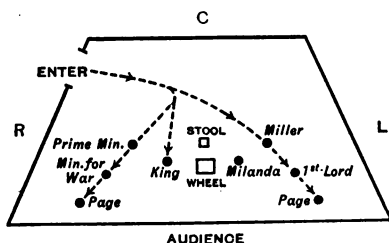
RUMPELSTILTZKIN

Rumpelstilzkin. No ; I have done what you wanted, let that be enough for you.

[*Music heard. Tune of chorus, played softly outside.*

Rumpelstilzkin. Hark ! there are the King and Court coming back. Farewell, till we meet again.

[*Springs on to window sill, L. Crash of cymbals. He jumps out. Music heard coming nearer. MILANDA covers the basket with an embroidered cloth from the couch at back. She feigns to be sitting spinning, and springs up as they come in. She stands L. of wheel facing R. Basket on her right. All those who were on the stage at beginning of scene now return, L. (see diagram). Music heard*



coming nearer. They enter as before, but, instead of going quite round, they come as far as C., then divide and come down stage as in diagram, further apart than before. The music must be so arranged that as they come in they take up the last lines of it, singing as they enter :

Have you spun it, spun it, spun it, spun it,
 Spun the golden strand ?
 Have you spun it, spun it, spun it, spun it,
 Spun the golden strand ?

The King. Well, lovely miller maid, have you done your appointed task ?

Milanda (stepping back and discovering basket, off which she takes cover). I have, your Majesty, and I hope to your satisfaction.

Miller (starts back, aside). What, she has really done it!

[*MILANDA has lifted the basket and put it in front of the wheel.*

The King (looking into basket). Oh, gifted girl! Have you really spun all that since we left you?

Milanda (modestly). Every thread of it, your Majesty. There is just enough there, I think, to make your Majesty a suit of cloth of gold.

The King. Upon my word, what a sweet idea! What do you say, Prime Minister? Is not this wonderful?

Prime Minister. I must admit, my liege, that it is marvellous.

The King. I am glad to find, Miller, that you have not exaggerated, as is sometimes the case with parents, your daughter's talents.

Miller. Your Majesty is too kind. She is a good, industrious girl, certainly.

The King (to Milanda). But do let us see how you do it.

Milanda. I can only do a certain amount in a day, your Majesty, and I have worked so hard this afternoon that I am really quite worn out.

The King. That seems to be reasonable enough. It shall be for another day. Miller, I congratulate you. You have a priceless treasure for a daughter, and he who wins her for his wife will be a happy man. [*Miller bows.*

Milanda. Oh, my lord, you are too kind!

[*Curtsies and smiles.*

The King (to the Minister for War). What an engaging creature she is too!

Minister for War (coming a little down stage, coldly). Yes, Sire, she seems a nice, respectable girl. [*Aside.*] Nothing to our Dolly.

The King (reflecting, aside). She would look very well on a throne at my side, and it would be very agreeable to have a new golden suit whenever I wanted it. [*To Milanda.*] I wish to mark my approval of your remarkable gifts.

Milanda. Oh, thank you, your Majesty! [*She comes forward.*

The King. And in order to do so [*he pauses*] I will marry you to-morrow.

All the Court. Marry her !

Milanda. Oh, your Highness, how kind !

The King. Not at all, you deserve it. Prime Minister [*Prime Minister comes forward R. of King*], give orders for the ceremony to be to-morrow at eleven o'clock, and let the day be observed as a holiday throughout my kingdom.

Prime Minister. If I may venture to observe, your Majesty, is not this a little precipitate ?

The King. Precipitate, to postpone it till to-morrow ? Not at all. I might have been married this evening.

Miller (aside). I shall be the King's father-in-law !

The King. Let my bride elect be reconducted to her dwelling with suitable magnificence, and to-morrow morning, my Princess, at half-past ten, the entire army and navy shall come to fetch you, to bring you to church.

Milanda. I shall be ready, Sire.

[*She curtsies ; the KING kisses her hand. Then MILANDA gives her right hand to her father, who gives her his left. They go up, C., and exit, L., all bowing to them. The MILLER looks prouder than ever. The chorus as they go out again repeat the last lines of the tune to these words :*

Indeed, the King's command

Is hard to understand !

She has won it, won it, won it, won it,

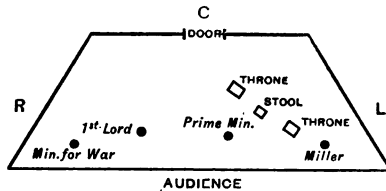
Won his royal hand !

She has won it, won it, won it, won it,

Won his royal hand !

Curtain.

SCENE 3.—*Same scene as Scene 1. Door, C., at back. Further down, L. C., a throne. By it, not quite close, a stool or stand on which the cradle is afterwards placed. To the left again of the stool, another throne, also not quite close to it. When the curtain goes up, the MINISTER FOR WAR, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, PRIME MINISTER, and MILLER are discovered singing a chorus. MINISTER FOR WAR, R. FIRST LORD, R. C. PRIME MINISTER, L. C. MILLER, L.*



The baby, the baby, shall christened be to-day,
And every good courtier must feel light-hearted and gay.

Tra la, la la, tra la, la la,

We'll sing a merry roundelay,

Tra la, la la, tra la la la,

To show that we feel very gay!

[*They mark time with a balancé step on the two beats of the bar, from Tra la, &c., to the end.*]

(Tune from 'La Dame Blanche'.)

The ba - ry, the ba - by shall christened be to -

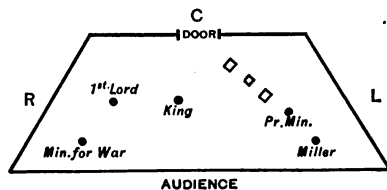
day! And ev'ry good courtier must feel light-hearted and

gay. Tra la, la la, Tra la, la la, We'll

sing a mer - ry roundelay, Tra la, la la, tra

la, la la, To show that we feel ver - y gay!

[As the chorus ends the KING enters quickly. He comes down C.; the others spread out and bow as he comes.]



The King. Prime Minister, is everything ready for the christening?

Prime Minister. Everything, Sire.

Miller. It is all most gratifying to the members of the royal family, most gratifying.

The King. Speak of things you understand, please, Miller.

Miller. Miller, indeed! I do think that after all this time I might at least be addressed as father-in-law.

First Lord of the Admiralty. This, your Majesty, is the mug which the navy is going to present to the Prince.

Minister for War. And this the coral necklace to be presented by the army.

The King. Charming gifts, both of them.

Prime Minister. This is a rattle of pure gold from the rest of the nation.

The King. A beautiful thought!

Miller. And grandpapa has given the little boy a pretty silver spoon.

The King (coldly). Indeed! That is not so important. [*Aside.*] That is the only drawback to the baby, that he has such an awful grandfather.

Miller. And how is the little poppet this morning?

The King. The Crown Prince is very well, thank you, Miller.

[*The MILLER turns away with an angry gesture.*]

The King (to the assembled Court). Do you know that really is a most remarkable child of mine—most extraordinary?

All (with a deep bow). Yes, your Majesty.

The King. Just imagine, yesterday when I put out my royal fore-finger, he seized it and held it quite tight.

All (holding up their hands and looking from one to another with admiration). Oh, your Majesty!

The King. And two days ago he scratched his queenly mother's face. That seems to me truly gifted.

All (with a bow). Yes, your Majesty.

The King. I never knew that children were so interesting. Surely the stories you used to tell me about yours were not so entertaining as these?

All (with a bow). No, your Majesty.

The King (with a satisfied smile). I thought not.

[*Music heard.*

The King (turning his head to listen and holding up his hand). Hark! what is that?

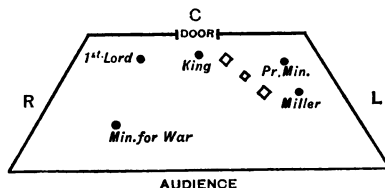
Prime Minister. It is the band, your Majesty, playing as the Queen and the infant Prince leave the royal nursery.

The King (delighted, listening as music is heard drawing nearer). Ah! to be sure, yes. [Listens with R. hand to his ear.]

The baby is coming! [Goes up, C.

All (same action). The baby is coming!

[PRIME MINISTER and MILLER, R., hand to ear, go up and stand behind KING. MINISTER FOR WAR and FIRST LORD, with L. hand to ear, go up and stand facing them. They join in the chorus, which is now heard approaching.



CHORUS. *Tune—'The Campbells are coming.'*

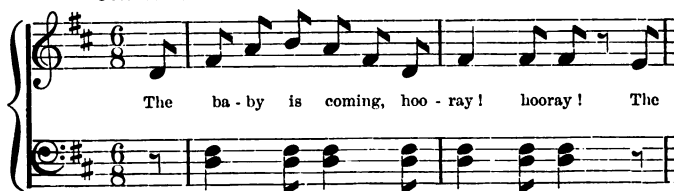
The baby is coming, hooray, hooray!

The baby is coming, oh joyful day!

Oh greet him with welcoming fifing and drumming,

The baby is coming, hooray, hooray.

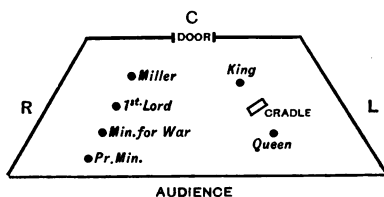
Con brio.





(Repeat Chorus.)

[As the last line of the chorus is sung for the first time, the procession enters as follows : First, two pages carrying between them (each holding a handle) the cradle or bassinette in which the baby is supposed to be lying. The KING and the other four already on the stage fall back as the pages come in. The pages are followed by the QUEEN, then by



as many musicians as can be mustered, playing drums and mirlitons. As the pages come in they walk down C., then up L., turn and come down behind stool, on which they place the bassinette, standing as they do so one on each side of it. They then, turning a little, one R. the other L., draw the two large chairs which are to serve as thrones close up to the cradle, while they themselves each

stand behind one of the chairs. During this time the KING has advanced as the QUEEN enters the room, and they come down C. together. He then hands her to the throne, L. of cradle, himself sitting on the other. During the above, the PRIME MINISTER and MILLER have crossed to R. when the KING came down C., and are now standing in a line with the other two Ministers facing the thrones.

[The pages can remain standing—one behind the KING, the other behind the QUEEN. If there have been more courtiers, musicians, &c., in the procession, they can stand against back wall, R. and L. of door.]

The King. Tell me, my royal consort, how is our princely son this morning?

The Queen (looking fondly into cradle). Well, very well, and surpassingly beautiful.

The King (also looking fondly into cradle). He is, indeed. *[He turns to Court.]* The Prince will now hold his State Levee. Minister for War, his Royal Highness will receive you.

Minister for War (advances a few steps till he is about a foot from the cradle, and may be supposed to see into it. Then he makes first a deep bow to the QUEEN, then another to the cradle). Tootsy pootsy, your Highness! hey, diddle diddle!

[He bows to the KING and goes up C. to the R. of KING. The other three have in the meanwhile moved down so that the FIRST LORD is now furthest down stage.]

First Lord (advancing; same action as MINISTER OF WAR. Bows to QUEEN, then to PRINCE). Kss, kss, kss! your Royal Highness! Toodle dum!

[Snaps his fingers to amuse the PRINCE; bows to KING and goes up C. above MINISTER FOR WAR.]

Prime Minister (advancing; same action. Bows to QUEEN, then takes a lace handkerchief out of his pocket, holds it up, and pretends to hide behind it). Peep bo, your Royal Highness! Where's the Prime Minister? Ah, there he is! [To KING.] Nothing escapes him, Sire. *[Goes up C. above the others.]*

Miller (advances, fussily clapping his hands). And here's grandpapa come to see the little bo—oy!

The King. Go away, please, Miller. That is not the way to come into the royal presence.

The Queen. Really, papa, you ought to know better.

Miller. No one would think that I am one of the royal family to see the way I am treated.

The King (looking round). But where is the Prince's own lord-in-waiting?

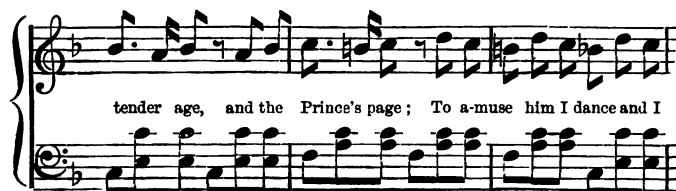
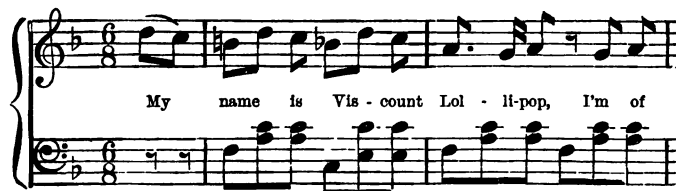
The Queen. Lord Lollipop will be here directly. He has gone to the royal nursery to fetch the Prince's rattle.

Prime Minister (who is furthest up stage, looking off, L). Here he is.

Enter LOLLIPOP, a tiny Page. He bends his knee to the
• QUEEN, and holds out a rattle, which she takes.

SONG. (*Lollipop*).—*Tune, Italian.*

My name is Viscount Lollipop,
 I'm of tender age, and the Prince's page;
 To amuse him I dance, and I skip and hop,
 Till his Highness deigns to smile.
 Tra la, la la! tra la, la la!
 With many a wile
 I make him smile.



A

skip and hop Till his High - ness deigns to smile. Tra

B

la, la la la la la! With many a wile I

C

make him smile. Tra la, la la la

D

la, la, la, I make his High - ness smile.

[After the Levee, and during LOLLIPOP's song, the MINISTERS and the MILLER have gone up, and are now nearly facing audience. If possible, it would be better that they should hide the doorway sufficiently for RUMPELSTILTZKIN to creep in behind them unobserved during the song, that he may then give one spring into the centre of the circle afterwards. If the relative sizes of the performers do

not admit of this being successfully carried out, then he must rush in at the door when the moment comes for him to appear.

[*From A. to B., and from C. to D., LOLLIPOP, who has been standing R. C. to sing his song, turns towards the cradle and plays bo-peep with the baby in time to the music, holding up the curtain of the cradle on the first beat of the bar, and letting it drop at the second.*

The King. And now we will form the State procession for the christening. [*To the QUEEN.*] The only thing I regret, my dear, is that you have not spun me that golden suit I have been promised for so long. I might have worn it to-day.

The Queen. You shall have it for the Prince's coming of age.

The King. That will be delightful.

[*He gets up, and offers his hand to the QUEEN. As she gets up, a loud crash of cymbals is heard, and RUMPELSTILTZKIN springs into the middle of the circle. All start and fall back. The QUEEN sinks back into her chair.*

The King. Who is this? Turn him out instantly.

[*The two pages and LOLLIPOP rush forward.*

Rumpelstiltzkin (fiercely). You had better not!

[*They hesitate. RUMPELSTILTZKIN crosses, L., with a melodramatic scowl.*

The Queen (faintly). I—I know this gentleman. How d'ye do, Uncle James?

The King. Uncle! What! A relation?

The Queen. No, no, a very old friend; but that is what we call him.

The King. I am glad he is not a relation—the baby might have taken after him.

Rumpelstiltzkin (to the Queen). May I speak to your Majesty in private for a moment?

The King. This is most extraordinary.

[*He turns away to courtiers, who fall back a little. RUMPELSTILTZKIN stands on the QUEEN's left.*

Rumpelstiltzkin. You remember our bargain, madam? It is a year and a day since we made it.

The Queen. To be sure, yes; now you mention it I do re-

member something about it. But you have appeared at a very inconvenient moment. I am engaged just now, I am sorry to say.

Rumpelstiltskin. I am afraid your engagement will have to wait. What did you promise me?

The Queen. Anything you choose to ask for, and I will give it you. What shall it be? A purse full of gold pieces? A cream-coloured horse with a long tail? A castle and a mountain all to yourself in any part of the kingdom?

Rumpelstiltskin. No, I want none of those things. I must have something more precious yet.

The Queen. What, then?

Rumpelstiltskin. The baby.

The Queen. The baby! Never!

[*Springs up and stands between RUMPELSTILTZKIN and the cradle.*]

Rumpelstiltskin. Take care! If I choose I can change the baby into a rag doll by winking at it!

The Queen. Oh, you wouldn't do that!

Rumpelstiltskin. I am not at all sure.

The Queen. Oh dear, was there ever an unfortunate mother so situated! You surely wouldn't be so cruel as to deprive me of my child! You seemed such a singularly kind-hearted person the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, Mr.—Mr.— What did you say your name was?

Rumpelstiltskin. Never mind my name; that's not the point. You promised me whatever I should ask for, and I ask for the baby.

The Queen. Oh, sir, leave me my child! I am sure with a kind, good face like yours you can't have a hard heart!

Rumpelstiltskin. Oh! [*Flattered; aside.*] Really she is most polite.

The Queen. Do, do grant my prayer, good Mr.—Mr.— Oh dear, I wish I had something to call you, it rounds off one's entreaties so much better!

Rumpelstiltskin. Well, since you're so anxious to know my name, I'll make another bargain with you: if you can guess it by the day after to-morrow you shall keep your child.

The Queen. Oh, kindest benefactor, how can I thank you enough!

Rumpelstilzkin. Don't be too joyful yet—wait till you've guessed it! you won't find it so easy.

The Queen. Prime Minister, show this gentleman out; give him a guard of honour to the door.

Rumpelstilzkin (Ministers advance, R.). Thank you, it is not necessary; I never use a door. I shall disappear the way I came.

Exit RUMPELSTILTZKIN through crowd, so that the audience does not see which way he goes; crash of cymbals.

The King (impatiently). Now then, my dear, may I ask what all this is about? We are waiting to begin the ceremony.

The Queen. You shall know all, my liege, at some fitting time. For the moment I will only tell you this, that I must know his name by the day after to-morrow.

The King. His name! What! Don't you know it? Prime Minister, how is this? Why was he not properly announced and ushered into the royal presence?

Prime Minister. Please, your Majesty, he came down the chimney, and we don't generally have an usher on duty there.

The Queen. It is most important that I should learn it. [*To the Court.*] I want you to go out into the world, my lords—north, south, east, and west, to make a list of the most striking names in our kingdom, and bring them back to me by to-morrow evening.

All (with a bow). We will, your Majesty.

Lollipop. May I go too?

The Queen. Oh, you are too precious to be spared! the baby would miss you.

Lollipop. I won't be long, and I'll bring you back the right name.

All. You! ha ha!

[*They laugh*]

Lollipop. You see if I don't.

The Queen. Very well, you may go with the rest.

Lollipop. Oh, thank you, your Majesty!

The King. One moment, my lords—then, with all this fuss [*to the QUEEN*], are we too busy to have the baby christened to-day?

The Queen. Oh dear, no, we will do that first, and then the messengers shall go forth.

The King. Come, then! Music, sound! Procession, set forth! My lords, you may carry the baby.

Prime Minister. We thank your Majesty for the privilege.

[*The KING gives his hand to the QUEEN and they go out, followed by the PRIME MINISTER and MINISTER FOR WAR carrying the cradle between them. Then all the others fall in two and two, and they march out as the curtain comes down, singing chorus, 'The Baby is coming,' to same tune as before.*

Curtain.

SCENE 4.—*A Wood. A large tree, L., behind which LOLLIPOP, when he enters, L. can remain unperceived. As the curtain draws up a band of little elves discovered dancing round one after the other, each holding a tiny bell which he rings on the first beat of the bar. They are singing a chorus. The curtain rises on the second line of the chorus.*

CHORUS OF ELVES.

We are little elves, with dancing and with singing
 We amuse ourselves, while fairy bells are ringing,
 The livelong day
 We sing and dance and play.
 Tra la la la, tra la la la, we sing and dance and play.

[*If there are enough elves, let them dance round, with an ordinary chassé step, to a figure like the ladies' chain at the end of the Lancers, only without giving hands. They will instead dance in and out of each other, ringing the bells.*

CHORUS OF ELVES. *Tune—French student song.*

We are little elves, with dancing and with singing

we enjoy our - selves, while fairy bells are ringing, The

live long day We dance and sing and play. Tra

la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra

la la la la la la la, We dance and sing and play.

[RUMPELSTILTZKIN, heralded by a crash of cymbals as he comes in, enters at the conclusion of the chorus. He springs into the middle of the circle.

Rumpelstilzkin. Good news, my friends, good news!

Elves. Tell us, master, tell us!

Rumpelstilzkin. It's almost certain that I shall bring you the baby the day after to-morrow.

First Elf. Oh, how amusing!



'WE ENJOY OURSELVES, WHILE FAIRY BELLS ARE RINGING'

Second Elf. If it's a very fat baby we'll play at ball with it.

Third Elf. It will be quite delightful.

LOLLIPOP comes in sadly and wearily, L., without being seen
by the ELVES.

Lollipop (sadly). I've not got a single name on my list! What am I to do?

[While he speaks the ELVES and RUMPELTILTZKIN are smiling at each other, rubbing their hands, &c., evidently very joyful.]

Rumpelstiltzkin. Oh yes, I think you are quite safe to get the baby [at the first word of the sentence LOLLIPOP has started, and listens to what follows, taking care to remain concealed behind the tree], for the Queen will never guess what my name is.

First Elf. I should think not, indeed.

Rumpelstiltzkin. And it is most important she should not guess it, for, as you know, our magic power resides in our names. If anyone not belonging to us guesses what they are, we lose all our fairy power, and become just like ordinary mortals.

Second Elf. But no one is likely to guess such a name as yours.

Rumpelstiltzkin. No, I flatter myself it's rather out of the common. [Sings.]

SONG. (*Rumpelstiltzkin.*)

To-day I brew, to-morrow bake,
The next day I the child will take,
For little dreams the royal dame
What really is my name!

For my name is Rumpelstiltzkin, my name is Rumpelstiltzkin,
My name is Rumpelstiltzkin,
Which nobody can deny!
Or I'll know the reason why!

[The ELVES all join in the chorus, from A on music, also LOLLIPOP, who jumps for joy at finding out the name, and at conclusion of chorus rushes out, waving his cap in triumph.]

RUMPELSTILTZKIN

SONG AND CHORUS. *Tune—'He's a jolly good fellow.'*

To - day I brew, to - morrow bake, The next day I the

child will take, For lit - tle dreams the roy - al dame What

really is my name, For my name is Rumpel-

stiltzkin, my name is Rum - pel - stilt - zkin, My

name is Rum - pel - stilt - zkin, Which no - body can de-

ny Which no - body can de - ny Or I'll

A

know the reason why, For {my / his} name is Rum - pel-

stilt - zkin, {my / his} name is Rum - pel - stilt - zkin, My

name is Rumpel - stilt - zkin, which nobody can de - ny!

Curtain

SCENE 5.—*Same scene as Scene 3. The cradle, L. C., half-way up stage, back. The KING and QUEEN are sitting one on each side of it, the KING rocking it gently, the QUEEN looking anxious and preoccupied.*

The Queen (getting up and wringing her hands). Oh, why have those messengers not returned?

[She walks hastily up and down, going first to R. corner, down stage.]

The King. Take care—you'll wake the baby! I wish you would tell me, my dear, why you are so very anxious to guess correctly.

The Queen. Wait till this evening, dear husband, I beg of you; I am too agitated now. *[Walks across, L.]*

The King. I think I hear them.

▲ *[The QUEEN turns quickly to listen.]*

Enter the PRIME MINISTER, quickly followed by the MINISTER FOR WAR, the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, the MILLER, and as many others as can be mustered. The QUEEN in walking to and fro on the stage has arrived at the L. corner as the MINISTERS come down, R. C. She is facing them.

The Queen (with relief). Ah, you have returned! Well, have you found the name?

Prime Minister. I trust so, madam.

Minister for War. I have brought some very striking names.

First Lord. And my choice has been singularly fortunate.

Miller (arriving fussily). I need not say that mine are the best.

The Queen (going back to L. side of cradle, and sinking into seat). Oh, if only Lollipop returns in time! . . .

[A crash of cymbals. RUMPELSTILT'ZKIN has come in, C., and springs into the circle. All start.]

Rumpelstiltzkin. Good afternoon, madam.

The Queen. Good afternoon.

Rumpelstiltzkin. Have you found out what my name is?

The Queen. I trust so.

Rumpelstiltzkin. Will you begin guessing, then, and I will tell you if you hit on the right one? [*Stands L. of Queen.*]

The Queen. Prime Minister, will you oblige us?

Prime Minister (stepping a little forward). Is it Dick, Harry, Peter, Mike, Stanley, Nobbles, Matthew?

Rumpelstiltzkin. My name does not resemble any of these.

Prime Minister. Indeed! I am sorry. [*Returns to place.*]

Miller (pushing himself forward). Now I'll have a try. Is it Dobbin, or Tony, or Grindstone, or Flourbags, or Hodge?

Rumpelstiltzkin. My name is a much finer one than any of those.

Miller. Oh, indeed! I should hardly have thought that possible. [*Steps back.*]

Rumpelstiltzkin. I may as well tell you at once, to save time, that it's a name in more than two syllables.

Prime Minister. Then I fear none of mine will be long enough.

First Lord. I have some, I think, that are long enough.

The King. Will you go on, then, First Lord of the Admiralty?

First Lord (steps a little forward). Is it Fotheringay, St. Vincent, Vansittart, Meredith?

Rumpelstiltzkin. Unfortunately not, though you have a charming taste. [*FIRST LORD bows and steps back.*]

The Queen. Minister for War, will you oblige us?

Minister for War. I have put down a few names that occur naturally to one of my calling. Napoleon, Hannibal, Wellington, Alexander, Marlborough, Julius Cæsar, William Wallace, Peter the Great, Genghis Khan, Wolseley?

Rumpelstiltzkin. I am flattered, but those are not the right ones.

The King (getting up). Suppose I try my hand now. Archibald, Peregrine, Ranelagh, Alberic, Ethelbert, Waldegrave, Cavendish? those are all fine names.

Rumpelstiltzkin. They are—but I regret that I can lay claim to none of them.

The King. It is a pity. Any of those would have done you honour. Now, my dear [*to QUEEN*], it is your turn to guess.

The Queen. Oh, who will tell me the right name? Where is my faithful Lollipop?

Lollipop (bursting through the crowd). Here, your Majesty! [*He falls on one knee at the QUEEN'S feet, holding out a folded paper to her.*] The right name is on that paper!

All (incredulously). What!

The Queen. I dare not open it! [*A pause.*] This is my last hope.

Rumpelstiltzkin (with a satirical smile). Will not your Majesty honour me?

The Queen (gets up, opens paper slowly, and looks at name). Is it—Rumpelstiltzkin?

Rumpelstiltzkin (with a yell). Ah! wretched woman! you have discovered my secret! [*Stamps his foot into the ground, C.*

The Queen. Oh, you good Lollipop! [*Embraces LOLLIPOP.*

All. Rumpelstiltzkin! Ha, ha!

[*RUMPELSTILTZKIN tries to pull his leg out of the ground, pulling at it with both hands.*

The King. Prime Minister, will you give Mr. Rumpelstiltzkin his leg, please?

Prime Minister. Allow me.

[*Puts his arms round RUMPELSTILTZKIN'S waist.*

First Lord. And me.

[*Puts his arms round PRIME MINISTER'S waist.*

Minister for War. And me.

[*Puts his arms round the FIRST LORD'S waist.*

Miller. And me!

[*Puts his arms round the MINISTER FOR WAR'S waist.*

Lollipop. And me! [*Puts his arms round the MILLER.*

The King. Now then—one, two, three!

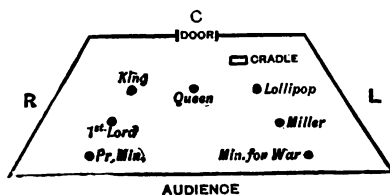
[*They all pull and fall to the ground, RUMPELSTILTZKIN on the top of them. They all get up laughing, and go R. and L., leaving RUMPELSTILTZKIN sitting on ground, LOLLIPOP, MILLER, and MINISTER FOR WAR, L., FIRST LORD and PRIME MINISTER, R.*

The Queen. There is nothing more we can do for you to-day, Mr.—Rumpelstiltzkin?

Rumpelstiltzkin (gets up angrily). Nothing, except to let me go from here as quickly as possible.

The Queen. I shall be delighted. My lords, show him the chimney.

All (bowing low). Good-bye, Mr. Rumpelstiltzkin!



[RUMPELTILTZKIN rushes out, C. All, closing in, repeat in chorus the song LOLLIPOP heard in the wood.

For his name is Rumpelstiltzkin,
His name is Rumpelstiltzkin,
His name is Rumpelstiltzkin,
Which nobody can deny!

Curtain.

RED RIDING HOOD

IN THREE SCENES

CHARACTERS (1 Male, 3 Female)

WIDOW CATHARINE

JENNY, *her Daughter* (called RED RIDING HOOD)

NEIGHBOUR SLAPPS

THE WOLF

RED RIDING HOOD. COSTUMES

Widow Catharine.—A rough woollen gown, dark, white fichu over shoulders; a cap.

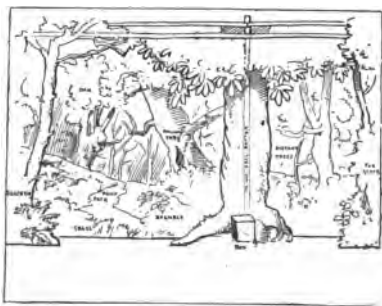
Wolf.—Wolf's head; tight-fitting hairy brown suit, brown gloves, long tail.

Neighbour Slapps.—Mushroom hat, tied under chin or shawl over head; cloak down to knees; a rough stuff gown underneath.

Jenny.—A short stuff frock, perhaps light brown or grey, scarlet cloak and hood.

* * *Directions for making Woodland Scene in Scene 2.*

A small packing-case to be placed so that it is hidden by the roots, and yet affords a good seat. The tree trunk should be made of stout brown paper, known as 'tip' (Vacher & Sons, Parliament Street), fixed with large pins upon an upright wooden strip—1½-inch deal batten. The batten supporting the



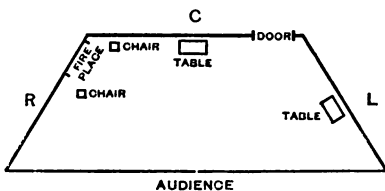
trunk must be screwed into the packing-case. Leaves can be cut out in ordinary brown paper. It is a good plan to fold rather the paper several times and cut out a number of leaves at once; then fix them in groups with starch or thin glue, and paint them.

N.B. The chestnut tree is more easily made than any other tree.

For directions for making an animal's head see Introduction.

SCENE 1.—*Widow CATHARINE's Cottage. Door L., at back. Fireplace, R. corner. Table, C., against back wall. Small table, L. Chair in front of fireplace, another chair against R. wall. Dresser, L., above table.*

[*Widow CATHARINE discovered packing basket at table, C., up stage. She is standing R. of table, with her back to fireplace.*]



Catharine. There now, the basket's ready—six eggs, a pound of butter, and a plum cake. [*Covers up basket with a napkin lying on table. Comes down, C.*] But it's no good my thinking of taking it to my mother—my cold is a great deal too bad. [*Sneezes.*] There now, that's the eleventh time! Oh dear! [*Goes to fire, pokes it, takes chair, and sits R. corner of fireplace, almost facing audience; coughs and sneezes again.*] Oh, what a bad cold I have! I am very much to be pitied indeed. How very late Jenny is returning from school! I wish she would come in and make the tea. [*A knock at the door.*] Come in! [*Enter NEIGHBOUR SLAPPS, L., a peasant woman with a shawl over her head. CATHARINE turns to see who it is, then turns back disappointed to fire.*] Oh, it's you, Neighbour Slapps, is it? Come in, come in. I am very much to be pitied.

Slapps (standing near the door). I hate pitying people. What is the matter with you?

Catharine. I've got the most fearful cold.

Slapps. Well, I dare say if I come and sit on the other side of the fire I shan't catch it. [*Sits stiffly on chair against R. wall.*]

Catharine. I am sorry I can't offer you any tea.

Slapps. So am I.

Catharine. The fact is, I don't feel fit to get the tea ready.

Slapps. Why, your Jenny ought to be here to do that. My Polly would have done it in a minute, I know.

Catharine. 'Your Polly' is all very well, but Jenny has not come in from school yet.

Slapps. Hasn't she? I don't know what she is doing, then. Polly was in twenty minutes ago.

Catharine. Dear me! I wonder what Jenny is doing! And I told her to come straight home and get my tea ready—it really is very naughty of her.

Slapps. Ah, that is the way you bring her up, Neighbour, spoiling her as you do. She is a careless and forgetful child.

Catharine. All children are. I dare say your Polly forgets things sometimes.

Slapps. My Polly! Never. She has never forgotten anything in her life.

Catharine. There must be something wrong with that child. I should be nervous about her if I were you.

Slapps. I should be more nervous about her if she played in the street all day like your Jenny.

Catharine. I'm sure my Jenny's got very pretty manners all the same.

[*The door is flung open with a great bounce, and JENNY comes into the room, L., with a red cloak and hood on, and her school-books under her arm. She throws down the books with a bang in the middle of the floor.*]

Slapps (sarcastically). Yes, very pretty indeed.

Catharine. Oh, my poor head! My dear child, can't you be a little quieter than that!

Jenny. No, not one bit.

[*Takes off her cloak and throws it on the table, C., and picks up books and throws them on table, L., one by one.*]

Slapps. It is very wrong of you to be so noisy when your mother is not well.

Jenny. Oh! Aren't you well? I am so sorry!

[*Runs to her mother, puts her R. arm round her mother's neck, and leans head against her shoulder.*]

Catharine (*caressing JENNY'S L. hand*). What have you been doing all this time?

Jenny. I waited to talk to the miller's boy at the corner, and we had a game of marbles in the road.

Slapps. Ah, that is just it. My Polly always comes back from school with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

Jenny. She is stupid!

Slapps (*getting up*). Stupid! my Polly! Well, Neighbour, I would rather not stay here to be insulted, so I shall say good-day.

Catharine. Good afternoon, Neighbour.

Slapps. Jenny, I am going away.

Jenny. That's right.

Slapps. Are you not going to open the door for me?

Jenny. Perhaps I had better, as then you will go out of it.

[*Opens door, L.*]

Slapps (*lifting her hands in horror, going out*). Oh, how unlike my Polly! [*Goes out, L. JENNY bangs door after her.*]

Jenny (*going to her mother and kissing her*). I am glad she is gone. Now we will be comfy, you and I.

Catharine. But, Jenny, you shouldn't be so rude to Neighbour Slapps.

Jenny. She shouldn't be rude to me, then. It's very rude of her to be always talking about good girls when she knows I don't like them.

Catharine. And, Jenny, you were a naughty girl to be so late.

Jenny. I know, mother, I forgot. Never mind; now I'm going to get your tea ready, so you mustn't scold me any more.

Catharine (*aside, looking at Jenny fondly and shaking her head*). Well, she's a very good girl, too, when she thinks of it.

[*JENNY clears the table against L. wall by throwing all her school-books that were on it on to the floor with as much noise as possible. Then she takes a tablecloth, teapot, cup and saucer, plate, &c., from dresser, L.; puts them on table.*]

Catharine. What worries me is, that I promised your grand-

mother I would go and see her this afternoon and take her some fresh eggs and butter; they are all ready in a basket, and no one to take them.

Jenny (standing L. of centre-table, looking across at her mother). Mother, why shouldn't I take them?

Catharine. You! No, no, Jenny, I could not trust you.

Jenny. Yes, you could, mother, I assure you.

[Goes coaxingly to her mother.]

Catharine. Oh, Jenny, I know what you will do when you get into the wood—you will run after butterflies, you will pick flowers, and you will forget all about your grandmother, instead of walking straight on like Neighbour Slapps' Polly.

Jenny. I do hate Polly, she's a horrid little girl.

Catharine. Fie! Jenny, it would be a comfort to me if you were like her sometimes. Now, if I send you to your grandmother, will you promise me that when you are in the wood you will walk straight on, and not speak to any stranger you meet, especially if it is a wolf? Remember that wolves eat little girls who stop and speak to them.

Jenny. All right, mother. Of course I'll promise! and I'll try to remember. Now then, where is my cloak?

[CATHARINE has got up: she puts on JENNY'S cloak for her, and ties it under her chin.]

Jenny (in a great hurry to be off). There now, mother, that will do. Good-bye!

[Is running towards door.]

Catharine (with basket in hand). Here, Jenny, Jenny! you're forgetting the basket!

Jenny. Oh, dear me, so I am. *[Takes it and goes off; just as she gets to door stops again.]* Mother, your tea! I forgot about that too! Can you get it ready yourself, do you think?

Catharine (smiling). Yes, I can get it ready now that you have laid the table so nicely.

Jenny (relieved). Oh, that's right. I'll have tea with granny, you know. Good-bye, mother darling.

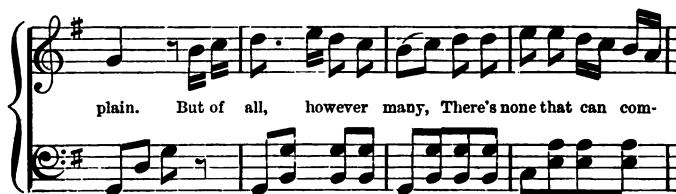
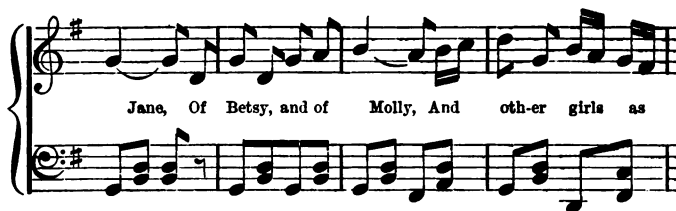
[Kisses her hand to her mother, and goes out, L. CATHARINE stands at the threshold looking after her.]

Catharine. There she goes, bless her! dancing down the road. Oh, dear me! I do hope all the eggs won't be broken! *[Comes*

down, C.] Well, I don't care what Neighbour Slapps says—she's a dear little girl all the same.

SONG. *Tune—'The British Grenadiers.'*

Some neighbours talk of Polly,
And some of Mary Jane—
Of Betsy or of Molly,
And other girls as plain.
But of all, however many,
There's none that can compare
With my naughty little Jenny,
The dearest of the dear.





Curtain.

SCENE 2.—*A Wood. A chestnut tree, L. C., under which JENNY is sitting, flowers in her hand. RED RIDING HOOD sitting on the ground at foot of tree, her basket by her side. She has some flowers in her hand, and is putting them together. The WOLF seen watching her from behind a tree.*

Jenny (holding flowers away, and looking at them). There now, that is a nice posy! I am sure grandmother would like that. I wish I had caught that blue butterfly—I very nearly did, and I ran after him such a long time too. Why didn't I bring a net with me? It is comfortable here. I wonder if any more butterflies will pass.

SONG. *Tune—German popular song.*

[*As she sings, JENNY goes on laying together the flowers that are lying by her side.*

Oh, how nice to gather flowers,
 Sitting here beneath a tree!
 Oh, if I could stay for hours,
 How delightful it would be!
 Then to catch I'd try
 Every butterfly,
 Who goes flitting by
 As in wait I lie,
 Here among the pretty flowers,
 Neath the shady forest tree!

Oh, how nice to gather flowers, Sitting here beneath a

The first system of music is in G major, 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Oh, how nice to gather flowers, Sitting here beneath a"

tree! Oh, if I could stay for hours, How de-

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "tree! Oh, if I could stay for hours, How de-"

light - ful it would be! Then to catch I'd try Eve-ry

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "light - ful it would be! Then to catch I'd try Eve-ry"

but-ter - fly Who goes flit-ting by, As in wait I lie, Here a-

The fourth system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "but-ter - fly Who goes flit-ting by, As in wait I lie, Here a-"

mong the pretty flowers, 'Neath the sha - dy forest tree!

The fifth system of music concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "mong the pretty flowers, 'Neath the sha - dy forest tree!"

[WOLF nods his head in time to music.]

Enter NEIGHBOUR SLAPPS, *R.* *The WOLF retires further behind the tree.*

Slapps. Why, who is that? Oh, you naughty little girl! what are you doing here?

Jenny. I am gathering flowers.

[Goes on putting flowers together.]

Slapps. Why aren't you looking after your poor mother, and getting her tea ready? My Polly would never behave so.



‘YOU NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?’

Jenny. I won't be scolded by other people's mothers, and I am glad I pinched your Polly's arm in school and made it black and blue.

Slapps. You deserve that a very large wolf should come and eat you up.

[Crosses and goes out, L., the WOLF watching her unperceived.]

Jenny. I will stay here a little longer, just because she told me not to.

Wolf (behind tree, R. C. Coughs). Ahem!

[*JENNY looks round startled. WOLF coughs again. WOLF comes out. JENNY springs up.*]

Jenny. Oh, dear me! What is that?

Wolf. Good morning, dear little girl, how are you? I hope you are very well.

Jenny (with a cry). Oh! It is the wolf!

[*Retreats L. corner down stage.*]

Wolf (comes down, R. C.) Well, what then? Surely you like wolves?

Jenny. I thought they were so very savage.

Wolf. Savage! What an idea! On the contrary, they are extremely polite.

Jenny. You seem so, certainly.

Wolf (going a little towards her, C.) Of course. Come, let us sit down here and have a chat.

Jenny (hesitating). But are you quite sure you won't eat me?

Wolf. Ha! ha! Eat you? What an idea! What could have put that into your head?

Jenny. My mother told me that you ate little girls who stopped to speak to you.

Wolf (laughing heartily). Did she? Why, what a funny idea! You must tell her that's quite a mistake. And, now then, let us sit down here and be comfortable together.

Jenny (sitting at foot of tree as before). It certainly is very nice here.

Wolf (sitting by her). What lots of pretty flowers you have got!

Jenny. Yes, haven't I? They have taken me such a long time to gather.

Wolf. And how nicely you arrange them!

Jenny. Oh, do you think so? I am so glad.

Wolf. You must be a very clever little girl.

Jenny. Oh, well, I don't know about that. [*Aside.*] He certainly is most polite!

Wolf. You don't think I'm savage now, do you?

Jenny. Of course not, now I see how very pleasant you are. I must tell my mother when I get home.

Wolf. Are you on your way home now?

Jenny (with a sudden thought she jumps up). No—I am on my way to my grandmother's. Oh, dear me, I forgot!

Wolf (getting up). What is the matter?

Jenny. Why, I told my mother I would go as quickly as possible and not stop at all on the way, and I quite forgot! I have been sitting here for so long, and I ran after some butterflies too.

Wolf. Really? Do you like catching butterflies?

Jenny. Oh, so much.

Wolf. If you will come with me, I will show you where there are beauties—brown ones with yellow stripes, and red and black ones, and yellow ones.

Jenny. Not any blue ones?

Wolf. Blue? Yes. Didn't I say blue? The blue are the best of all.

Jenny. Oh, I do so want a blue one.

Wolf. Come along, then. [*Going R.*]

Jenny. No, I really mustn't. I have waited too long already, and my mother said I was to be as quick as I could.

Wolf. That's a good girl; always do as your mother tells you.

Jenny. Well, I do try to, really, but I nearly always forget.

Wolf (shaking his head). Dear me, I am sorry to hear that; I like little girls to be very, very good. [*RED RIDING HOOD gathering up her things. Aside.*] They are so good when they are nice and plump! [*To JENNY.*] And now, where does your grandmother live?

Jenny. On the other side of the wood, in a little cottage; there is a little wooden door to it, and my grandmother says, 'Pull the bobbin and the latch will fly up.' It is such fun! and then I pull the bobbin, and the latch flies up, and I go in.

Wolf (aside). So will I! [*To JENNY.*] Run along then, little girl, and give your grandmother my love, will you?

Jenny. Oh, thank you, I certainly will. [*Aside.*] He is polite! [*Exit, L.*]

Wolf (comes down C. melodramatically). Ha! She little knows that I am really a very savage wolf! I shall take a short

cut through the wood to the cottage, arrive there first, knock at the door, pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up—go inside, eat up the grandmother, put on her nightcap and nightgown, and when Red Riding Hood comes she will find me in bed.

SONG. *Tune—Old French.*

Good wolves like eating naughty girls,
Frocks and all, and shoes and curls!
Little girls who are not good,
Who stop and chatter in a wood!
We gobble 'em up with a bite and a sup
Ere you count two!
We gobble 'em up with a bite and a sup,
We do! we do!

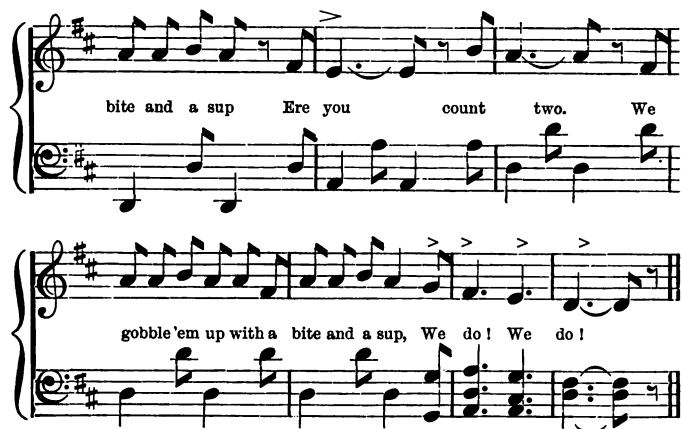
[*Exit L., mysteriously.*]

Good wolves like eat - ing naughty girls, Frocks and all, and

shoes and curls! Lit - tle girls who are not good, Who

stop and chat - ter in a wood! We gobble 'em up with a

Faster



NOTE.—If the play is to end happily, and JENNY is not eaten, this song should be inserted here. But if it ends by her being eaten, the WOLF is to sing it at the end, after the curtain has risen on JENNY'S remains.

SCENE 3.—Grandmother's Cottage. A bed at back, R., chair at foot of it. Door L. C. Dresser or table L. down stage. The WOLF lying in bed with the grandmother's nightcap on, feet towards door.

Wolf. Now, then, that is all done quite comfortably, without hurrying. I wonder what that little Red Riding Hood is doing! It is time she should be here. Perhaps she has met some other polite person that she is talking to in the wood. Ha! ha! [*laughs*]. [*Knock at the door.*] Oh! there she is. I do hope I look like the grandmother. Perhaps if I hide the end of my nose I shall be more easily mistaken for her [*pulls up the bedclothes.*] [*Another knock.*] Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up.

[*The door opens and JENNY comes in, basket on her arm.*]

Jenny (standing at foot of bed so that she does not see WOLF's face). Good evening, Granny. [*The WOLF coughs.*]

Jenny (putting the basket down on the table). Dear me, is your cough very bad? [*The WOLF coughs again.*] I am so sorry. My mother has got a very bad cold too, and that is why she has sent me instead of her to-day. She told me to give you her love, and to say she was so very sorry she could not come, but she has sent you a cake she made herself, and a pound of butter, and half a dozen eggs. [*The WOLF coughs again.*]

Jenny. Poor grandmother! I am sorry you are so bad. I should have been here sooner, only I sat and talked in the wood.

Wolf (gruffly). Naughty little girl, very naughty little girl.

Jenny. Oh, granny, you are hoarse! What a cold you have got! Yes, it was naughty of me, but he was so very polite. You know who it was, granny?

[*She stands at back of chair. WOLF pulls up bedclothes over his face.*]

Wolf. Who was it?

Jenny. It was the wolf.

Wolf. The wolf! Oh dear, dear! Naughty little girl, naughty little girl!

Jenny. But you know, Granny, it is quite a mistake about his being so savage, he was so kind and polite. We sat under the tree for a long time and talked. I forgot my mother said I was not to stop on the way—I am very sorry. And now, would not some hot tea do you good? [*Goes towards table.*]

Wolf (coughs again). No, never mind it now.

Jenny (turning round). Oh, Granny, I am sure you ought to have something.

Wolf. Oh, I will have something presently, don't you fear. Just come here, Jenny, and let me see you.

[*JENNY goes forward, in front of chair, then starts back*]

Jenny. Why, Granny, you look quite different to-day. What is the matter?

Wolf. It is my cold, dear, that is what it is.

Jenny. But your cheeks are such a funny colour!

Wolf. I am black in the face with coughing, that is all.

Jenny. Oh, I see! I thought you looked rather odd. But

what big eyes you have got, Grandmother—they look twice as big as usual!

Wolf. Yes, that is all the better to see you with, my poppet.

Jenny. And, Grandmother, what great ears you've got!

Wolf. That is to hear the better, my child.

[*Puts out L. arm, in nightgown sleeve, to pull up clothes.*]

Jenny. And what enormous long arms!

Wolf. That is all the better to put them round you, my child.

Jenny. And what great long legs you seem to have!

[*Looking at the bedclothes, under which one can see the outline of the WOLF's legs.*]

Wolf. That is to run after you the better, my child.

Jenny (surprised). To run after me? why, Granny, I never knew you were such a runner as all that.

Wolf (laughing gruffly). Didn't you, darling? didn't you?

Jenny (frightened). And, Granny! what great big teeth you've got!

*Wolf.¹** All the better to eat you with, my child. [*The curtain goes down as the WOLF springs out of bed and rushes at JENNY. After a minute's pause the curtain goes up again. The WOLF is sitting in the middle of the room; JENNY's cloak lying on the ground R., her frock L., and her two shoes in front.*] Ah! that was nice, and she deserved it too, for she was a very naughty little girl and always forgot what her mother told her. Good wolves like eating naughty little girls. [*See note at end of Scene 2.*]

Curtain.

¹ As a concession to the popular prejudice in favour of a happy ending, especially in a play intended for young children, an alternative ending has been given, to be used if preferred. See next page. It goes on from * instead of the above.

Alternative Ending.

*Wolf.** All the better to eat you with, my child.

[*The WOLF rushes at RED RIDING HOOD. She cries out.*

Jenny. It is the wolf! Help! help!

[*At this moment the door opens violently and NEIGHBOUR SLAPPS rushes in. She hits the WOLF on the head with her umbrella, knocks him down, then beats him again; he lies C. up stage. JENNY is standing behind a chair in the corner, down stage, L.*

Neighbour Slapps. There, he is dead [*comes down, R.*].

Jenny. Dead, is he? Oh, dear me!

Neighbour Slapps. Yes, you may well say 'Oh, dear you!' you would not have been there to say it if I hadn't looked in to see your grandmother on my way home. Where is she, by the way?

Jenny (startled). Yes—where is she? Oh, poor Granny, the wolf must have eaten her up before I got here.

Neighbour Slapps. Much you care, you naughty girl.

Jenny. Well, it's better than if he had eaten me.

Neighbour Slapps. I'm glad you think so. Now, come home with me, and I won't lose sight of you till I see you safe within your mother's door. I hope this will be a lesson to you. My Polly was never in danger of being eaten by a wolf.

Jenny (aside). I wish she had been!

[*Neighbour Slapps takes her hand and leads her towards door.*

Curtain.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

A PLAY
IN SIX SCENES

CHARACTERS (3 Male, 3 Female)

ABOU CASSIM, *a rich Merchant*

ZULEIKA

AYESHA } *his Daughters*

FATIMA }

PRINCE FURRYSKIN

MOLINKO, *his Servant*

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. COSTUMES

About Cassim.—Large turban, full trousers down to ankle, loose shirt with sash round waist, cloak.

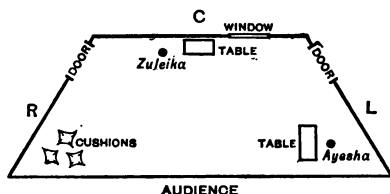
Prince Furryskin.—First dress, long brown skin suit all in one piece, brown gloves, animal's head. Second dress, long silk stockings, embroidered short coat, cap and feather, short cloak over one shoulder.

Fatima, Zuleika, and Ayesha in variations of the following Oriental costume:—Long, full muslin trousers quite down to ankle, a skirt above them hanging either to the knees or lower, an embroidered belt or sash, full shirt with flowing sleeves either of muslin or embroidered silk, brightly coloured embroidered sleeveless jacket above it; head-dress.

Molinko.—If played by a little child (girl or boy of three or four) to have a little cotton shirt, pink or blue, coloured trousers down to knee; or, if preferred, he can be a negro servant, older, and dressed as in illustration.

* * For directions for making an animal's head see Introduction.

SCENE 1.—*ABOU CASSIM'S House. An Oriental room. Doors, R. and L., up stage. A table at C., back. Cushions on ground R. corner, down stage. Table, L., down stage. Seat, L. C. half-way up. Window, L. C. [When the curtain draws up ZULEIKA and AYESHA discovered writing, ZULEIKA at back table, C., facing towards L.; AYESHA writing at front table. L., facing towards R.*



Zuleika. What are you writing, Sister Ayesha?

Ayesha. I'm making a list of all the things I want father to buy me when he is away. What are you writing, Sister Zuleika?

Zuleika. I'm doing the same thing—but it is so tiresome, I can't remember any of the things I want.

Ayesha. Can't you? poor thing! I can. I've put down twenty-nine things on my list.

Zuleika. Twenty-nine? dear me! and I have only seventeen on mine! It is hardly worth while making a list at all!

[*ABOU CASSIM* heard calling outside.

Abou Cassim. Zuleika, Ayesha, Fatima!

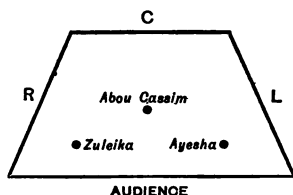
Zuleika and Ayesha (still in their places; they put down pens). Yes, father.

Enter ABou CASSIM, R., still calling.

About Cassim. Zuleika—Ayesha—Fatima! where is everybody? Why don't you answer when you are called? Why don't you come and help me to pack my things?

Zuleika (gets up and comes down, R.). Oh, father, I am so sorry!

Ayesha (gets up and comes down front of table, L.). I was just coming.



About Cassim. Just coming—what's the good of that? I'm just going! you'll make me miss my camel! I said he was to be at the door at three o'clock, and it is now— [*Looks up first in one direction, then in another.*] I never can remember where the sun ought to be in the afternoon. I wish people used watches in Turkey.

Ayesha. Oh, father, some day you must go a long way across the sea, to buy me a real gold watch, like the one you told me about once.

About Cassim. I dare say! You think that your father has nothing to do but go shopping for you! Where is Fatima, my dear youngest girl? She is the only one that is any use to me when I am starting on my travels. Fatima! Beauty! [*Goes up, C.*

Zuleika (to Ayesha). It makes me sick to hear her called Beauty.

Ayesha. So it does me. She's no more a beauty than we are!

Zuleika. Not half so much.

Enter FATIMA, L. She throws herself into ABOU CASSIM's arms.

Fatima. Dear, dear father! I wish you were not going away.

Abou Cassim. Yes, my darling, so do I. Never mind, I shall soon be back again.

[They come forward together FATIMA hanging on ABOU CASSIM's arm.]

Fatima. I've packed all your things, father, and got everything ready.

Abou Cassim. There's a good little girl. *[Looking round at others.]* Now, am I to bring you anything back this time?

Zuleika and Ayesha. Oh yes, father!

[They run each to her own table and bring back lists.]

Abou Cassim. What would you like?

Zuleika and Ayesha. We've made lists.

[Unrolling long lists.]

Abou Cassim (horrified). Made lists—upon my word, you have! You don't expect me to bring back all those things, do you? Why, I should have to buy two extra camels and three ostriches to carry the parcels across the desert.

[ZULEIKA stands R.; ABOU CASSIM R. C., a little further up;

FATIMA ditto, L. C.; AYESHA down L. ABOU CASSIM

looks from one to the other as they read.]

Zuleika. Oh, but I assure you, father, they are things we really want.

Ayesha. That we couldn't possibly do without.

Zuleika (reads). An embroidered sash—

Ayesha (reads). A pair of golden slippers—

Zuleika. A silk veil—

Ayesha. A new turban—

Zuleika. Some diamond earrings—

Ayesha. A new-fashioned skirt—

Zuleika. Some spangled muslin—

Ayesha. A tame monkey—

Zuleika. A box of sweetmeats—

Ayesha. A white ass—

Zuleika. A gold necklace——

Ayesha. A tall turban——

Abou Cassim. Stop, stop! Here, give me the lists, and if I can I will bring you each a present. [*To FATIMA.*] And what would you like, my darling?

Fatima. Oh, father dear, if you only come back safe I want nothing else.

Zuleika (aside). Little humbug!

Abou Cassim. What, nothing at all?



‘TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, DEAR FATHER’

Fatima. Well then, bring me a rose—just one beautiful rose—nothing more.

Abou Cassim. A red rose—very well, I will bring it. Good-bye, then, my children.

[*FATIMA dries her eyes—ZULEIKA and AYESHA crying loudly.*]

Abou Cassim. Why, what a fuss about nothing! Is a man never to go away from home on business without having all his womankind boohooing like this?

Zuleika. Oh, father, we’re so afraid!

Abou Cassim. Afraid of what? that I shall be lost in the desert?

Zuleika. No—that you will forget some of our commissions!

Abou Cassim. Nonsense. I must be off.

[*Goes towards door, R. They cling round him, ZULEIKA holding his right arm, AYESHA his left, FATIMA leaning on his left shoulder.*]

Fatima. Take care of yourself, dear father.

Zuleika. Don't mount your camel till he is kneeling.

Ayesha. And don't fall off as he gets up again.

FINALE. Tune—'My Maryland.'

Fatima. Come back to your daughters soon, dear papa,
oh, dear papa.

Ayesha. We don't like being left alone, dear papa, oh,
dear papa.

Zuleika. When you are gone, we cry all day.
We don't know what to do or say.

Zul., Ay., and Fat. We wish you would not go away, dear papa,
oh, dear papa.

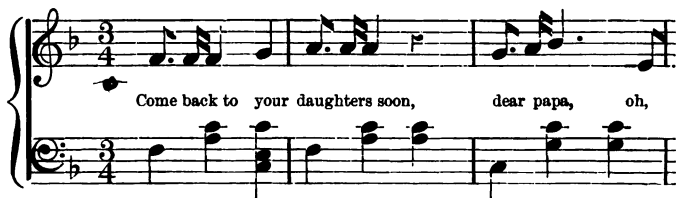
Abou Cassim. I'm sorry thus to cause you pain, your dear
papa, your dear papa.

I'll soon come back to you again, your dear
papa, your dear papa.

But I'm a merchant, as you know,
And that is why I travel so.

I buy and sell, I come and go, your dear
papa, your dear papa.

Fatima.



Ayesha.

dear papa. We don't like being left alone,

Zuleika.

dear papa, oh, dear papa. When you are gone, we

All.

cry all day, We don't know what to do or say. We

wish you would not go away, dear papa, oh, dear papa.

[*Exit* ABOUT CASSIM. The daughters look after him through window, wave, kiss their hands, &c., then come back disconsolately and sit down: ZULEIKA, R., on cushions. FATIMA draws seat forward and sits C., AYESHA sits L. on the chair she brings from behind-table. They look sadly in front of them.

Fatima. Oh dear, I wish father were not gone.

Zuleika. Well, it is no use wishing! What shall we do to amuse ourselves?

Ayesha. Shall we go out?

Zuleika. I don't care about going out. Shall we stay in?

Fatima. I don't care about staying in, unless we do something. Shall we make toffee?

Ayesha. I don't care about making toffee. Shall we blow soap-bubbles?

Zuleika. I don't care about blowing soap-bubbles. Shall we paint?

Fatima. I don't care about painting. [All sit silent.

Ayesha. I have an idea.

Zuleika and Fatima. What?

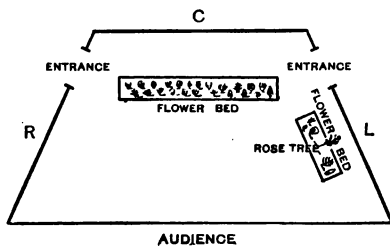
Ayesha. Let us dance! [All clap hands.

Zuleika. Oh yes!

Fatima. Do let us dance! [All dance.

Curtain.

SCENE 2.—PRINCE FURRYSKIN'S Garden. *The stage represents a path running in front of a bed of flowers, plants, &c. Entrances, R. and L., up stage. Below L. entrance another bed*



of flowers, among which a rose tree, with a red rose on it. At back, real palms, real plants, &c., can stand. If there is any difficulty about having among them the flowers the PRINCE mentions, he can simply carry a bunch in his hand, as though he had just been gathering them. Any flowers in season will do, but, of course, the name must be altered to suit whichever ones are visible.

Enter PRINCE listlessly, R., some flowers in his hand. He is dressed in a tight-fitting brown skin suit all in one piece covering feet as well, brown gloves, animal's head.

Prince. Dear me, how tiresome it is to be a beast ! especially for a person who really ought to be a beautiful young prince, dressed in blue and silver, instead of having this horrid hairy skin on ! [*Comes down, C.*] I wish a wicked fairy had not enchanted me at my birth ! it is very inconvenient. And the worst of it is, that I shall never turn into a young prince again until a beautiful girl tells me she loves me—as if it were likely that a beautiful girl would say anything of the kind to me ! Well, well, it can't be helped, I suppose—I must try and amuse myself with my flowers, and see if I can't forget how ugly and hairy I am. [*Walks about ; goes up the back, walks along by border, then comes down L. by flowers.*] My pinks are looking very nice, certainly, and my Canterbury bells and my dahlias are pretty good, but my roses have been very bad this year. However, I see there is one red rose on my favourite tree [*is going to gather it, then checks himself*]. No, I won't gather it. I must tell the gardener not to do so either. I like seeing it grow on the tree best. This is certainly a very nice garden, and if I were not a beast I should enjoy it very much. [*Strolls off, R., smelling flowers.*]

Enter ABou, CASSIM, L., carrying bundles.

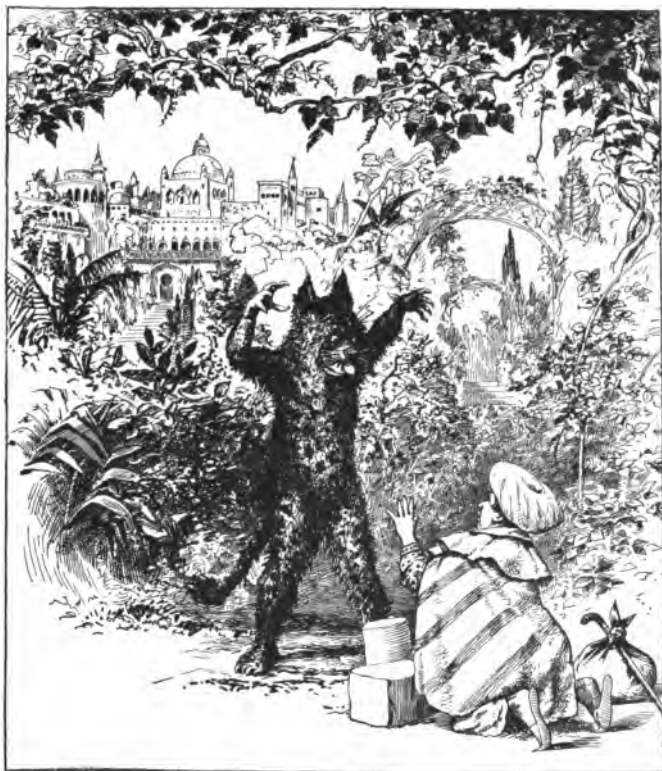
About Cassim. Now I really think I have got as many things for those girls as I can well carry—I had to leave the rest in the desert. [*He puts down bundles on ground.*] The only thing I have not yet got is the rose that Beauty asked me for—I came through this beautiful garden in hopes of finding one. [*Looks round.*] Ha ! there is exactly what I want.

Enter PRINCE, R. ABou CASSIM gathers rose, L. PRINCE rushes at him.

Prince. Wretch ! [*Seizes him by the collar. ABou CASSIM drops rose. Drags him forward, C.*] Who are you, who dare to pluck my favourite rose ?

About Cassim. I'm very sorry, I'm sure—I did not know it was your rose.

Prince (R. C.). But you knew it wasn't yours, I suppose?
About Cassim (L. C.). Well, yes, I must confess I did.



‘IT WAS NOT FOR MYSELF I TOOK THE ROSE’

Prince. Then, if you knew it wasn't yours, you knew that you were stealing—and if you were stealing, you are a thief—and if you are a thief, you must have your head cut off!

[*Giving him a shake at the end of each sentence.*]

About Cassim. Oh, sir, pray don't cut off my head; I couldn't see my way home if you did.

Prince (letting go). See your way home? Don't you wish you may get there? Do you know who I am?

Abou Cassim. I really can't say—I think I've seen some one very like you before, but perhaps it was at the Zoo. Are you a bear very like a man, or a man very like a bear?

Prince. Never you mind which—it is just the same to you, as I'm going to kill and eat you in about a minute and a half. Taking my rose that I loved so!

Abou Cassim (falling on his knees). Oh, your lordship—your beastship, I mean—it was not for myself I took the rose—I took it for my daughter, my youngest daughter, Beauty, whom I love more dearly than you love your flowers.

Prince (starts). Your daughter, did you say? Is she beautiful at all?

Abou Cassim. Very, very beautiful—she is considered particularly like her father.

Prince. Oh, indeed—she must be a beauty then! What will you give me if I spare your worthless life?

Abou Cassim. Anything you like to ask.

Prince. Well—promise to give me the first living thing you meet when you get inside your garden, and I will let you go free.

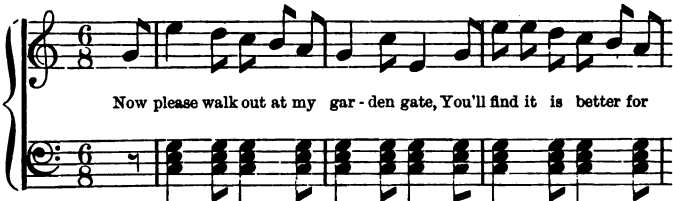
Abou Cassim. Oh, most generous beast! how can I thank you?

Prince. By getting up and taking yourself off, and not making marks on my gravel path. [ABOU CASSIM gets up.] I'm very particular about my garden, as you may have observed.

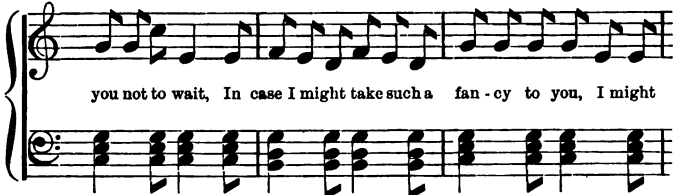
FINALE.

Prince. Now please walk out at my garden gate—
You'll find it is better for you not to wait,
In case I might take such a fancy to you,
I might gobble you up in a minute or two,
And then of you there'd be nothing more,
So I think you had better go out of the door.

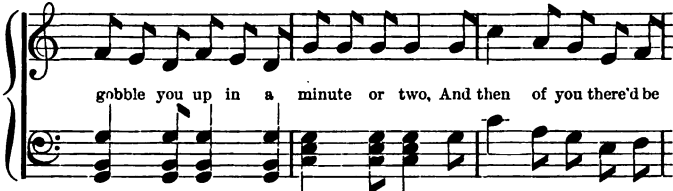
Abou Cassim. Very well, I'll walk out of your garden gate—
I think it is better for me not to wait,
In case you might take such a fancy to me,
You might gobble me up in a minute or three,
And then of me there'd be nothing more,
So I think I had better go out of the door.



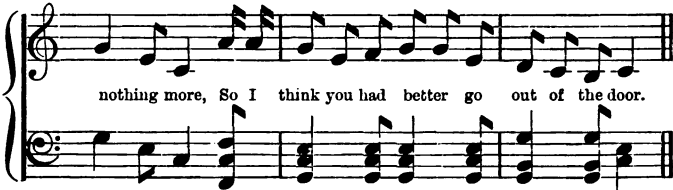
Now please walk out at my gar - den gate, You'll find it is better for



you not to wait, In case I might take such a fan - cy to you, I might



gobble you up in a minute or two, And then of you there'd be



nothing more, So I think you had better go out of the door.

[The PRINCE first sings his verse, then ABOU CASSIM sings his, to the same tune. Then they repeat it together, during which time ABOU CASSIM picks up his things and goes out, R., in time to the music, the PRINCE following him menacingly, stamping in time.

Curtain.

SCENE 3.—*Same as Scene 1. Room in ABOU CASSIM's house, but differently arranged. Cushions, R., on ground. A low seat, R.C. A couch or cushion, L.*

Enter ABOU CASSIM, R., a rose in his hand. He walks slowly and sadly.

About Cassim. Not a dog or a cat to be seen! I promised that Beast, or Prince, or whatever he calls himself, to send him the first living thing I met on my way home, and I haven't seen so much as a spider. [FATIMA runs in, L.]

Fatima. Dear, dear father! how glad I am to see you!

About Cassim. Fatima, my child—alas! alas!

[Sinks into seat, R. C., head in hands.]

Fatima. Why, father, are not you glad to see me? And I have been watching for you every day from the top of the house! and you've got my rose too! Thank you so much.

[Crosses, R., smelling it.]

Zuleika and Ayesha (running in, L.) Oh, father! is it you? Did you get our things?

About Cassim. I got them, yes—but there were so many of them that the camel who carried them died of fatigue in crossing the desert, and the eagles ate the camel, and most of the parcels, and the rest I left in that miserable garden—so I have nothing.

Zuleika. Oh, father! how could you?

Ayesha. How couldn't you? [Both sob.]

About Cassim. Parcels, indeed—as if that were all we have to care about. There's worse than that, I can tell you. I have—I have— [Sobs loudly.]

Zuleika, Ayesha, Fatima. What, father, what?

About Cassim. I have sold my daughter to a beast!

Zuleika. Your daughter! Which?

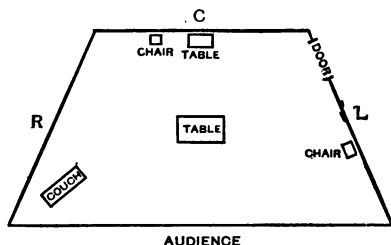
About Cassim (covers his face with his L. hand and points to FATIMA with his R.) That one!

Zuleika and Ayesha. Thank goodness!

[FATIMA falls into her father's arms.]

Curtain.

SCENE 4.—PRINCE FURRYSKIN'S Dining-room. A couch, R., on which the PRINCE is lounging when the curtain goes up. A table, C., with embroidered cloth on it, and flowers. The flowers must be quite low so the people at the table can see each other across them. At back, C., another table, on which are the things that MOLINKO afterwards puts on to the dinner table—Turkish delight, figs, sweetmeats, &c., some lemonade in a decanter, two goblets. A chair at back, R. of table. A chair against wall, L.



Prince (on couch, R., calls). Molinko! Molinko! Where is that boy gone? I never knew such a tiresome servant. Molinko!

Molinko (behind). What's the matter now?

Prince. Come here directly.

Enter MOLINKO, L.

Molinko (speaking gruffly and sullenly). Well, here I am.

Prince. Didn't you hear me calling you?

Molinko. Of course I did. [Comes down, L. C.]

Prince. Then why didn't you come?

Molinko. Because I was waiting till you left off.

Prince. Have you done all the things I told you?

Molinko. No.

Prince. Didn't I tell you that I dreamt the merchant would bring his beautiful daughter here to-day? and that you were to get everything ready?

Molinko. Yes.

Prince. And is it ready?

Molinko. No.

Prince. Why not?

Molinko. Because it isn't.

Prince. Now listen. You are to put lovely flowers in her room, silken sheets on her bed, embroidered curtains to her windows, —all the most beautiful things you can think of. Do you hear?

Molinko. Yes.

Prince. And the dinner must be lovely too—all kinds of nice things to eat, sweetmeats, raisins, jam, fruits, chocolate—

Molinko. Yes.

Prince. And lay the table for two—I will dine with her.

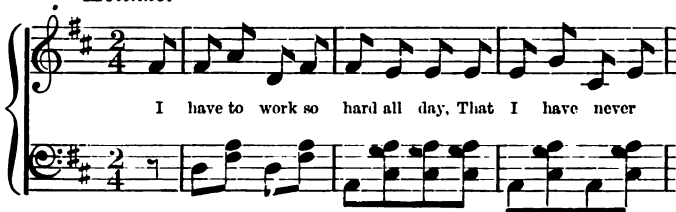
[*Exit PRINCE.*

Molinko (alone). For two, indeed! Why, there's nothing but work from morning till night here!

SONG. *Tune—'So early in the morning.'*

I have to work so hard all day,
That I have never time to play—
I'm butler, groom, and housemaid too,
I've got too much hard work to do.
From early in the morning,
From early in the morning,
From early in the morning,
Until the break of day.

Molinko.



time to play—I'm butler, groom, and housemaid too, I've

got too much hard work to do. From ear - ly in the

morning, From ear - ly in the morning, From

ear - ly in the morning, Un - til the break of day.

[At conclusion of song, which should be sung L. C., down stage, facing audience, MOLINKO should whistle the tune through again intermittently, while he prepares the table as follows. (A child who cannot whistle should hum.) He gets the dishes one after another from the table at the back, and puts them on to table with a bang, if they are not too fragile. He lays a place with plate and glass, on each side of the table, R. and L. Then he brings the chair from back, and puts it down, R. of table, with a

bang, then gets chair from L. and puts it down on L. of table with a bang. Then stands with his head on one side behind table, C., and looks at it, then he begins singing again, half to himself, 'I have to work so hard all day,' while he adjusts something on table. He is interrupted by FATIMA coming in, L.

Enter FATIMA, L. (looks round).

Fatima. I thought I heard singing—was that you?

Molinko. Yes. [*Rubbing plate with corner of cloth.*]

Fatima. And who are you?

Molinko (*puts plate on table*). I'm Molinko, the Prince's servant. And who are you?

Fatima. I'm Fatima, Abou Cassim's daughter.

Molinko. Then you're the lady who is coming to dinner?

Fatima. I suppose so—is it ready? [*Comes forward, L.*]

Molinko. No, it isn't—nothing's ready.

Fatima. Nothing?

Molinko. No, nothing! Your bed isn't, nor your room, nor your curtains, nor your silk sheets, nor anything! so now!

Fatima. Well, well, don't be angry! I don't mind.

Molinko. That's a good thing. [*Repeats song, 'I have to work so hard all day'—FATIMA joins in chorus.*] I'll go and tell my master you are here. [*Exit MOLINKO, L.*]

Fatima. Alas! how strange to be here, away from all those I love! I wonder what they are doing in my home, my dear old home. [*Walks slowly across, R.*]

SONG. 'Home, Sweet Home.'

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

[*Sits on couch, R.*]

SONG.

Fatima.

'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces, though we may roam, Be it

ev - er so humble, there's no place like home. A charm from the

skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek through the world, is ne'er

met with else-where. Home! home! sweet, sweet

home! Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home.

Enter PRINCE, L. FATIMA starts up.

Prince. Don't be frightened! I'm not dangerous.

Fatima. Are you sure? [*Retiring to R. corner.*]

Prince. Quite. Beautiful damsel, are you Abou Cassim's daughter? [*Comes down C., a little behind table.*]

Fatima. I am—his youngest daughter.

Prince. His beloved daughter Beauty, of whom he spoke?

Fatima. The same.

Prince. He is right to call you Beauty—you are very beautiful.

Fatima. I'm glad you think so.

Prince. But alas, I will not ask you if you think me beautiful.

Fatima. No, I wouldn't, if I were you.

Prince. Am I too ugly for you to dine with me?

[*Goes, R., behind table, offers his hand to FATIMA.*]

Fatima. Not if you have nice things for dinner.

Prince. You shall have the best of everything I can give you.

[*Leads her to seat, L. of table, then goes round behind table to R. Sits, then calls.*] Here, Molinko!

Molinko (outside). Yes!

Prince. Be quick, lazy bones!

Enter MOLINKO, L., with tray, two dishes of sweetmeats or fruits on it.

Molinko. I'm being as quick as I can, long claws!

Prince (to FATIMA). What may I give you—some Turkish delight?

Fatima. Please. [*She eats.*]

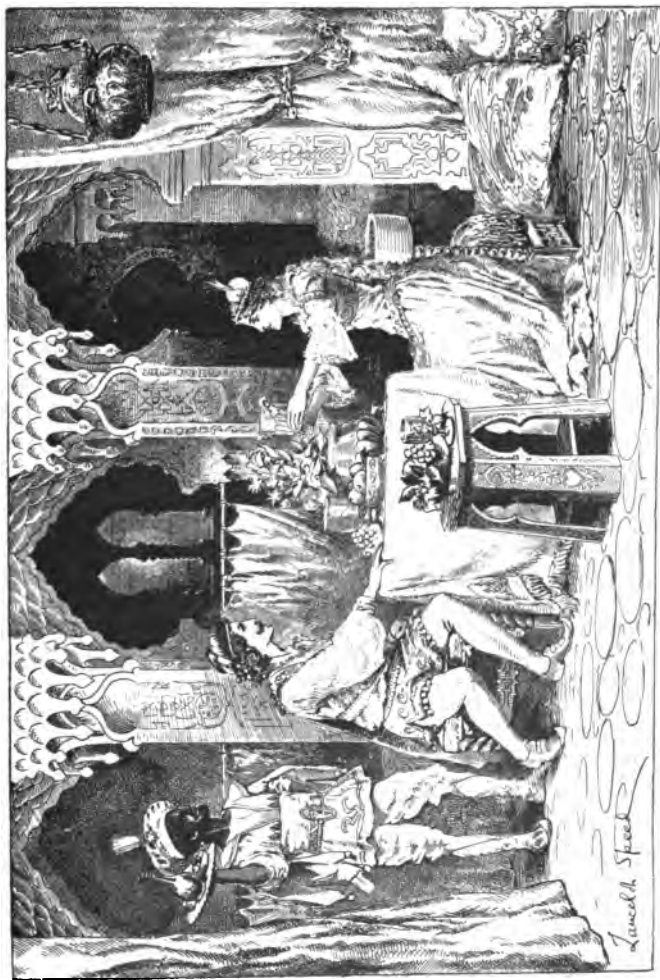
Prince. Oh, how Turkish delightful it is to see you eat it! Have some lemonade?

Fatima. Please.

[*They drink. PRINCE sings, holding up goblet.*]

SONG.

· Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.



'DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES'

The thirst that from the soul doth spring
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
 I would not change with thine.

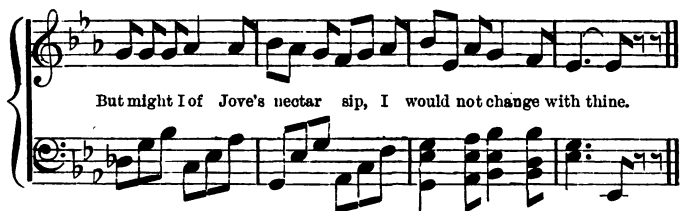
Remember me

Drink to me only with thine eye, And I will pledge with

mine ; Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and

I'll not ask for wine. The thirst that from the

soul doth spring Doth ask a drink divine ;



[During song FATIMA goes on eating dessert.

Prince. Beauty, you like me better now, don't you?

Fatima. Oh yes, much!

Prince. Do you think you could say you loved me?

Fatima. No, certainly not! Now I should like to go back to my father again, please. [Gets up.

Prince (gets up.) What, and leave me?

Fatima. Yes, please.

Prince. Then I shall die of grief.

Fatima. Oh no, you won't.

Prince. You shall do as you like, Fatima—you shall not think me unkind as well as ugly. But, first, would you like to take a turn round the garden, and see if I can find another rose for you?

Fatima. Yes, please.

[The PRINCE gives her his hand. *Exeunt, L*

Curtain.

SCENE 5. (same as Scene 1.)—ABOU CASSIM'S Drawing-room arranged as in Scene 3. ZULEIKA sitting on cushions, R. FATIMA reclining in low chair, R. C., listlessly, her hands in her lap, holding a looking-glass. AYESHA looking idly out of window at back. ABOU CASSIM sitting cross-legged on ground, L., smoking a big Eastern pipe.

Zuleika. Well, Beauty—well, tell us all about it!

Ayesha. What is the beast like? [Comes down, L. C.

Fatima. He was very nice and kind.

Zuleika. But what was he like to look at, I mean?

Fatima. He is all over hair—and he has great furry ears, and I dare say he has claws too, but I didn't see them.

Ayesha. And what did you have for dinner?

Fatima. Oh, all kinds of nice things.

Zuleika. I do wish we had been there! Why didn't you stay, you silly girl?

Fatima. Because I wanted to come back and see you all again.

Abou Cassim. Good girl, Beauty, very good girl, she likes her home best—that's what all good girls do.

Ayesha. And didn't he give you any presents?

Abou Cassim. You think of nothing but presents.

Fatima. Yes, he gave me this looking-glass.

Zuleika. Oh, delightful! let me see.

Ayesha. And me! [*Snatches it from ZULEIKA. Springs up and takes glass. They take it and look at themselves in it, their heads close together, C., then turn away disappointed.*] Why, we can't see ourselves in it!

Fatima. No, it's a fairy looking-glass.

Zuleika. What's the good of that?

[*Puts it back into FATIMA'S lap, and goes back to her cushions, R.*]

Fatima. Nobody can see anything in it but me.

Ayesha. What a shame!

Fatima. And I can't see anything in it but the Beast.

Zuleika and Ayesha. Oh, how horrid!

Fatima. By looking in this glass I can always see if he is well, when I am away from him. [*Looks—starts.*] Oh, I see him—he is ill—he is dying! He is lying on the ground in the garden! I must go to him—quick—quick! [*Runs out, L.*]

Zuleika. Father, I should like to go too.

Abou Cassim. Go too? Nonsense, you're not wanted. Mustn't go to places without being asked. [*He sits and smokes stolidly.*]

Ayesha. Oh, do let us go—it would be such fun.

Zuleika. Besides, perhaps the Beast is dead by this time, and then he won't mind.

Abou Cassim. Well, well, we'll see when I've finished my pipe; you must leave me in peace till then.

Ayesha. Come along, then, Zuleika, we'll go and put on our things.

Zuleika. Oh, what fun it will be!

[*Exeunt ZULEIKA and AYESHA, L., jumping for joy.*]

Curtain.

SCENE 6.—*The PRINCE's Garden, same as Scene 2. When the curtain goes up, the PRINCE is discovered lying, L. C., up stage. He should not be too near the audience, that the arrangement of his clothes may not be too visible. He must have a brown rough rug thrown over him, on the top of which the brown suit and animal's head he wore in Scene 2 are arranged, so that when he springs up he can throw off everything in a heap. FATIMA must rush in as soon as the curtain goes up.*

Fatima. Where are you, my dear Beast? [*Starts.*] Oh, there you are! [*Kneels in front of him, a little to the R.*] Alas! I fear you are dead—I have killed you. Beast—wake up! I am here, it is Beauty come back to you! Dear Beast, I wish you would get up—I like you so much now—I'm very sorry I didn't say I loved you! I do really, I love you very much!

[*The BEAST springs up, his fur falls off. He is dressed as in description at beginning.*]

Prince. Beauty, my love! you have turned me into a prince again! [*Seizes her hand; comes down, L. C.*]

Fatima. What! are you the same who was a beast?

Prince. Of course I am! and now I am never going to be a beast any more, but a beautiful young prince.

Fatima. Oh, how nice!

Prince. And if you will marry me, you shall be a beautiful young princess!

Fatima. That's nicer still! Of course I will, then!

DUET. *Air—'Là ci darem.'*

Prince. Then I will be your husband,

Fatima. And I will be your wife ;

We will love each other, and lead a happy life.

Prince. *Fatima.*

Then I will be your hus-band, And I will be your

wife ; We will love each other, and

lead a happy life, and lead a happy life.

[The PRINCE puts his right arm round her, and bends down talking to her. They cross slowly to L. corner and turn round as the others come in.]

Enter ZULEIKA and AYESHA, R., followed by ABOU CASSIM.

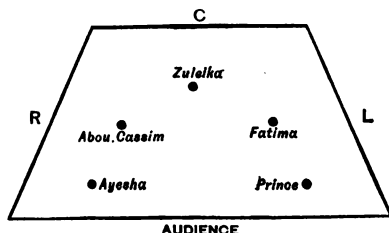
Zuleika (C.). Why, what's all this about ?

Ayesha (R.). Who is this young man ?

Prince. I'm Prince Furryskin, at your service.

Fatima. And I'm going to be the Princess Furryskin.

Zuleika (to *Fatima*). Then why did you say he was a beast ?
Ayesha. What horrid stories you told us !



Fatima. I didn't tell stories ! He was a beast, wasn't he, papa ?

Abou Cassim. He certainly was the last time I saw him—a regular beast, I'll answer for that.

Prince. Dear ladies, don't be angry—I will tell you how it was. A wicked fairy turned me into a beast, and said I shouldn't turn back into a prince again till a beautiful girl said she loved me.

Fatima. And so, when I said I loved him, he jumped up and turned into a prince.

Prince. And now you have all come, I hope you will stay to dinner. [*Calls.*] Here, Molinko ! where's the lazy beggar now ? Here Molinko !

*Enter MOLINKO, L. ; he comes down, C., between
 FATIMA and ZULEIKA.*

Molinko. Yes !

Prince. Is dinner ready ?

Molinko. No.

Prince. We shall be six to dinner—can you manage that ?

Molinko. No.

Fatima. Oh yes, you can, dear Molinko ! and we'll help you to get it ready, may we ?

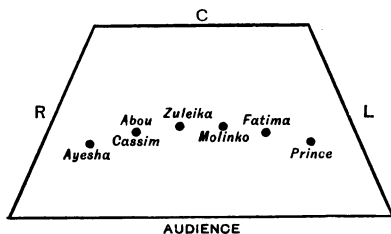
Molinko. Yes.

Prince. And then we'll be married—

Fatima. And I shall be a princess—

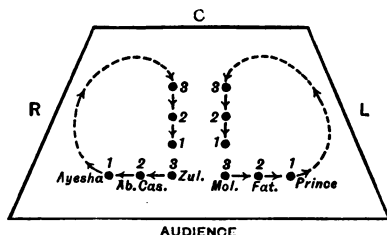
Zuleika and Ayesha. And we will be the bridesmaids—

[*The Finale should be performed as follows. Before beginning to sing, all form in line half-way up stage, facing audience, thus :—*



*[They sing as far as A on music, standing where they are.
Then all cross hands in front, according to directions*

given in dance figure, and come forward with quick small steps in time. Then a *balancé* step while singing from B to C. At C the two end ones, PRINCE and AYESHA, each turn outwards, as marked in diagram, and walk up stage, the others following, then half-way down, which will bring them into two lines of three, facing each other, as in last figure of the



Lancers. The three on each side then take hands, advance and retire once, then advance again. Then MOLINKO and ZULEIKA (marked 3 on diagram) take hands, and all come forward again in line as they were at first, as the song ends and the curtain comes down.

Curtain.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

IN THREE ACTS

CHARACTERS (3 Male, 2 Female)

MRS. BROWN, *a Widow*

JACK, *her Son*

A COUNTRYMAN

THE OGRE

GRUMPS, *his Wife*

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK. COSTUMES

Mrs. Brown.—In Act I. a stuff gown, with three-cornered shawl or handkerchief pinned round her shoulders; a peasant cap. In Act II. a quilted bright-coloured satin petticoat, brocade dress open looped up over it; body of gown richly trimmed, ornaments round neck, &c.; aigrette, or feathers, in hair.

Jack.—In Acts I. and II. long blue stockings up to thigh, short brown jerkin; cap. In Act III. slashed velvet Henry II. suit, velvet cape on one shoulder, lined with pale blue, velvet cap with feather in it.

Ogre.—A cardboard head, a sort of sleeveless coat of brown rough hairy skin, long flesh-coloured stockings, large top boots when he first comes in, which he afterwards exchanges for slippers.

Grumps.—A cap, with large frill tied under her chin, false chin and nose; red stuff body, black skirt.

Countryman.—In Act I. a smock frock, drab gaiters buttoned up to knee. In Act III. dress of time of Dr. Johnson—brown coat showing waistcoat and lace frill falling over it, brown breeches to knee, black stockings, shoes, and buckles; three-cornered hat in hand.

NOTE.—The growing of the Beanstalk, seen through the window in Act I., can be managed as follows:—The Beanstalk should be made by tying leaves along a piece of string of the required length, until it looks full and leafy enough. To one end of it is then fastened another piece of string, or preferably dark silk thread or cord of some kind, strong enough to bear the weight of the Beanstalk.

An ordinary screw with a ring at the end is fastened into a wall or curtain-rod, or door, or anything solid behind stage, just above the level of the top of the window. Pass the cord through the ring, and let the end of it be held by the prompter, who when the moment comes gently draws up the Beanstalk until the top of it reaches the ring.

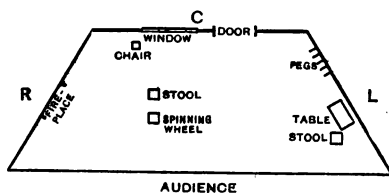
The oven in Act II. should simply be an opening in the scene through which Jack can creep, and through which also the steaming dish of stew can be handed which Grumps sets before the Ogre. The door of the oven should open outwards, and towards the audience, so that when open it hides the entrance to the oven.

* * For directions for making an Ogre's head see Introduction.

ACT I

SCENE—MRS. BROWN'S Cottage. *A humble room, poorly and scantily furnished. Window at back, C., door between window and L. wall. The window must have a sill, solid enough for JACK to sit across it as he goes out at the end of Act I. A chair R. of window, pegs against wall, L., at back, on which MRS. BROWN'S bonnet and shawl, &c., are hanging. Further down, L., a table against wall, light enough for JACK to be able easily to draw it forward. A folded cloth on it. In front of table a wooden stool. Fireplace R.; R. C., down stage, a spinning-wheel, behind it a chair or spinning stool.*

[*N.B.—If a spinning-wheel is not available, MRS. BROWN can be discovered knitting instead of spinning, in which case she might have a small rough table on her left, R. C.*]



Mrs. Brown (spinning). Seven o'clock—it's time for supper! But there's nothing to eat in the house. What I shall say to Jack when he comes in I don't know. And I know the first thing he'll say will be, 'Well, mother! what is there for supper?' Ah, there he is outside. [*JACK heard whistling and singing.*] He is a nice boy certainly, and a very good boy too sometimes, but he is a very noisy one.

Enter JACK.

Jack (very noisily). Mother, what is there for supper?

[Crosses to her, puts his arms round her neck and shouts in her ear.]

Mrs. Brown. There, I knew it! Don't shout, Jack, I'm not deaf. *[Pushes him away.]*

Jack. All right, I won't. *[Goes back to corner, L., back, then comes back on tiptoe, puts his hands to his mouth and whispers in her ear loud enough to be heard.]* Mother, what is there for supper?

Mrs. Brown. I never saw such a boy! He thinks of nothing but his meals!

Jack. Of course I do, at meal times. That's right and proper! *[Sings.]*

(Old Tune.)

Yes, yes, my appetite
Is always good for meals at night—
You mustn't starve me quite,
You'll see me grow quite thin and white.

Mrs. Brown. Well, well, I can't help that;
I'd rather see you pink and fat!
I don't know what to be at,
I feel inclined to stew the cat.

Jack.

Yes, yes, my ap-pe-tite Is always good for meals at night—

You mustn't starve me quite, You'll see me grow quite thin and white.

Mrs. Brown.



Jack. Now then, let's lay the cloth.

[Draws table forward from L. wall to L. C., and lays cloth.]

Mrs. Brown. You may lay the cloth on the table if you like, but there's nothing else to put on it.

Jack (turning round to her). Nothing for supper!

Mrs. Brown. Not one crumb.

Jack. Let's buy something, then.

Mrs. Brown. We haven't any money to buy anything with.

Jack. Let's sell something.

Mrs. Brown. We've got nothing to sell.

Jack. Let's sell the cat!

[Crosses R., looking about for cat.]

Mrs. Brown. Sell the cat! What would you get by that?

Jack. We should get scratches, spits, and mews, I should think. Ha, ha!

Mrs. Brown. Ah! It's nothing to laugh at! *[Gets up.]* There is only one thing we can sell, and that is the cow.

Jack. What, mother, sell our pretty Brindle?

Mrs. Brown. Alas, yes! We must part with her, there is nothing else to be done. *[Gets her bonnet, &c., off pegs, L.]*

Jack. How much will you get for her?

Mrs. Brown. Neighbour Hodge would give me fifteen pounds.

[*Put's shawl over her head.*]

Jack. Fifteen pounds! Dear me, how many breakfasts, dinners, and suppers I could have for that!

Mrs. Brown (going out). Oh, that I should have such a greedy, greedy boy as this! Now, take care of the house, and don't get into mischief.

Jack. All right, mother, I'll take care of it.

[*Crosses, R. Exit MRS. BROWN.*]

Jack. There! Now I'm the master of the house! Now, what shall I do next? If I could find the cat I would tie him up in the pudding-bag. [*Looks round, shakes head.*] Perhaps I had better learn my spelling for to-morrow.

[*He takes book and plays at football with it. Goes L., throws it up and kicks it to R., runs to R., picks it up as COUNTRYMAN opens door, L. C.*]

Enter COUNTRYMAN.

Countryman. Good evening, young man.

Jack. Good evening, old man.

Countryman. You're not very polite.

Jack. I'm not generally considered so.

[*Picks up book and kicks it into corner, L., then crosses.*]

Countryman. Where's the master of the house?

[*Advances, R. C.*]

Jack. Here. I'm the master of the house.

Countryman. What, do you live alone here?

Jack (L.). Yes, except my mother—she lives with me, but that doesn't count.

Countryman (R.). Where is your mother gone to?

Jack. She has gone to see Neighbour Hodge about selling the cow.

Countryman. Selling the cow?

Jack. Yes. We're very poor. We haven't got anything to eat in the house.

Countryman. Nothing to eat! that's bad. How much will she sell it for?

Jack. Oh, I don't know. As much as she can get.

Countryman. A pity she didn't sell her to me, I want a cow myself.

Jack (advances a little towards COUNTRYMAN). Do you ? Look here, what fun it would be to sell you the cow before mother comes back !



‘HOW MANY OF THOSE WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR THE COW?’

Countryman. Not a bad idea. [*Aside.*] I will deceive this innocent child, and buy his cow for nothing.

Jack. What will you give me for it ? You must give me a great deal, you know. Let me see : more than fifteen pounds, I should think.

Countryman. I don't know that I can give you that much in

ordinary money, but I have something of much more value in my pocket. [*Produces beans.*]

Jack. Oh, what lovely things!

Countryman. I should think so! It is not often you come across anything like that.

Jack. Then how many of those will you give me for the cow?

Countryman. Well, let me see—you say you want fifteen pounds for the cow, and these are much more valuable. I will give you a dozen. [*Takes them out of his pocket and counts them.*]

Jack. A dozen; all right. [*Aside.*] That's a splendid bargain! I hope I am not taking the poor man in.

Countryman. All right, that's a bargain. [*Puts beans on table, takes up his hat again.*] Where is the beast?

Jack (*leans out of window, looking L.*). There she is, outside—go out of doors and turn down the path, it is the first cow to the left.

Countryman. Your hand on it.

Jack (*sings*). Then there's my hand—

I understand!

Countryman. To fortune 'tis the way—

You ne'er again

Will have, 'tis plain,

The chance you've had to-day!

[*Repeat together and dance.*]

Jack. *Countryman.*

Then there's my hand—I understand! To fortune 'tis the way— You

ne'er again Will have, 'tis plain, the chance you've had to-day! Then

Together (dancing).

there's my hand—I understand ! To fortune 'tis the way— You

ne'er again Will have, 'tis plain, the chance you've had to-day.

[Mrs. Brown comes in and sees them dancing.]

Mrs. Brown. I hope I'm not interrupting you.

Countryman (still dancing). Not in the least, ma'am, not in the least, thank you—I happened to be calling, ma'am, and as you were not in I thought I would dance a little to pass the time until your return.

[Dances to L. JACK to R.]

Mrs. Brown. Thank you, that is very kind of you, but I am sorry to say that I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance.

Countryman. No, ma'am, no, that is quite true—that is why I began to think it was time you should.

Mrs. Brown (aside). He is too polite for my taste—I never trust people who are polite.

Countryman. In the meantime your son has been entertaining me. What a charming well-bred young gentleman he is!

Mrs. Brown. It is not often he has that said of him.

Countryman. He is just the young gentleman I like.

[Holds his hand to JACK. They dance together on tiptoe,

Mrs. BROWN following angrily after them. COUNTRYMAN dances out. JACK whirls his mother round.]

Mrs. Brown. I never saw such doings as this! As if we had nothing better to do! Sit down and get your spelling-book, and see if you can keep quiet for five minutes.

[JACK sits down with his book, draws stool forward, L.]

Jack. C O W—what does C O W spell, mother?

Mrs. Brown. C O W spells Cow.

Jack (smiling to himself). Cow! I thought it did!

Mrs. Brown. Neighbour Hodge says he will buy Brindle. I wonder where she is; I must go out and see her.

[Hangs up shawl, looks at herself in glass, &c.]

Jack. Oh no, you need not, I have just seen her.

Mrs. Brown (looking out of the window). I don't see her anywhere! where can she be?

Jack. Perhaps she is sitting under a cabbage leaf, or she's climbed the cherry tree—oh no, I forgot, she is a grizzly cow and can't climb trees.

Mrs. Brown. Hold your tongue, you naughty boy! Go and see where she is.

Jack. I know where she is without going to see—at least I know where she is not, and that's in the garden.

Mrs. Brown. Not in the garden! Where is she, then?

Jack (gets up and throws book down). I've sold her.

Mrs. Brown. You've sold her! You naughty bad boy!

Jack. Not at all, I've saved you the trouble.

[Goes towards her, up stage, C.]

Mrs. Brown. What did you get for her?

Jack. Ah, mother, you will be pleased!

Mrs. Brown. What, have you got more than twenty pounds? You are a good boy!

Jack. Well, not for more than fifteen in money. Look——

[He puts his hands into his pockets.]

Mrs. Brown. Be quick! I'm dying to know what you got.

[Jack pulls out a handful of beans.]

Mrs. Brown (impatiently). Come, never mind those stupid things—give me the money!

[Takes the handful and throws them out of the window.]

Jack. Stop, stop, mother, that's the money! You are throwing away the money that I got for the cow!

Mrs. Brown. What! Do you mean to say that you sold my cow for a few worthless beans? You wretched boy, you have ruined me! you have ruined your mother!

[Sinks into chair, crying.]

Jack. But, mother, Mr. Barleycorn said they were worth a great deal more! a great, great deal more!

Mrs. Brown. But he did not speak the truth, you stupid boy!

Jack. I thought grown-up people always spoke the truth!

[*Staggering back against wall, R. of window*]

Mrs. Brown. Well, you'll know better after this, I hope. Whatever are we to do? [Comes down, L. C.]

Jack. Well, I do think it is a pity my beautiful beans were thrown away. [*Goes to window to look.*] Why, what's that in the garden? Look, mother, look!

Mrs. Brown (rushing to window). Is it Brindle? Brindle come back?

Jack. No, no, something far better than that—it is something growing, growing right up to the sky!

Mrs. Brown. I do believe it's a beanstalk!

Jack. A beanstalk? Yes, it is my beans growing! Oh, mother, how exciting! I'll climb up and see where it goes to.

Mrs. Brown. No, no, don't go up into the sky in that way without knowing where you are going!

Jack. I must, mother, I must! Good-bye! I'll bring you back something beautiful from the clouds—perhaps another cow as good as Brindle.

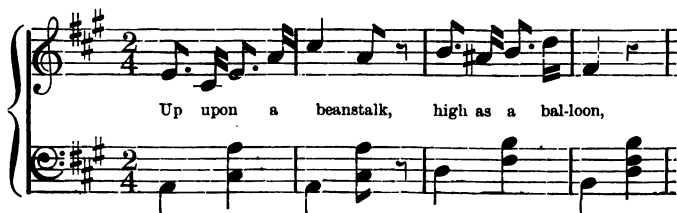
[*He climbs on to window-sill, throws one leg over it, and sings.*]

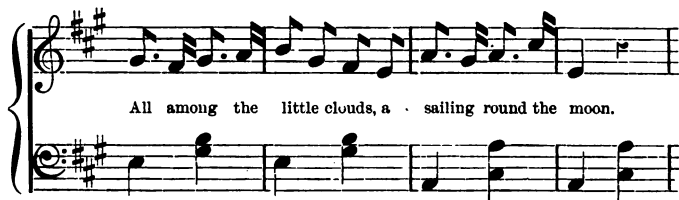
SONG.

Up upon a beanstalk, high as a balloon,

All among the little clouds, a-sailing round the moon.

Mrs. Brown. Oh, if you are going, mind you come back soon—
I don't like your climbing things that lead up to
the moon!

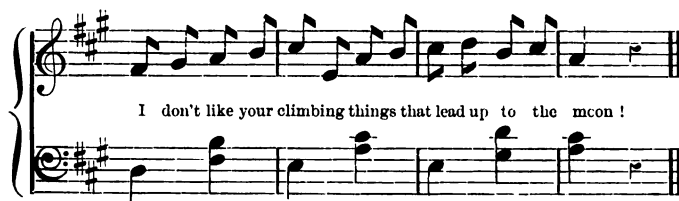




All among the little clouds, a sailing round the moon.



Oh, if you are going, mind you come back soon -

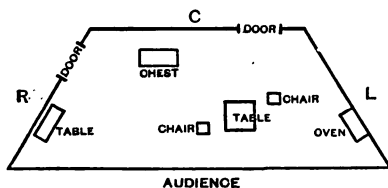


I don't like your climbing things that lead up to the moon !

Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Interior of the Ogre's Castle. A large kitchen. Door, R., up stage. Door L. C., door R. At back, a large chest, not quite against back wall, so that there is room for JACK to hide behind it. L. C., down stage, a table on which are a plate, knife and fork; R. of table, a small chair; L. of table, further back, an easy chair. A table against R. wall, on which are a canvas bag tied up, and a fiddle. Poker leaning against wall, L., above oven.*



Enter JACK, cautiously. He looks round.

Jack. At last! What a long beanstalk! I thought I should never get to the top. And now that I am here, I wonder where I am! It looked like a castle from outside. Ah! here is someone coming.

Enter GRUMPS, the OGRE'S wife, L. C., with frying-pan in her hand.

Grumps. Shsh! Shoo!! Go away!!! [*Waving frying-pan at JACK.*] No boys here.

Jack. But, my good soul——

Grumps. No, I ain't your good soul. Go away, I tell you.

Jack. But why?

Grumps. Because this is the Ogre's castle, and he will be back directly for his dinner. [*Looking into oven, &c*

Jack. And what will he have for his dinner ?

Grumps. You, if you stay any longer ! So I advise you to disappear.

Jack. That's all very well, but where am I to go to ?

Grumps. Go back to the place you came from.

Jack. But I don't know the way.

Grumps. How did you get here, then ?

Jack. I happened to meet a fairy after I left the beanstalk, and she directed me to your house.



THE OGRE'S KITCHEN

Grumps. Well, happen to meet another then, and let her direct you back. If you wait much longer you'll meet the Ogre, and then you won't need any directions. [OGRE heard outside, R.

Ogre (outside). Fee, fi, fo, fun !

I smell the blood of an Englishman.

Be he alive, or be he dead,

I'll grind his bones to make my bread.





Jack. What is that?

Grumps. The Ogre—the Ogre!

Jack. Oh! do hide me somewhere—please!

Grumps (opening oven door). Quick, then! Here you are. Jump in here!

[*JACK jumps in. GRUMPS closes door just as OGRE comes in, R.*

Ogre (sings). Fee, fi, fo, fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman.

What have you got for my dinner to-day, you useless woman?

What is there? come, tell me quick! [*Sits R. of table.*

Grumps. A nice little kid, that I caught on the mountain. And I've cut it up and made it into a stew.

Ogre. I don't believe it! There is something else! [*Sniffing.*]
What is that I smell? It's a boy—I'm sure it's a boy!

[*Jumps up.*

Grumps. A boy—nonsense! Where should a boy come from?

[*Stands in front of oven.*

Ogre. I'm sure there's a boy in that oven—and, what is more, I mean to look.

[*Goes towards oven.*

Grumps (in front of the oven). Very well; if you open the oven now, your dinner will be spoiled, that's all—the kid won't be done enough.

Ogre. Hum, ha—well—I won't look in it till after dinner, then—but mind the kid is done right, or I'll throw you out of the window. I'm going to change my seven-leagued boots, and when I come back it must be ready. *[Exit, singing, 'Fee, fi, fo, fum!']*

Grumps (to JACK). Quick, quick! now is your time! *[JACK comes out.]* I don't think it would be safe for you to try to escape now, as he might see you from the window. But he always goes to sleep after his dinner—when you hear him snore go gently out.

[Puts him behind R. C. chest, at back.]

Enter OGRE, L., singing 'Be he alive or be he dead,' &c. He draws small chair to back of table, where place is laid. Sits down in place, takes table napkin and tucks it into neck of his coat, then taking up the knife and fork he holds them upright, one in each hand, and drums on the table with them on each side of the plate.

Ogre. Well, where's that kid? Isn't it ready?

Grumps (who has been getting dish with kid on it out of the oven). Coming, coming! here it is! it's no good my putting it on the table to get cold when you're half a mile off, is it?

[Puts dish of stew on table.]

Ogre. Silence, you horrid old woman! or I'll eat you for my pudding. *[He takes five or six pieces of stew on to his plate as quickly as possible, pretends to gobble them up, eating voraciously with his head close to his plate; GRUMPS standing by his chair like a waiter, with a napkin over her arm.]* *[Gets up and takes napkin from neck, and flicks GRUMPS with it.]* Now then, clear away, old witch, and bring me my fairy hen! *[He draws easy-chair a little forward, and sits reclining in it, his legs stretched out, while GRUMPS in a great hurry clatters the things together, rushes out with plate and dish, L., then comes back and whisks off table-cloth.]* Now, then, what's that fowl about? I never saw such a house as this, the hens are always late! *[GRUMPS goes quickly out, R., to get the hen. JACK puts his head above chest as she passes; she pushes him down again and goes out. She returns almost immediately, carrying nest with hen sitting on it. The OGRE begins singing his verse of the song as she goes out. She should*

come in again in time to begin her verse as she gets inside the room.

SONG. Tune—'The Golden Slippers'

Ogre (*sings*). Come, make haste, make no delaying!
Do you hear what I am saying?



'HERE SHE IS, YOUR CALL OBEYING'

Enter GRUMPS, R., with hen.

If that hen has not been laying,
You shall die this very day!

Grumps (bringing hen). Here she is, your call obeying—
Here she is displaying
All her talents, ever laying
Fifteen golden eggs a day.

Together. Oh, the golden layer! oh, the good purveyor!
 Laying fifteen eggs a day within her little nest!
 Oh, the golden layer! oh, the good purveyor!
 Fifteen golden eggs a day, and of the very best!

Ogre.

Now come, make haste, make no delaying! You hear what I am

saying! If that hen has not been laying, you shall die this ve-ry

Grumps.

day! Well, here she is, your call o-bey - ing, Here she is dis-

playing Her talents, e - ver laying Fif-teen golden eggs a

Together.

day. Oh, the golden layer! oh, the good parveyor!

Laying fif - teen eggs a day with in her little nest!

Oh, the golden lay-er! oh, the good parveyor!

Fifteen gold-en eggs a day, and of the ve - ry best!

Ogre. Now, then, what are you standing there singing for? Go and get my money-bag ready—and my fairy fiddle—all the things I shall want. [*Grumps going R. Ogre calls after her.*] And, Hi! [*She turns back.*] If I should happen to go to sleep presently—

Grumps. Happen! Why, you never do anything else!

[*Gets bag off table, R.; puts it on table by OGRE.*]

Ogre. Hold your tongue, you monster, or I will put you into the oven! I was going to say: I wish you to sit on the door-mat, in case anyone should disturb me if I should happen to go to sleep.

Grumps. All right. Now you have everything comfortable. Your hen, and money-bag, and your armchair.

Ogre. I thought I heard something behind that chest! The dog isn't here, is he? I won't have him left in the room.

Grumps. No, no. He isn't there.

Ogre. How do you know? Go and look.

Grumps (takes poker and pokes behind chest where JACK is). Sh—sh!

Ogre (imitating her). Sh! indeed. What's the use of that? Here, give it to me, I'll soon see if the creature is there. [*Runs at L. side of chest and bangs stick down behind it; JACK runs out, R.*] There, that's the way to do things! there doesn't seem to be anything there. You were right for once—so you may go and leave me in peace. [*Exit GRUMPS, R. OGRE comes down, C., and strokes hen.*] Pretty creature! And you are not only pretty—you are clever—that's better still! and not only clever, you are good, which is best of all! for you know how to lay me fifteen golden eggs every day. Come, where are they? [*Lifts her up and finds the eggs; takes a golden egg out and holds it up.*] Ah, that will do for my pocket money till to-morrow—so now you may just wait there until this evening. [*Goes to sleep. Soft music. JACK comes out softly—carries the hen behind R. end of the chest, and as he does so makes a noise. OGRE wakes, looks round.*] Why, what was that? I'm sure I heard a noise—it must have been a cinder falling out of the fire—or I woke myself by snoring—though I don't believe I do snore, though that old Grumps always declares I do. How tiresome to be awake, just when I was so comfortable! However, I'll count my money now and go to sleep again afterwards.

[*Unties money-bag and shakes pile of money on to table.*]

SINGS. *Tune—French.*

Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold;
Pounds and shillings, pennies too,
All for me, and none for you.



There don't seem to be as many as there were last time. I believe Grumps has been taking some! I'll hang her up to the top of the castle presently, if I remember it. [*Makes a knot in nightcap.*] There, that will remind me. [*Ties up bag.*] There are a great many starving people in the world who would be glad to have only a little of what that bag contains. Ha, ha! they shan't have any of it—I'll keep it all for myself—every bit! [*Puts money-bag back on table.*] Now, I'll see if I can't go to sleep again. [*Music as before. OGRE snores. JACK comes out, and takes money-bag off table. He knocks against chair. OGRE starts up. JACK stoops down behind OGRE's chair. OGRE looks round, then composes himself to sleep again. JACK creeps out again, then with a loud snore OGRE wakes and sits up. JACK hides again.*] It's no use—I can't do it! I'll make Mrs. Grumps come and play me to sleep. Here—Grumps! Grumps! [*Enter GRUMPS, R.*] Why don't you come more quickly? Where were you?

Grumps. I was on the door-mat, of course.

[*She looks furtively at JACK, much perturbed at seeing him.*

Ogre. It's very kind of me to let you sit there—very kind, do you hear?

Grumps. I hear—yes.

Ogre. Then don't presume to answer. Take my fairy violin and play me to sleep, and mind you don't make any of those squeaks of yours, or I'll wring your neck.

[GRUMPS plays. The OGRE hums the tune she is playing, and gradually goes off. She lays down the violin on table and makes a sign to JACK; he comes out quietly.]

Grumps (whispering). Follow me quietly, and I will go on and open the doors. [Takes big keys off OGRE's lap and exit, R.]

Jack. Yes—but I'll take a few of these things with me! [Throws the money-bag out of the window; takes the hen under one arm and the violin under the other.] Now I'll make a rush past her and get down the beanstalk, and take these home to my mother.

[Runs out, R.]

[Violin heard squeaking; a squeaking voice calls 'Master! Master!' louder and louder.]

Enter GRUMPS.

Grumps. Alas! alas! he is gone—the ungrateful little wretch! and he has taken everything with him. Oh, what shall I do?

[OGRE wakes.]

Ogre. Are all the noises in Christendom turned loose here to-day? [Wakes quite up, and sees GRUMPS. She rushes out with a shriek.] What is all this? [Puts his cap straight.] Why, what is this knot? Ha—I remember, Grumps!

[Dashes out, singing 'Fee, fi, fo, fum!']

Curtain.

ACT III.

Mrs. BROWN's House; the same scene as Act I., but with different furniture. An armchair, R. C. Mrs. BROWN reclining in it, reading a novel. A table on her left, covered with an embroidered tablecloth. Flowers, books, papers, &c., on table. JACK sitting C., left of table, on a gilt or ornamental chair, his legs crossed, reading the 'Times.' Against L. wall, a bookcase or some pretty piece of furniture where the wooden table stood in Act I. Any pretty chairs, ornaments, or knick-knacks about, to make the room look smart.

Jack. How comfortable we are, mother!

Mrs. Brown. Yes, and what beautiful clothes we have on!

Jack. It seems a great deal more than a week since I sold the cow, doesn't it?

Mrs. Brown. Yes indeed, it does. I was quite in despair that day, till I saw you coming back again with the fairy hen, the money-bag, and the violin.

Jack. And ever since, we have had everything we can wish for, and we have been able to feed all the poor people in the village besides.

Mrs. Brown. That reminds me, I said I would go out to see Neighbour Hodge—but it is too muddy to walk, so I have ordered the carriage.

Jack. Which one? The open one, drawn by six cream-coloured horses?

Mrs. Brown. No, I think it is too cold for that; I shall go in the shut glass coach, drawn by eight piebalds. I am so accustomed to driving now!

Jack. You see how right I was to climb up to the Ogre's castle and get all these things for you! But, mother, I do wonder what he has done without them! Don't you sometimes wonder how it is he has never come to look for them?

Mrs. Brown. Oh, what a horrible idea! Suppose he were to come!

Jack. I never thought of that I almost think it would be safest to cut the beanstalk down as then there will be no way for him to come. [*Gets up.*]



‘ THERE IS THE MONSTER’S HEAD ’

Mrs. Brown. I think it would; but what a pity it seems, that dear beanstalk, to which we owe so much! [*Gets up and looks out of window at it. She starts back.*] Jack! Jack! It is too late! See, see, there is someone coming down it from the sky—a gigantic form—it must be the Ogre!

Jack (looking out). It is—it is the Ogre! Where is my hatchet? Quick! [*Seizes hatchet and rushes out.*]

Mrs. Brown. Stay, stay! Jack! Oh! [*Then watching from R. of window.*] The Ogre has reached the ground—he has drawn his sword—Jack has attacked him! The Ogre has struck at him, Jack has jumped aside—he has cut off the Ogre's legs with his axe—the Ogre falls—Jack has cut off his head! Ah, my brave boy!

Enter JACK with the OGRE's head.

Jack. There, mother, there is the monster's head; he will never trouble us any more.

Mrs. Brown. Oh, you brave, brave boy!

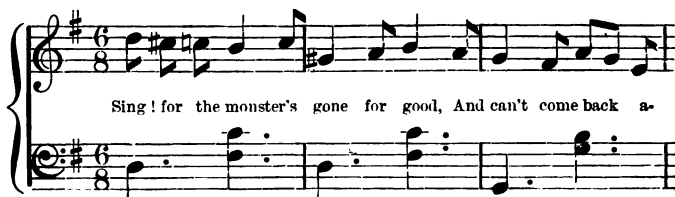
[*JACK puts OGRE's head on table, R. C.*]

Jack. So now we can be happy all the rest of our days.

[*They dance round the table after each other, singing to the tune of the 'Pas de Quatre,' so that MRS. BROWN is standing L. of table and JACK R. of table.*]

SONG.

Sing, for the monster's gone for good,
And can't come back again!
Sing, for he cannot come back if he would,
He lies among the slain!
Ogres are very wicked men,
As we must all agree;
And all rejoice on occasions when
Their heads off we see!



gain. Sing, for he cannot come back if he would, He

lies among the slain! Ogres are ve - ry wicked men, As

we must all a - gree; And all rejoice on oc-

ca - sions when Their heads off we see!

[The dance must end so that Mrs. BROWN is standing L. of table, and JACK R. of it. As they leave off, a knock is heard.

Mrs. Brown. Oh, who can that be? Not another Ogre!

Jack. No, I don't think that is very likely! Besides, he'll soon go away when he sees that!

[Pointing to head.

Mrs. Brown. Then it must be a visitor. Wait a moment while I compose myself to receive. [*Sits pompously in chair L. of table, spreading out her skirts as much as possible.*] Now, then, I am ready. [*Another knock.*]

Jack. Come in!

Enter COUNTRYMAN, much better dressed.

Jack (R.). Mr. Barleycorn!

Countryman (L.). That is my name, certainly, but I think I must have made a mistake. [*Down stage, looking round.*] This is not the house that stood here before, surely?

Mrs. Brown. Yes, it is, only rather differently furnished!

Countryman (sees head and starts). That ornament is new, certainly, since I was here.

Jack. Brand new.

Countryman. Then you are the lady who wouldn't dance with me?

Mrs. Brown. And you are the gentleman who bought my poor Brindle for some beans?

Countryman. Exactly—I am, and a very good cow she was. I came to know if you could sell me another like her.

Mrs. Brown (standing up). Well, I must say I wonder you dare show your face here again, after deceiving my innocent boy in the way you did about those beans!

Jack. Come, come, mother; after all, you need not complain of the beans, for they have been the cause of all our good luck.

Mrs. Brown. It is quite true. [*To COUNTRYMAN.*] I forgive you, and I hope you have taken good care of my pretty Brindle.

Countryman. Indeed I have. She has brought me good luck, too; ever since I had her I have been growing richer and richer.

Jack. Then, you see, our bargain was a good one after all. For if it had not been for you I should never have climbed up the beanstalk.

Then there's my hand,
My trusty friend,
To fortune 'twas the way!

We ne'er again
 Shall have, 'tis plain,
 The chance we had that day !

[Repeat together and dance.]

FINALE.

A

Then there's my hand, My trusty friend, To fortune was the

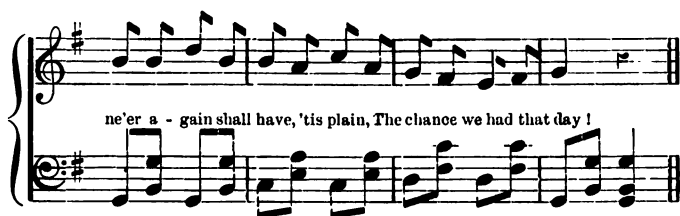
B

way ! We ne'er a - gain Shall have, 'tis plain, The

C

chance we had that day ! Then here's a hand, My

trusty friend, To for - tune 'twas the way ! We



[*The Finale should be performed as follows. As JACK begins singing he holds out his R. hand (at A on music) to COUNTRYMAN, who takes it with his right hand. This is done across Mrs. BROWN, who had been standing between them. At B on music, where she begins singing, she now gives her right hand to COUNTRYMAN, who takes it with his left, and at C. on music she gives her left hand to JACK, who takes it with his left. The hand should be given exactly on the beat of the bar. They then, with crossed hands, in a line, all three sing the last four lines of song, marking time with a cross step as they do so. (See Note at end of 'Instructions for Dances,' at beginning of book.)*]

Curtain.

CINDERELLA

IN FOUR SCENES

CHARACTERS (2 Male, 5 Female)

THE MOTHER

MABEL

LUCY

PEGGY (called CINDERELLA)

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER

THE PRINCE

HERALD

Lords and Ladies at Ball, &c.

CINDERELLA. COSTUMES

Cinderella.—Ball dress; silver crown, silver tinsel gauze dress, silver or diamond ornaments. At first she must wear a patched, shabby, dark dress, which is made so that it is fastened by being sewn lightly all the way down the back, and so lightly sewn that it can be ripped off without waiting to undo anything. She can wear her silver dress under it, and must be careful not to show gleams of silver as she moves about.

Prince.—Long silk hose, pointed shoes, short tunic with diagonal stripes meeting at the middle line, and embroidered or furred at edge; wide sleeves, jagged at edge, and lined with a brilliant colour; wide epaulettes; belt and poniard.

The Herald.—White hose, jewelled shoes, wide tunic, with fur at edge; heraldic devices of any kind painted all over the tunic; gold trumpet with banner, on which is a crest; cap and peacock's feather; white gauntlets.

Mother, Mabel, and Lucy.—Head dresses can be made with brown paper coloured and covered with veils; low dresses, tight-fitting puffed shoulders slashed with a bright colour; fans, smelling bottles; hair done in a large bunch, each side covering the ears, and held in a net made of widish ribbon.

Fairy Godmother.—Should wear some glistening dress and bright flowers, with a gold wand.

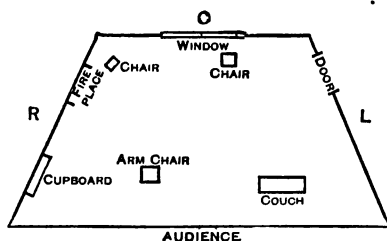
It would be well to have some musicians on the stage playing the mir-litons mentioned in the Introduction, as well as a possible violinist, triangle, drum, cymbals, and flute. The three-shilling bagpipes, which can be bought at any india-rubber shop, are immensely effective, and if one tune is adhered to there is no great difficulty in learning to play it. The bagpipe man is taken from an illuminated MS. of the fourteenth century. He wears a tunic embroidered with a simple pattern, long hose, and pointed shoes.

Scene.—Ball-room.—Plenty of white and gold, with crimson curtains, and palms; strawboard pillars, painted to represent strange creatures, carved and coloured; brilliant patterns stencilled on the pillars.

Note.—Draw one part of the design on thin cardboard, and, placing it on a sheet of *glass*, cut out the spaces with a *sharp* penknife. Lay the cardboard over the place where pattern is required, and with a large, stiff-haired, and rather dry brush rub the colour carefully into the spaces. The design may afterwards be touched up by hand, and can, of course, be repeated as often as desired.

Embroidery or dresses may be stencilled or painted, and the effect at a little distance is just as good as the finest hand-sewn embroidery. Some guards with bright helmets and mail, holding spears in their hands, should stand at back of scene.

SCENE 1.—*A Plainly-furnished Sitting-room. Door, L., up stage. Large window at back, C. Fireplace up stage, R. Door or curtain, R., down stage, supposed to be the entrance into a cupboard or closet, into which CINDERELLA steps while the spell is being pronounced. A couch, L. An easy chair, R. A small chair between window and fireplace at back; another, rather more comfortable, L. of window.*



SCENE 1.—*When the curtain draws up, the mother and three daughters are discovered. MOTHER sitting at back on chair by window, working or knitting, her feet on a stool. PEGGY on small chair, R., at back, looking disconsolately into fire. MABEL lounging back in easy chair, R. C., her arms crossed behind her head. LUCY lying on couch, L., reading.*

Mother (getting up and putting down her work). Well, it's nearly time to dress, I suppose. [*Comes down, C. To LUCY.*] What are you reading, my darling child? How sweet you look, lying there, buried in your book!

Lucy (on couch, L. C.). Yes, mamma, I thought I did. It's the story of a beautiful prince.

Mother. Delightful, my dear! The story of a prince—yes, just the story for you to read. [*To MABEL.*] And you, my poppet, what is it you are doing?

Mabel. I am thinking, mamma.

[*Leaning back in armchair, R. C., arms under head.*]

Mother. Thinking? Yes, that is just like you. Ah, you were always so clever, my chickabiddy. [To PEGGY.] As for you [*shakes her by the shoulders*], what are you doing here, plain, stupid girl, wasting the time, when you ought to be doing your work?

Peggy (getting up). I am very sorry, I thought there was nothing to do at this moment.

Mother. Nothing to do indeed! A pretty story! Is all the housework done?

Peggy. Everything.

Lucy. Are the buttons sewn on my long white gloves for the ball to-night?

Peggy. Yes, they are.

Mabel. And is my beautiful ball-dress laid out on the bed?

Peggy. Everything is ready.

Mother. Very well, my children, you had better go and dress.

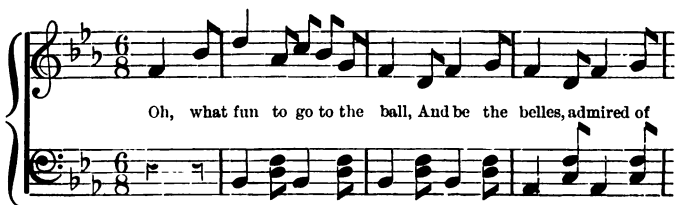
Lucy (jumping up with joy). Oh, how delightful! Come along, Mabel!

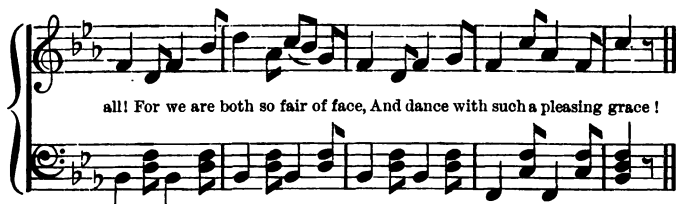
Mabel (delighted). Oh, what fun it will be!

LUCY AND MABEL SING TOGETHER.

Tune—Italian.

Oh, what fun to go to the ball,
And be the belles, admired of all!
For we are both so fair of face,
And dance with such a pleasing grace.





[As they begin song, LUCY and MABEL, dancing with exaggerated emphasis, each cross into the opposite corner, giving right hands as they pass. This will bring LUCY R. and MABEL L. at third line of song. They then cross back again, same action, but MABEL, instead of going R., remains L. after turning. They strike an attitude.

Mother (coming down, R. C.). Oh, my dears, you will have a success!

Lucy (delighted). Shan't we! Come along, Mabel, let's go and dress.

[They go towards door, L., in affected attitudes, the MOTHER looking at them admiringly down stage, R. C. PEGGY has turned back to fireplace, and is standing with her foot on fender, as though in a reverie.

Mother. Now, Peggy, what are you doing? Go and help them to dress, you know their frocks lace behind.

Peggy. Very well. [Stops.] Mamma!

Mother. Well, what is it? What a long time you waste in chattering always!

Peggy (comes down, stands by chair, R.). I suppose I might not go to the ball for a little while?

Mother. You, Peggy, you at the ball? [Laughs.] I never heard anything so absurd.

[All three laugh.

Lucy. And what would you wear, pray? A dishcloth trimmed with dusters?

Mabel. No, no, my dear girl, you are very well in your place—that is, the chimney-corner. I would stay there if I were you.

Lucy. Now, come along, stupid, and don't forget the safety-pins. [*LUCY and MABEL go out, L., followed by MOTHER.*]

Peggy (following). Oh, I wish I were going to the ball too!

Curtain.

SCENE 2.—*Same scene. PEGGY, alone, sitting in armchair, R. C., leaning back.*

Peggy (sitting up and rousing herself). Oh, how slowly this evening has passed—hardly an hour yet since they went! Well, I had better go to bed, I suppose, there is nothing else for me to do. I do think it is a shame to leave me here alone, while they are enjoying themselves at the ball! I should so like to have a smart gown that laced behind—it would make one feel so grand to have a gown one couldn't fasten one's self. But, alas! that is a pleasure I shall never know. [*Hides her face in her hands.*]

Enter GODMOTHER softly, L.

Godmother. Why, Peggy, you little Cinderella! What's the matter now?

Peggy. Oh! [*Jumps up and turns round.*]

Godmother. Do you know who I am?

Peggy. I am sorry to say I don't.

Godmother. Well, I'll tell you presently. In the meantime, you tell me why you are sitting all by yourself in this dismal manner.

Peggy. I am unhappy because I am not at the ball. I should like to have a fine dress, and drive off in a coach with the others.

Godmother. Nothing is easier. I'll manage that for you in five minutes.

Peggy. You! Oh, how delightful! Is it possible?

Godmother. Certainly. I am your fairy godmother, so I can give you anything you wish for.

Peggy. My fairy godmother! How enchanting! Then, the first thing I wish for is a beautiful dress.

Godmother. You shall have it. Go inside that dark cupboard, close your eyes, then turn round three times, while I repeat a spell—and come out and see what has happened.

Peggy. Well, this is exciting! , [Goes into cupboard, R.

GODMOTHER waves her wand and repeats verse.

Tune—'Tic-e-tic-e-toc.'

Wavy, wavy, Wando Wum,
Fairy powers hither come,
Come to turn the world about,
Topsy-turvy, inside out,
Turn the darkness into light,
Turn the rags to silver bright.
Wavy, wavy, Wando Wum,
Fairy powers quickly come.

Wa - vy, wa - vy, Wan - do Wum,

Fai - ry pow - ers hith - er come, Come to

turn the world a - bout, Top - sy - tur - vy,

FINE.

in - side out. Turn the dark-ness in - to

FINE.

D.C. sino al fine.

light, Turn the rags to sil - ver bright! Wavy, wavy.

D.C.

CINDERELLA comes out in a beautiful dress.

Peggy. Oh, am I not like a princess?

Godmother. You are indeed! Now, what next do you want?

Peggy. Next, I must have a coach to go to the ball in.

Godmother. Of course. Look out of the window, and tell me what you see, and if there is anything we can make a coach of.

Peggy (goes to L. of window). I'm afraid not. I can only see a pumpkin lying on the ground, and two large brown rats behind it, and six little mice darting in and out.

Godmother. The very thing! That will do perfectly. Now, I am going to repeat the spell again, and while I wave my wand you look out of the window and tell me what happens.

Wavy, wavy, Wando Wum,
Fairy powers hither come.

Peggy (starts back). Oh, Godmother! Quick! The pumpkin has turned into a beautiful glass coach!

Godmother. I thought it would! 'Come to turn the world about.' [*Waves wand again.*] Anything else?

Peggy (clapping her hands). Yes! Yes! The two brown rats have changed into a coachman and footman.

Godmother. 'Topsy-turvy, inside out!' [*Waves wand.*]
Anything else?

Peggy. Yes! Yes! The little mice have turned into six beautiful horses with long tails and harness shining with silver.

Godmother. Well, will that do to drive you to the ball, do you think?



'AM I NOT LIKE A PRINCESS?'

Peggy. Oh, Godmother, how delightful! [*Rushes forward and throws arms round GODMOTHER'S neck, then draws her towards door, L.*] Let me get into it and drive off!

Godmother. One moment, Cinderella! I must make a condition before you start. You must promise not to remain at

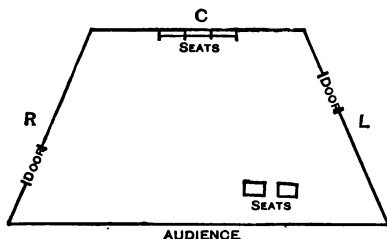
the ball after midnight. If you are there after the last stroke of twelve, your beautiful silver clothes will disappear, and you will have on your rags again.

Peggy. Oh, I promise, dear Godmother. Of course I will leave before twelve.

Godmother. Then come, Princess Cinderella! your glass coach stops the way.

Curtain as they go towards door.

Scene 3.—A Ball-room, brilliantly lighted. Waltz heard in distance. Door, R. Door, L., up stage. Couch, or two seats, down stage, L. Seats along back wall. LUCY and MABEL sitting at back, one on each side of their mother.



Lucy. How very odd it is that nobody comes and asks us to dance!

Mabel. I can't understand it at all.

Lucy. It isn't as if we were not beautiful.

Mabel. It seems so strange we are not singled out.

Mother. My dear girls, the fact is, you are so beautiful, and so well dressed, that people don't dare to ask you. I am sure that is what it is.

Lucy. I saw the Prince looking longingly at me a little while ago, but just as he was going to invite me to dance he was called away to meet a foreign Princess.

Mabel. Of course, if she were a Princess, he couldn't help going to meet her. I wonder who she was? She had on the most beautiful silver shoes.

Enter HERALD, R.

Mother. Here is the Court herald, passing through the hall, ask him her name. Oh, sir! I beg your pardon! [*HERALD stops, L. C.*] Can you tell me who the lady in silver was who was dancing with the Prince just now?



THE HERALD



A MINSTREL WITH BAGPIPE

Herald. She was announced as the Princess of the Silver Mountain.

Mother. The Princess of the Silver Mountain! Indeed!

Lucy. She looked like it, I am sure.

Mother. The reason why I ask is, the Prince had been going

to dance with my daughter, and he was obliged to leave her for this lady.

Herald. Oh, indeed!

Lucy. So, you see, I have no partner in consequence.

Herald. What a pity!

Mother. My girls are both passionately fond of dancing.

Herald. Indeed! that is a charming taste



‘ MY GIRLS ARE BOTH PASSIONATELY FOND OF DANCING ’

Mabel. It is not surprising we should like it, we dance very beautifully.

Herald. I congratulate you. I hope I shall have an opportunity of seeing your performance. [*Bows and passes on. Goes out, L.*]

Lucy. Oh, what a very rude man!

Mabel. I can't understand it at all. I quite thought we should have been the belles of the ball.

Mother. Then suppose, my children, we go to the refreshment

room and have some ices? Perhaps you may find some partners there. [Gets up.

Lucy. Come, then.

[They go towards door, R.

Mother. Oh, here comes the Princess, leaning on the Prince's arm.

Enter the PRINCE and PEGGY, R. LUCY, MABEL, and the MOTHER, standing close to door, make sweeping curtseys.

Peggy. What strange-looking ladies!

[Mother and daughters start.

Prince. They are, indeed! But let us talk of yourself, Princess.

[They go on speaking in low voices. He puts her on to couch or chair, L. C. Stands by her, resting knee on chair to right of her.

Mabel. Did you hear her, mother? Did you hear those insulting words?

Mother. Never mind, it's no good quarrelling with princes. Come and have some strawberry ice. [They go out, R.

Prince. Now, tell me about this wonderful place where you live, for I have not heard of it before. The Silver Mountain! What an enchanting spot it sounds! It must be Fairy-land!

Peggy. It is indeed in Fairy-land!

Prince! I was sure of it—a fit abode for so ethereal a being as yourself. You were nourished, I feel sure, on no mortal food—your dainty, beautiful clothes were woven by no mortal hands; they were spun by elves and fairies in some enchanted, far-away spot.

Peggy. Indeed, I believe they were.

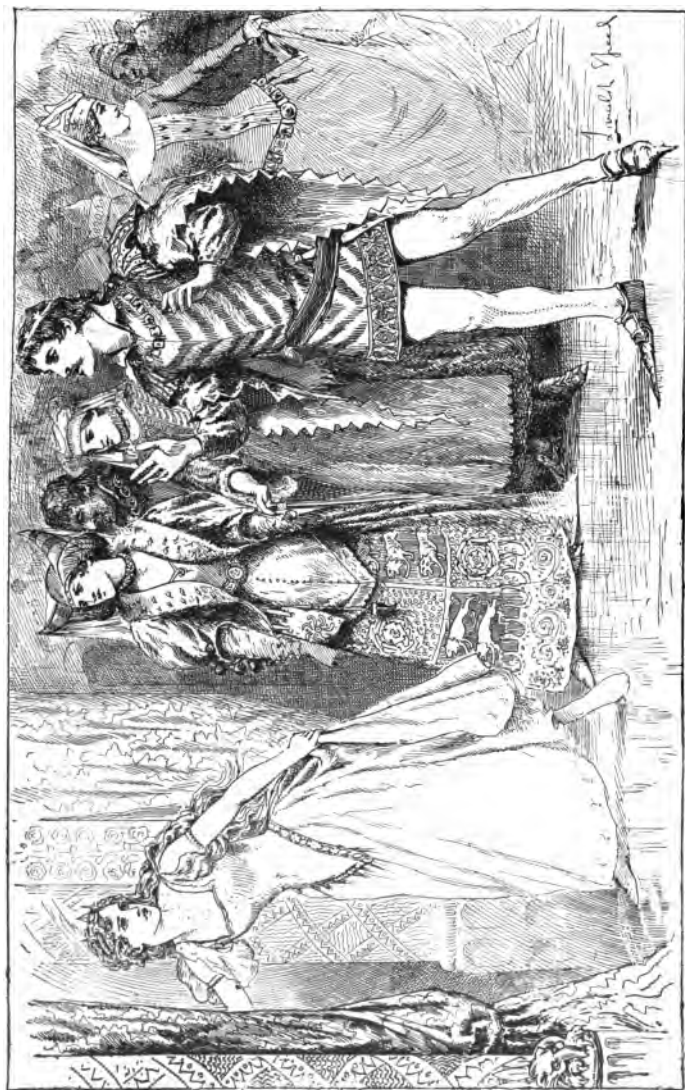
Prince. Adorable creature! Come, tell me where this Silver Mountain is, that I may find my way to it over every obstacle.

[Music heard.

Peggy. But there is the music beginning again! We should be dancing, your Highness. [Gets up.

Prince (stands up). What delicious simplicity! Are you, then, so fond of dancing?

Peggy. I love it, but I so seldom get a chance.



CINDERELLA LEAVES THE BALL

Prince. Of course, yes—you are hedged in, I dare say, by the etiquette of your Court.

Peggy. Precisely. *[Dancers waltz in.*

Prince. Come, then, let us join the dance too.

[They dance. The MOTHER, LUCY, and MABEL hurry in again, R., and look enviously at the dancers. They curtsy as the PRINCE passes them. The clock begins to strike twelve. CINDERELLA starts.

Prince. What, tired already!

Peggy. No, no, but I must go at once! instantly!

[She rushes out, L., leaving a slipper behind her.

Prince. What! she has gone! and in such haste, that she has left one of her dainty slippers behind her. I must fly to restore it to her. Princess! Adored one! come back! *[Rushes out, L.*

Chorus of Dancers.

Let the revels continue apace,
Let us join in the light-hearted race!
Let the music continue its strain,
As we circle again and again!

Tempo di valse.

Let the rev - els con - tinue a - pace,

Let us join in the light - hearted race!

Let the music con - tinue its strain,

The first system of the musical score for 'Cinderella'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'Let the music con - tinue its strain,' are written below the treble staff.

As we circle a - gain and a - gain; Tra la

The second system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'As we circle a - gain and a - gain; Tra la' are written below the treble staff.

la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la

The third system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la' are written below the treble staff.

la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la

The fourth system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la' are written below the treble staff.

la, Tra la la la la la la la la!

The fifth system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'la, Tra la la la la la la la la!' are written below the treble staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

SCENE 4.—*Same room as Scenes 1 and 2, but with small table and two chairs, L., where before there was a couch. MOTHER and three daughters discovered. PEGGY, as before, looking into fire, but not so sadly. LUCY in easy chair, R.; MOTHER, L. C., on chair R. of table; MABEL on chair L. of table. All three look cross and sleepy.*

Mabel (yawning). Oh dear, I am so tired this morning!

Lucy (R.). I do wish you would leave off saying that. That is the ninth time you have yawned during the last five minutes.

Mother. My dears, going to a ball doesn't seem to have improved your temper.

Mabel. I don't quite see why it should.

Peggy (by fire). I suppose it was dancing so much that tired you?

Lucy. Of course it was; we had to dance the whole time, from the moment we entered the room.

Mabel. There were many people we were obliged to refuse, and they were heartbroken.

Lucy. But, of course, when the Prince asked us, we were obliged to throw over the others.

Peggy (smiling aside). And the Prince danced with you a great deal, then?

Lucy. Indeed, he did, nearly all the time, till a strange Princess came, then he was obliged to leave us.

Peggy (getting up and coming forward, C.). A strange Princess! What was she like?

Mother. Now I think of it, she was something like you, was she not, girls?

Peggy. Like me!

Mabel (laughing). Ha ha! so she was!

Lucy. Only she was beautiful, and you are very ugly.

Mabel. And she had beautiful silver clothes.

Peggy. I should like to wear silver clothes.

Mother. Peggy, do not let me hear you say such foolish things again. It's all very well for your step-sisters to wear such clothes, but for you!

[*A sound of a trumpet heard.*]

Mabel. Why, what can that be ?

[MOTHER and LUCY and MABEL rush to back to look out of window.

Peggy (down stage, R. C., aside). Oh, if it were the Prince !

Mother. It is a magnificent Herald, the Herald we saw last night ! He is reading a proclamation to the people, and the Prince is behind him.

Peggy. The Prince !

[Waves to PRINCE, unseen by the others. The HERALD is seen outside the window.

Herald (in a loud voice). Be it known to all the loyal subjects of Prince Charming, our lord and master, that yesterday evening, at the ball, an embroidered silver slipper was picked up. The Prince has commanded that the said slipper shall be carried through the length and breadth of his dominions until he finds the owner of it. When the owner of it is discovered, that said owner shall become the Princess Charming, and shall share our lord and master's throne. [HERALD passes on, R., out of sight.

Mother. My dear girls, what a chance for you ! If one of you can put on the shoe she will become the Princess.

Mabel. The Herald is stopping before this door. Quick ! quick ! Let us look our best.

[LUCY and MABEL in a great flurry rush to glass, L., and look in it. Their MOTHER arranges their hair, &c. They draw table and chairs further back, L., and then all stand watching the door waiting for the PRINCE to enter.

Lucy. But Peggy must not be here, mother ! Go away, Peggy, quick !

Mother. Rush, child, rush into the cupboard. Don't let anyone see you.

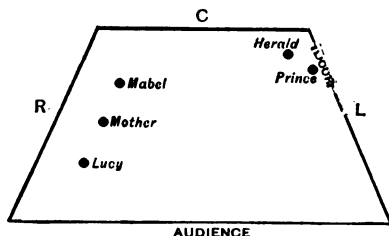
Peggy. May I not stay to see the silver shoe ?

Mother. You ! Of course not ! Why, the very look of you would spoil all our chances. [Pushing her.] Quick ! quick ! they are just coming in.

[Bundles PEGGY out of door, R., just as the HERALD comes in, L. He blows trumpet.

Herald (standing above door, L.). His Royal Highness Prince Charming !

Enter PRINCE, L. MOTHER, LUCY, and MABEL curtsey.



Mother. Oh, your Highness, this is too kind, pray sit down.

[She advances a chair, R. C. The PRINCE sits. The other two curtsey again, R.]

Herald (L. C.). We wish to know if any lady in this house lost a shoe at the ball last night? For, if so, her shoe has been found.

Mother (eagerly). What a singular thing! Now you mention it, one of my daughters lost a shoe—indeed, they both did.

Herald. Really? Is it anything like this? *[Produces shoe.]*

Lucy. Why, that looks to me like the very one.

Prince. Try it on, please, madam.

[HERALD brings forward chair, L. C.]

Lucy (crosses and sits down; holding out her foot, making faces while the HERALD puts it on). Why, of course, that is mine; it fits me exactly.

Mother. It fits the darling girl as if it had been made for her. Walk across the room in it, my love.

[LUCY hobbles up stage, then down again to chair, limping violently.]

Mother. Oh, there is no doubt, your Highness, that that is hers.

Prince. Didn't I notice a slight limp as she walked?

Mother. Oh dear, no, your Highness, I don't think so.

Prince. All the same, I think she had better take it off.

[LUCY sits down, takes it off, puts on her own.]

Mother. And you, Mabel, didn't you say you had lost one of your shoes?

Mabel. Yes! I remember when I undressed noticing that I had lost it.

Mother. Then, of course, it must be yours.

Prince. Try it on, please.

[*MABEL comes across to chair, L. C. LUCY has got up and stands behind chair, watching. The HERALD kneels beside her, tries to force on the shoe, while MABEL makes faces of agony.*

Mabel. Oh, not a doubt, that is mine. [Stands up.

Herald. Your heel is quite out of it still.

Mabel. That is how I always wear my shoes.

Mother (L.). That is what gives her such a springy, graceful walk.

[*MABEL tries to walk round the room, clattering the shoe behind her.*

Prince. No, I am afraid that won't do at all.

Mabel (shaking it off). It's very hard not to be allowed to have my own silver shoe back again. [Puts on her own shoe.

Prince (to the MOTHER). Are there no more young girls in this house whom the shoe would be likely to fit?

Mother. Alas, these two fair ones are my only joys.

Prince. Yet, I thought, as I passed the window, I saw another.

Mother. Oh, your Highness, I beg your pardon, that can only have been our scullion, looking out to see you. Naughty thing!

Prince. I wish to see her.

[*They all three start back, holding up hands.*

Lucy. Oh, really, your Highness!

Mabel. She is a most unprepossessing girl!

Prince (gets up). Send for her instantly, or I will have you all beheaded.

Mabel (quickly). Anything, anything, to oblige your Highness.

[*Goes to door, R. Calls PEGGY. PEGGY appears in the doorway with her eyes cast down. PRINCE bows very low. LUCY, MABEL, and MOTHER turn away their eyes in disgust.*

Herald. Sit down here, fair maiden, and try on this silver shoe. [*PEGGY crosses to chair, L. C.*]

Prince. Nay, no one shall kneel here but me. [*Kneels in front of PEGGY, who puts on the shoe without difficulty.*] There, I think, is the foot it fits, there is no doubt about that.

Mabel. I fear your Highness is being imposed upon; that shoe could never have belonged to that ragged Cinderella.

Peggy. Indeed it did, I have the fellow to it.

[*Pulls the other out of her pocket. Gets up and dances a step across stage to R.*]

Prince. There is no doubt to whom the slipper belongs. Come, Princess Charming, let me lead you to your palace!

[*Crosses to her, R.*]

Mother (coming forward). One moment, if you please, your Royal Highness—the girl is a scullion!

Lucy. You have only to look at her clothes!

Mabel. Mine would be far fitter to adorn a throne!

Enter FAIRY GODMOTHER, L.

Godmother. The clothes are my business; I will see that Princess Charming is not dressed like a scullion.

Peggy. My fairy godmother!

All. Her fairy godmother!

Godmother. The same. So, Cinderella, if you will step into that dark cupboard while I recite a magic spell you shall be changed into a beautiful Princess.

[*PRINCE stands above door and bows low as she goes in. CINDERELLA enters the cupboard. The FAIRY GODMOTHER sings spell, 'Wavy, wavy, Wando Wum,' all through, as in Scene 2. At conclusion of it PEGGY comes out dressed as she was at the ball. MOTHER and daughters start.*]

Lucy and Mother. The Princess of the Silver Mountain!

Godmother. The same, whom you left sitting in the ashes, but who went to the ball after all——

Prince. And was the most beautiful Princess there.

[*Bows and kisses her hand.*]

Mother. I wish, my darlings, I had chosen a fairy for your godmother, instead of those silly aunts of yours.

Lucy. I must say, it is very hard on us that a chit like that should have the best of everything. [*Crosses to, R. of MOTHER.*]

Godmother. If you say one word more, I will repeat my spell backwards over you, and then all your clothes will change to rags.

Mother. My pretty poppets, you are not appreciated as you deserve. [*Draws MABEL to her.*]

Mabel. No, we are not admired as we ought to be.

Prince. I am sorry, madams all, that we are so unsatisfactory ; it will be a relief to you that we should go, and leave you to admire one another. [*Offers his hand to PEGGY.*]

Herald (*goes up L. above GODMOTHER, who comes down a little, throws open door, and calls loudly*). Bring forward the Princess's golden coach !

[*PRINCE sings; then MOTHER, MABEL, and LUCY sing next verse; then all repeat together.*]

FINALE.

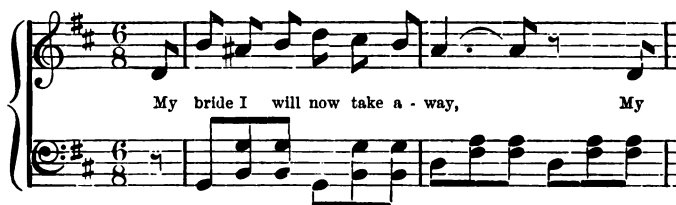
Tune—Old song.

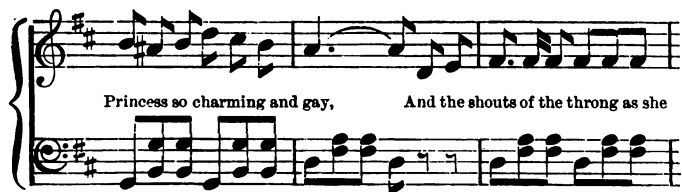
Godmother and Herald. { My } bride { I } will now take away,
 { Your } you }
 { My } Princess so charming and gay.
 { Your }

And the shouts of the throng as she passes along
Will proclaim this a glorious day.

Mother, Lucy, and Mabel.

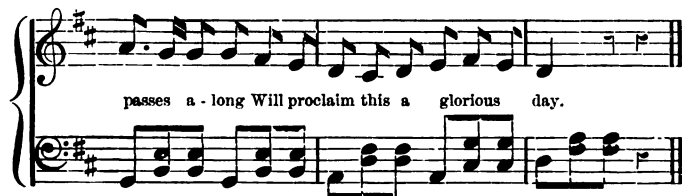
We're glad she is going away,
Your Princess all dressed up and gay !
And, as for the throng as she passes along,
They will shout in their usual way !





Princess so charming and gay, And the shouts of the throng as she

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody begins with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, and C, then a quarter note D, and a half note E. The accompaniment consists of eighth notes G, A, B, and C in the left hand, and eighth notes D, E, F, and G in the right hand.



passes a - long Will proclaim this a glorious day.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The melody ends with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, and C, then a quarter note D, and a half note E. The accompaniment consists of eighth notes G, A, B, and C in the left hand, and eighth notes D, E, F, and G in the right hand.

[At the conclusion of the PRINCE's verse he leads PEGGY across to L. in time to the music, so that they reach the door at end of the ensemble verse. The curtain falls as they get to the door, the HERALD and the GODMOTHER bowing and curtsying on either side of it, the MOTHER, LUCY, and MABEL scowling behind.

Curtain.

FOOLISH JACK

A DIALOGUE

CHARACTERS

JACK
HIS MOTHER

FOOLISH JACK. COSTUMES

Mother.—Mob cap, three-cornered shawl, short quilted skirt, pompadour dress over it; mittens.

Jack.—Brown cut-away coat and breeches, coloured stockings, thick shoes, frilled collar.

Mother (alone). Jack! Jack! Where is the boy? He can never stay in the house. He must always be running round to all the neighbours. Ah, there he is at last!

Enter JACK.

Jack. Well, mother, how are you?

Mother. I was getting anxious about you. Where have you been all this time?

Jack. Oh, I've been seeing the neighbours.

Mother. I thought as much. Which neighbours?

Jack. First I went to see Father Clumpylump.

Mother. Indeed! Father Clumpylump! Honest man! And what did he say to you?

Jack. He gave me a needle for a present.

Mother. A most useful present! Where is it?

Jack. I stuck it into a bundle of hay that was standing in a cart, and then I could not find it again.

Mother. I should think not, indeed! You ought to have stuck it into your sleeve.

Jack. That's just what Father Clumpylump said.

Mother. And he was quite right. And then?

Jack. Then I went to call on Goody Grumbles.

Mother. Indeed! Goody Grumbles, dear old soul! And what had she to say?

Jack. Not much; but she gave me a knife.

Mother. A knife! Another most useful present! Where is it, then?

Jack. I stuck it into my sleeve, and it fell out on the way.

Mother. Of course it did. You ought to have put it into your pocket.

Jack. That's just what Goody Grumbles said.

Mother. And she was quite right. And then?

Jack. And then I went to see Uncle Crabstick.

Mother. Uncle Crabstick! Did he give you anything?

Jack. Yes, he gave me a lamb.

Mother. A lamb! How delightful! Where is it, then?

Jack. I crammed it into my pocket and it was stifled.

Mother. I should think it was! Into your pocket! Good heavens! Who ever thought of putting a lamb into his pocket! You should have tied a rope round its neck and led it carefully along.

Jack. That's just what Uncle Crabstick said.

Mother. I should think he did! And then?

Jack. Then I went to see Auntie Jumblewig.

Mother. That was quite right. Did she give you anything?

Jack. She gave me a splendid ham.

Mother. A ham! I *am* glad. That will come in useful. Where is it?

Jack. I tied a rope to it, and led it carefully along the road, but some dogs ate it up while I was not looking.

Mother. Of course they did, you foolish boy! You should have carried it on your head.

Jack. That's just what Auntie Jumblewig said when she saw me start.

Mother. Of course she did! And then?

Jack. I went to see Cousin Peter.

Mother. Cousin Peter! And what did the good man say to you?

Jack. Not much; but he gave me a calf.

Mother. A calf! How generous! Where is the calf, then?

Jack. I tried to carry it on my head, but he kicked my face, so I let him go.

Mother. Serve you right! How could you be so foolish as to carry a calf on your head? You should have taken him to the cow-house and settled him in a nice warm corner, with plenty of straw.

Jack. That is just what Cousin Peter advised me to do.

Mother. He was quite right. And then?

Jack. I went to see Rose.

Mother. I am glad you went there. Rose is a charming girl. Was she well disposed towards you?

Jack. Very. Indeed, she came here with me.

Mother. Where is she, then?

Jack. I took her to the cow-house, and settled her in a nice warm corner, with plenty of straw.



‘OH, YOU FOOLISH JACK!’

Mother. In the cow-house! Rose! Wretched boy! You should have brought her into the best parlour, and asked her to marry you.

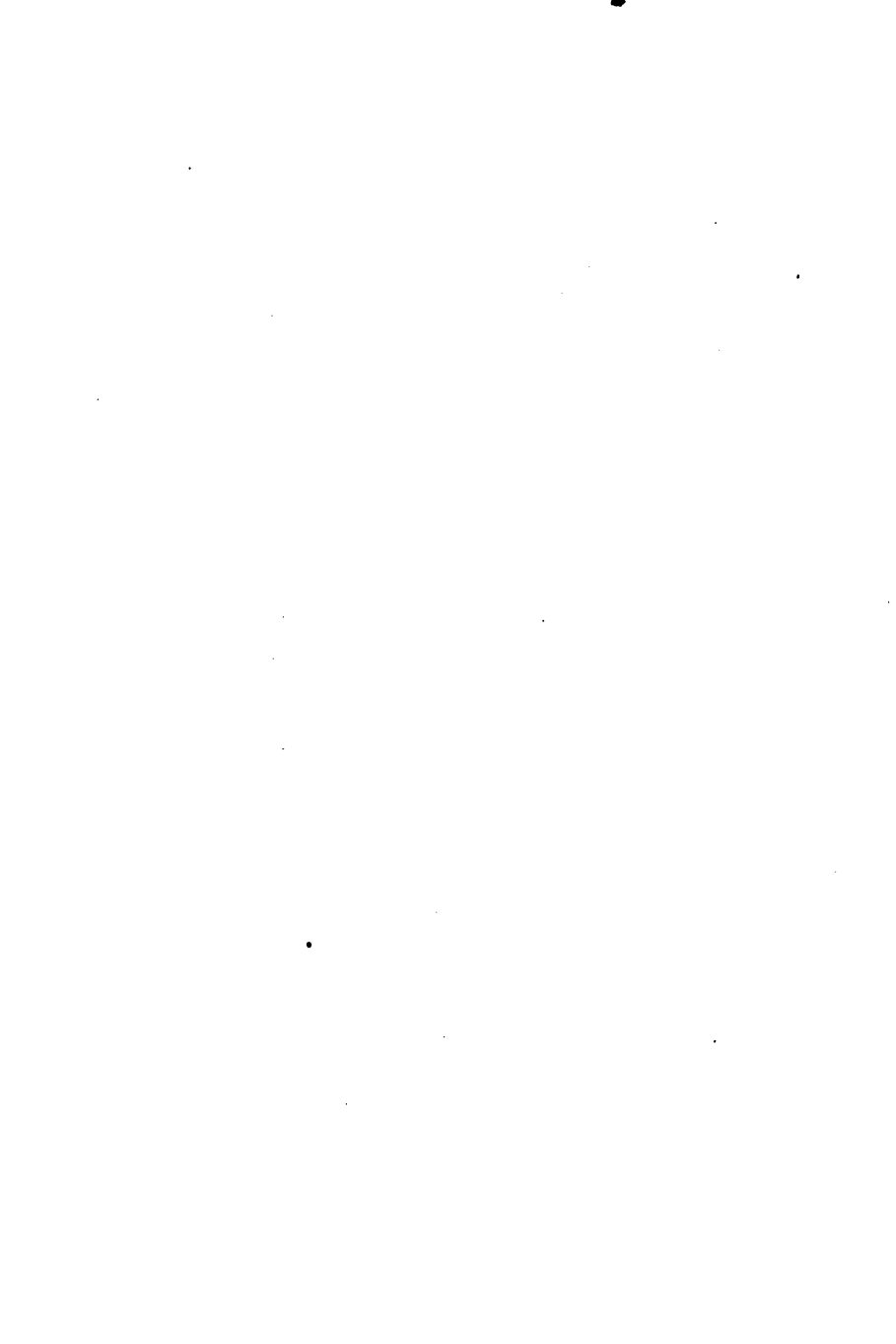
Jack. That’s just what she said.

Mother. And she was quite right. Quick! Quick! Let us fetch her.

Jack. I should like that very much.

Mother. Come, then, at once! Oh, you foolish Jack!

[*Exeunt.*]



THE GOLDEN GOOSE

IN FOUR SCENES

CHARACTERS (4 Male, 1 Female)

A WOODCUTTER

HIS WIFE

TOM } *their Sons*
JACK }

THE LITTLE GREY MAN

Two hours elapse between Scenes 1 and 2. Twenty-four hours between Scenes 2 and 3. An hour between Scenes 3 and 4.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE. COSTUMES

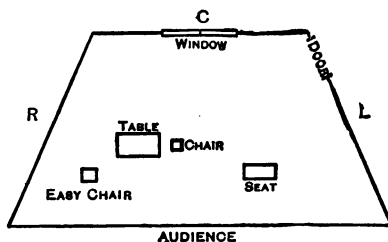
Tom and Jack.—Long coloured stockings, shoes with buckles, some sort of rough jersey.

The Little Grey Man.—Long stockings, pointed shoes, peaked hat, coat with points and bells, wallet.

Father.—Rough brown coat with leather belt round it, breeches to knee, rough blue stockings, shoes and buckles.

Mother.—White coif, dark red body (coming a little below waist), over which a white kerchief is pinned, coming down in a point behind neck, and meeting in front. Dark blue skirt.

SCENE 1.—*A Cottage Interior. Door, L., at back ; window, C. or L. C., out of which JACK is idly looking when the curtain goes up. Easy chair, R., down stage, on which the FATHER is sitting, his foot propped up on a stool or low chair in front of him ; a table, R. C., further up ; chair, L. of table ; a seat of some kind, L. C., down stage, on which TOM is sitting, whittling a stick. The MOTHER, a duster in her hand, is dusting the table.*



Father. What a bore it is I sprained my ankle in the wood !

Mother. Ay ! That indeed it is. [*She dusts table, chairs, &c., then goes to fireplace and dusts.*] If you can't manage to go and sell some more faggots at the market we shall soon be starving.

Father. One of the boys must go instead of me.

Jack (comes down quickly from window to C.) I'll go, father, willingly.

Tom. You, you stupid ! what do you know of wood-cutting ? you will be cutting down blackberry plants, or something, to make firewood of.

Father. Tom can go.

Mother. Tom ! What ! Send that precious boy to stand in a damp wood all day !

Tom. I must have a good lunch, then, to take with me. A mutton cutlet, a sausage, an apple tart—a hamper full of nice things.

Mother. Of course you shall, my pretty dear.

Father. I don't think there will be much work done—he will be much too busy with his sausage and apple tart.

Tom. Well, father, you don't want me to starve, I suppose ?

[*Gets up, stretches himself, and crosses slowly, C.*]

Father. I think it would do you a great deal of good.

Mother. Oh, fie! How can you be so cruel with the darling child!

[*Goes to Tom and takes him in her arms. Jack crosses, L., behind them.*]

Father. We'll wait and see how much work he can do, and if he doesn't succeed, Jack will have to go.

Mother. Ah, Jack, it is a great pity you're too stupid to make yourself useful, or else you might have gone, and saved your dear brother the trouble.

Jack. I could do it quite well.

Mother. No, you couldn't, you are a great deal too stupid.
[*To Tom.*] Come along, mother will make him up a nice hamper, never fear.

Curtain falls as they go up together, C.

SCENE 2.—*A Wood. Tom alone, a large hamper by his side, lying down, his head resting on the stump of a tree, R.*

Tom (R. C.). Well, this isn't such bad fun after all, as long as one can rest. I haven't chopped much wood yet, I thought I'd do it after luncheon. [*Sits up.*] I shall feel so much stronger then, and be able to work twice as hard. Let me see, it must be time to lay the table. [*Opens lid of hamper and looks in.*] Ah, this does look good! Sausage rolls, chicken sandwiches, a salad, jam tarts, all kinds of nice things! I am so glad there is no one to share it with me! How much nicer it is to lunch by one's self!

Voice. Ahem!

[From behind the tree, L. C. TOM shuts the lid of the hamper quickly, and looks round.

Tom. What's that?

[The sound is repeated. He looks round. A little old man dressed all in grey, with a pointed hat, appears, L.

Grey Man. Good morning, young sir.

Tom. Good morning, old creature.



‘YOU SEEM TO BE HAVING A PICNIC ALL BY YOURSELF’

Grey Man. You seem to be having a picnic all by yourself.

[Comes down, L.

Tom. Yes, fortunately I am all alone. I don't like picnics with other people.

Grey Man. That's a pity. I was just going to ask if I might join you.

Tom. You!

Grey Man. Yes, the fact is I am a long way from my home,

and I am hungry, and seeing that large hamper I thought you might be able to spare some food for the tired wayfarer.

Tom. Well, I'm sorry to say I can't; there happens to be just enough for myself in that hamper.

Grey Man. What, can you not even spare me a crust of bread?

Tom. No, I shall have to eat it up all myself in order to keep up my strength while I am cutting wood this afternoon.

Grey Man (lifting up his hand and speaking in a loud, warning tone). Take care, young man, lest your meal and your wood-cutting come to an untimely end. [*He goes away, L.*]

Tom. Tiresome old creature! He's gone, at any rate. Now I can lunch in peace. [*Opens lid of hamper. Starts.*] Oh, what has happened? Where has everything gone? My beautiful luncheon has disappeared! The sausage rolls have turned to sticks! [*Throws out sticks as he speaks.*] The salad into dead leaves! [*Throws out leaves.*] The chicken sandwiches and jam tart into brown paper! [*Throws out brown paper.*] Oh, what an unfortunate youth I am! Now I shall have no luncheon. [*Gets up and kicks away hamper.*] It is all because of that horrid grey man. He was an enchanter, I suppose, or a fairy of some kind. Why didn't he say so at once? Then I might have given him a piece of chicken. Well, it's too late now, I suppose. Perhaps I had better cut some wood, there's nothing else to do. There's a tree that would be easy enough. [*Picks up axe, looking off, R. Goes out, R., carrying his axe over his shoulder. A cry is heard.*] Oh, dear! Oh, dear me! [*Comes in again, holding his arm.*] Oh, I've chopped my hand nearly off! Oh, what a day of misfortunes this is! I must go home and send for the doctor, while my mother makes me some jelly and arrowroot.

[*Puts left hand across chest inside of jacket. Exit carrying hamper and axe.*]

Curtain.

SCENE 3.—*The same.*

Enter JACK, L., with a small basket.

Jack. Ah, now I think I'll sit down and have my luncheon. Working so hard has made me rather hungry. [*Looks off, L.*] That's a great heap of wood, I must say, to have cut in two hours. I wonder what my mother has put into the basket? Tom took such good things away with him yesterday—but my mother said that to-day she had nothing for me except some bones the dog had left. [*Looks into basket.*] Never mind, a good appetite and a good conscience make everything taste well. So here goes!

[*Sits down. Draws handkerchief over his knees.*

Voice (behind tree, L. C.). Ahem!

Jack (looks round). What's that? Somebody about? I am going to have a companion, it seems.

Grey Man (coming out). Good morning, young gentleman.

Jack (getting up and taking off his hat). Good morning, sir.

Grey Man. What! Were you picknicking alone in the wood? [*Comes down, L.*

Jack. I was, yes.

Grey Man. Do you object to be joined by a companion?

Jack. On the contrary, I should like it—the more the merrier.

Grey Man. To tell you the truth, I am very hungry. I have been out all day, and am far from my home.

Jack. I only wish I had some food for you more worthy of your acceptance—but such as it is, you are heartily welcome to it. Pray take it all. There is not much, but what there is you are quite welcome to have—I can wait till I get home again.

Grey Man. Generous youth! Your kindness of heart shall be rewarded. Look again at the contents of your basket, and you will find them better than you imagined.

Jack (looking into the basket). Oh, how exciting! What do I see? Mutton cutlets, cold partridge, cheese-cakes, grapes, bananas! Oh, how delightful! Now you will share with me, won't you?

[*Holds out the basket to the old man.*

JACK sings. Old tune.

Mutton cutlets, bananas and all !
 What a strange piece of luck to befall
 One so humble as I,
 Such a very good boy,
 Who never gives trouble at all !

GREY MAN then sings to same tune.

It's because you're a very good boy
 That you have such a large piece of pie !
 * The luncheon, you see,
 Was provided by me,
 And a better one money can't buy !

Mutton cutlets, ba-na-nas and all ! What a

strange piece of luck to be - fall One so humble as I, Such a

very good boy, Who never gives trouble at all !

[The GREY MAN makes a step backwards at the beginning of each line from *, and at conclusion of verse stands at back.]

Grey Man. No, my dear boy. I only asked you for some to prove you—and, seeing how deserving you are, I will reward you still further. [*Points off, L., at the wood.*] Take your axe and cut down that tree. You will find a bird at the root: she is yours. Farewell, and luck go with you. [*Exit, R.*]

Jack (*stands staring for a minute*). Why, he must be a magician! What a delightful person to meet! I must go and cut down that tree at once. I'll just have a cheese-cake to keep me going.

[*Crams a cheese-cake into his mouth and goes out, L. Sounds of chopping heard. JACK rushes in again with a golden goose in one hand and a nest with golden eggs in the other.*]

Jack. It was a golden goose, sitting on a nest of golden eggs! Oh, how splendid! Now my father need never cut wood again—we shall all be rich. I must rush home, and show them what I have found. [*Exit hurriedly with the goose and the nest, R.*]

Curtain.

SCENE 4.—*Same as Scene 1.* FATHER, *R.*; MOTHER, *L.C.*; TOM lying on couch, *L.*

Mother (*sitting at foot of TOM's couch*). How are you, my dear boy? Feeling better?

Tom. A little better. I think I could eat a jam puff now, and some almonds and raisins.

Mother. You shall have them at once.

[*Brings plate off table; stands behind couch leaning over TOM.*]

Father. In the meanwhile, I hope Jack is cutting more wood than you did.

Mother. It's very unlikely that Jack should do anything better than Tom. If he has, it will be the first time it has ever happened.

Father. I think I hear him. [*Enter JACK, L.*] Well, have you brought us back any wood?

Jack (coming down, C.) Indeed, I have. But first, I must show you this glorious bird—my golden goose!

Mother. A golden goose!

Tom (getting up.) Where did you find it?

Jack. It was sitting at the root of a tree I cut down.

Mother. Why, Tom, how was it you didn't find it?

Tom. Because of my accident, of course. If I hadn't hurt my hand I certainly should have found it in another minute.

Jack. It was a little grey man with a pointed cap who told me where to look for it.

Tom (aside). Horrid little creature! I wish I had offered him some luncheon! [*Aloud.*] He told me all about it. He intended it for me, so you had better hand it over.

[*Tom grasps at the goose, JACK pulls it away. Tom gets up with it.*

Tom. What has happened to the thing? I can't get away from it! [*Tries to throw it down. JACK lets go.*

Mother. Oh, my dear boy, what can have happened?

[*Runs round to L. of Tom. Tries to drag Tom away, but sticks.*

Tom. Go away, Mother. Don't hold on to me any more.

Mother. I can't get away!

[*FATHER tries to drag them away, R.*

Mother. Let go, Father!

Father. I can't, I'm stuck fast.

Mother. I knew something stupid would happen if Jack went into the wood—bringing birds you stick to like fly-paper instead of proper faggots! [*Pulling.*

Jack (smiling, hands in pockets, R.) You shouldn't have tried to take my goose away from me.

Tom. Well, now you have had your joke, call your goose off, please.

Jack. I can't call it off! I don't know how.

Enter GREY MAN while JACK is speaking.

Grey Man (coming down, C.) I am the only person who can do it, because I am a powerful magician, and that golden goose is mine. [*Takes it from JACK.*

Father, Tom, and Mother. Yours!

Grey Man. Yes, and I gave it to Jack to reward him for a good, hard-working, generous boy, instead of a lazy, selfish, unmannerly one like his brother yonder.

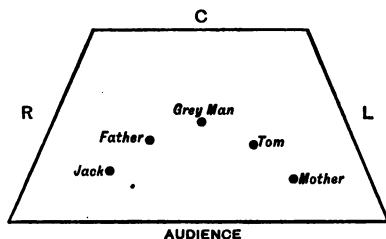


‘I CAN’T GET AWAY FROM IT!’

Tom. Of course, if I had known who you were, I should have been civil to you.

Grey Man. I dare say, yes, but you will find it more useful as you go through life to be civil to strangers, even when you don’t know who they are. And now, Jack, the goose is yours.

[Gives the goose to JACK, who advances to R. C., passing in front of the FATHER, who goes behind him and comes down, R. JACK receives the goose with a low bow, puts it under his arm, and strokes it with the other hand.]



Grey Man. I will take you to live in a beautiful palace, where you shall marry a princess. And, remember, all of you, it is only the deserving—especially the polite—who find the Golden Goose.

FINALE. *Tune—'Simon the Cellarer.'*

GREY MAN *sings.*

The golden goose! the golden goose!
 Is a precious bird indeed!
 A fowl that can be of the greatest use
 To a woodcutter in his need.
 But she cannot bear—
 This animal rare—
 A boy who is churlish and greedy and rude;
 She loves those who are kind
 When they happen to find
 A little Grey Man in the midst of a wood.
 Sing ho, ho, ho, the Goose of Gold!
 Who brings to the mannerly wealth untold!

Chorus. Sing ho, ho, ho! the Goose of Gold!
 Who brings to the mannerly wealth untold!

The gold - en goose! the gold - en goose! Is a

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-Bb4, C5-Bb4, and a quarter note D5. The accompaniment in the lower staff consists of a series of chords, starting with a G4-Bb4-F4 triad.

pre - cious bird in - deed! A fowl that can be of the

This system contains the next two staves of music. The melody continues with a quarter note D5, followed by eighth notes C5-Bb4, A4-G4, and a quarter note F4. The accompaniment continues with chords, including a G4-Bb4-F4 triad and a G4-Bb4-F4 triad with an added E-flat4.

greatest use To wood-cutters in their need, To

This system contains the next two staves of music. The melody continues with a quarter note E4, followed by eighth notes D4-C4, Bb3-A3, and a quarter note G4. The accompaniment continues with chords, including a G4-Bb4-F4 triad and a G4-Bb4-F4 triad with an added E-flat4.

woodcutters in their need. But she cannot bear This

This system contains the next two staves of music. The melody continues with a quarter note F4, followed by eighth notes E4-D4, C4-Bb3, and a quarter note A3. The accompaniment continues with chords, including a G4-Bb4-F4 triad and a G4-Bb4-F4 triad with an added E-flat4.

animal rare—A boy who is churlish and greedy and rude; She loves

This system contains the final two staves of music on this page. The melody continues with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes F4-E4, D4-C4, and a quarter note Bb3. The accompaniment continues with chords, including a G4-Bb4-F4 triad and a G4-Bb4-F4 triad with an added E-flat4.

those who are kind When they happen to find A little Grey Man in the

midst of a wood. Sing ho, ho, ho! the Goose of Gold! Who

CHORUS.

bringsto the mannerly wealth untold! Sing ho, ho, ho! the

Goose of Gold, Who bringsto the mannerly wealth untold!

Curtain.

THE TINDER-BOX

IN FOUR SCENES

CHARACTERS (5 Male, 3 Female)

THE SOLDIER (*afterwards called* DON VALOROSO

A LANDLORD

A WATCHMAN

THE KING

THE QUEEN

PRINCESS DULCIBELLA

A WITCH

TOWZER (*a Dog, with eyes like saucers*)

SOLDIERS *ad lib.*

THE TINDER-BOX. COSTUMES

Soldier.—Military costume, of period about 1816. Cut-away red coat, white waistcoat, long tight white trousers.

Landlord.—Long coat, gaiters buttoned half-way up leg, long coloured waistcoat, grey beaver hat.

Watchman.—Long military great-coat with waistband, thick stick in his hand.

King.—Crown; royal robes trimmed in ermine; train from shoulders, which can be easily removed; orb in one hand, sceptre in the other.

Queen.—Crown, embroidered court dress, train hanging from shoulders.

Princess.—White Empire dress, short waist.

Witch.—Pointed hat, brown cloak, red skirt.

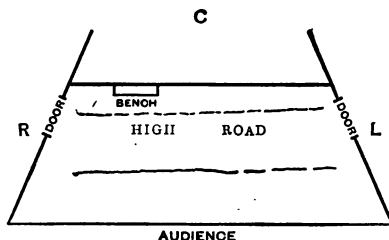
Soldiers.—Variations of Valoroso's dress.

The dog should be dressed in some kind of tight-fitting skin costume with a tail. The head must be separate (*see* directions at end of Introduction).

For the Dog's eyes, two small cardboard willow-pattern plates, the size of ordinary saucers, must be gummed on outside the face, with a hole cut in the middle, under which black gauze can be pasted, for the performer to see through.

SCENE 1.—*The High Road.*

1. *If there is only a very small stage available, narrow from back to front (what is called in theatres a 'Front Scene'), the simplest thing would be to have a plain back of some brownish colour, with a bench at back, R. C., such as are sometimes found at the side of a country road near a town. Exits R. and L.*



2. *If there are possibilities of more elaborate scenery and a deeper stage, it would be better to have the road branching into two to the R., and at the join a seat of some sort where the soldier can recline—either a grassy bank, or a seat under a tree, &c. A sign-post would be effective, marked, 'To the Wars' (to R.), 'To the Town' (to L.). Exits R. and L.*

NOTE.—The directions R. U. E. (Right Upper Entrance) and R. L. E. (Right Lower Entrance) have been given on the assumption that the size of the stage will allow of these two entrances, R.; but if it should be a narrower stage and only allow one entrance, then simply put R. wherever R. U. E. or R. L. E. is used.

[The LANDLORD is discovered up stage, L. C. He is looking off, L., in direction indicated. He is shading his eyes with his left hand. He puts his head first on one side, then on the other, as though considering something intently.

Landlord (looking off, L. C., up stage). Yes, it looks very well from here, certainly. It's a fine house, there's no doubt about it. It's one of the finest inns in the kingdom. I'll go ten yards further off and look at it again. [Turning to go, R.] Ah, here is the watchman coming. I'll ask him what he thinks of it.

Enter WATCHMAN, R. L. E.

Landlord. Good day, Watchman.

Watchman. Ah, good day, Landlord. What are you doing? It's something quite new to see you idling on the high road.

Landlord. I was looking at my new building yonder. It looks very well from here, don't you think so?

Watchman (looking off, L.). Splendid. And you ought to drive a good trade, too, with an inn like that standing on the high road, so that every one who passes can see it.

Landlord. Exactly. You see, anyone coming back from the wars would pass along here, so they can't help seeing it.

Watchman. Of course not. And what do you call it?

Landlord. 'The Jolly Soldier.' A good name, isn't it?

Watchman. Most taking.

Landlord. Look here, let's go a little nearer and look at it again.

Watchman. Why, you're as foolish about that inn as if you were its mother!

[They go out laughing, L.]

Enter a SOLDIER, R. U. E., gun over shoulder, walking along smartly and singing. He suddenly stops.

Soldier sings.



Soldier. After all, I don't see the good of walking along smartly like this by myself on a country road. I'll wait till I get into the streets of a town, when everyone will run to the windows to see me coming, and say, 'Look, here is a brave soldier returning from the wars!' That is what they ought to say, at least. I think I will rest for a bit. [*Sits, R. C. ; takes off knapsack, &c.*]. I should be happier if I had a penny in my pocket! [*Feels in his right pocket, turns it inside out, the same with the other*]. That's bad. Well, there's nothing to do but to sing, I suppose. People are always light-hearted when they sing.

SONG.

Who would not be
A soldier free,
Back in his country, with the wars behind him!
Marching along,
Singing a song,
Ready for any adventure that may find him!

Be it a foe,
Draw, and lay him low!
Be it a friend,
Faithful to the end!
Who would not be
A soldier free,
Back in his country, danger left behind!
Marching along,
Singing a song,
Ready for any fortune he may find!



country, with the wars be-hind him! Marching a - long,

The first system of musical notation for 'The Tinder-Box'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are 'country, with the wars be-hind him! Marching a - long,'.

Singing a song, Ready for any ad - venture that may

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are 'Singing a song, Ready for any ad - venture that may'.

find him! Be it a foe, Draw, and lay him low!

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are 'find him! Be it a foe, Draw, and lay him low!'.

rit.
Be it a friend, Faithful to the end! Who would not

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are 'Be it a friend, Faithful to the end! Who would not'. A 'rit.' (ritardando) marking is placed above the melody line.

be A soldier free, Back in his country,

The fifth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are 'be A soldier free, Back in his country,'.



Enter WATCHMAN, L.

Watchman. Hallo, Soldier! Just back from the wars?

Soldier. Just this moment.

Watchman. With your pockets lined with money, I dare say?

Soldier. Well, not precisely.

Watchman. And yet you seem merry enough.

Soldier. I dare say, yes, considering that I don't know where to turn for a meal or a night's lodging.

Watchman. Why, that should be no difficulty. You're within a stone's throw of one of the finest inns in the kingdom.

[Points off, L.]

Soldier (gets up and looks off, L.). Is that an inn, that great big house yonder? It's grand enough, certainly.

Watchman. And it's called 'The Jolly Soldier,' too, just the thing for you.

Soldier (looking off). Why, so it should be. I should be uncommonly comfortable, I dare say, in those rooms on the first floor with the great balcony overlooking the street. I could sit and smoke my pipe there in the evening.

Watchman. To be sure you could.

Soldier. And do you think the Landlord will take me in for nothing?

Watchman. For nothing! That's another matter! You had better go and see.

Soldier. I will. Are you going in that direction?

Watchman. No, I'm going on my rounds to the other side of the town. Good day, Soldier! Good luck to you.

Soldier. Thank you, Watchman. [*He goes R., takes up things, puts them on, &c.*] [*Exit WATCHMAN, R. U. E. SOLDIER, gun over shoulder, starts off briskly from R. towards L.*] Now then, I must make a good effect! [*Steps out, singing, 'Pa ra pa,' &c., as before. He runs into LANDLORD, who is coming in, L. LANDLORD staggers back.*] Hallo! I am afraid I ran into you.

Landlord. Well, you certainly did. You soldiers seem to think the world belongs to you.

Soldier. I wish it did. I should be better off then than I am now.

Landlord. Why, what's amiss with you? You don't look badly off as it is.

Soldier. Ah, that is because I put a good face on the matter. I have not a penny in the world to pay for my next meal or lodging.

Landlord (coldly). Well, in that case, I don't suppose you will get them.

Soldier. Look here, I was just wondering about that inn over there.

Landlord (starts, looks round at inn, then back at SOLDIER). What about it?

Soldier. What sort of a fellow is the landlord, I wonder?

Landlord. He's a very fine fellow, I believe.

Soldier. Is he? That's capital! Is he the sort of man who, if I went and knocked at the door of the inn, would throw it wide open and say, 'Come in, my fine fellow, come in! You have served your country in the wars, and you deserve the best of everything I can give you. Come in, and you shall have both food and lodging for nothing, and for as long as you like?'

Landlord. To tell you the truth, I don't think he is that sort of man.

Soldier (taken aback). Oh, that's a pity!

Landlord. He would be much more likely to say, 'When you

come to my inn with money to pay for what you want, you shall have it, and not before.'

Soldier. Is that what he would say? Why, what a surly brute he must be! Are you sure you are not mistaken in him?

Landlord. Quite. I am the landlord. [*SOLDIER starts.*] Good afternoon. [*Exit, L.*]

Soldier (looks after him and whistles). Why, it's the fellow himself! Well, I am glad I told him he was a surly brute. I'll be even with him yet. [*Looks off, R. L. E.*] Here is someone else coming; perhaps this is a landlady. She does not look much like it, though.

Enter WITCH, R. L. E.

Witch. Good evening, Soldier.

Soldier. Good evening, Witch.

Witch. What a fine sword and knapsack you have got! You are something like a soldier!

Soldier (aside). Come, this is more like it! [*Aloud.*] Yes, I am a fine fellow enough, but my pockets are empty, that is the worst of it.

Witch. Your pockets empty! Why, what a sin and a shame! You ought to have as much money as you can carry.

Soldier. Thank you, Witch.

Witch. Would you like me to tell you how to get some?

Soldier. I should, most particularly. [*Aside.*] How much better-mannered witches are than landlords!

Witch (pointing off, R. L. E.). Do you see that big tree over there?

Soldier (looking off, same direction). The one with a great hole half-way up it?

Witch. Yes, that one.

Soldier (looking at it with much interest). Is that where you keep your money?

Witch. You'll see. You go and climb up that tree, and when you get to the hole go down into it. I'll give you this to fasten at the top, that you may let yourself down and climb up again by it.

[*Shows him a rope.*]

Soldier. But what shall I do down there?

Witch. Get money.

Soldier. Ah! That is good. I shall enjoy that.

Witch. When you reach the bottom of the tree you will find yourself in a large hall.



‘YOU ARE SOMETHING LIKE A SOLDIER!’

Soldier. Won't it be too dark to see it?

Witch. No, there will be more than three hundred lamps burning. You will see three doors, each leading into a big room. If you go into the first room you will see a great chest in the middle of the floor, with a dog sitting on it with eyes as large as saucers.

Soldier (anxiously). That is a good size. Are his teeth big in proportion?

Witch. You needn't trouble yourself about him. I will give you my blue check apron, which you must spread out upon the floor, and then quickly take the dog and put him down upon it.

Soldier (dubiously). I see. But what does the dog do during that time?

Witch. Oh, you must be so quick that he hasn't time to do anything. The moment he touches the apron he won't move again. The chest is full of copper pieces. Open it and take out as many as you like.

Soldier. All copper, is it?

Witch. If you prefer silver, you must go into the next room, where there is a dog with eyes as large as mill wheels.

Soldier. I like dogs with smaller features.

Witch. Never mind that. You put him on my apron like the other one, and help yourself to the money.

Soldier. Then what about the third room?

Witch. There is gold in that—gold—gold! but the dog that sits in there has eyes as big as the round tower at Copenhagen.

Soldier. Oh, that is much too big. Most unsuitable, I should call it.

Witch. He is a savage dog, certainly, but you needn't be afraid of him. Jump him on to my apron and he won't touch you.

Soldier. Well, I will see if I can manage it.

Witch. And then you can take as much gold out of my chest as you like.

Soldier. Oh, this is splendid! And I'll tell you what, old Witch. I'll give you half of what I bring up; that is only fair, as you have told me where to get it.

Witch. No, no; I want no money. I want nothing but an old tinder-box that my grandmother forgot the last time she was down there.

Soldier. Come, that sounds very moderate. Here, give me the rope and I will go down at once.

Witch. Here is the rope [*gives him rope*], and here is my blue check apron [*unties apron and takes it off*]. Don't forget that, whatever you do.

Soldier. All right. You wait for me here, and I will be as quick as I can. [*Crosses in front of WITCH and exit, R. L. E.*

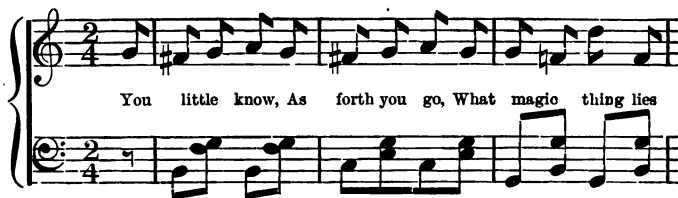
Witch (looking after him, a horrid exultation in her face). He little knows that when once the magic tinder-box is in my hands, he will be in my power!

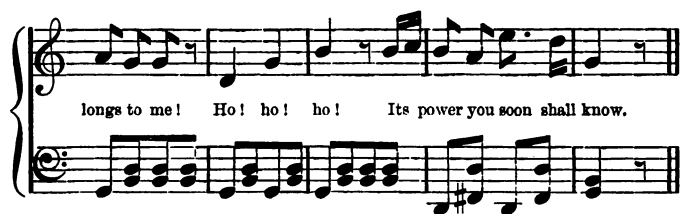
SONG—WITCH. *Tune—German popular song.*

You little know,
As forth you go,
What magic thing lies hid below!
The tinder-box, of power untold,
More precious far than gold!

(*Here she dances round in fiendish delight.*)

He! he! he!
The tinder-box belongs to me!
Ho! ho! ho!
Its power you soon shall know.





[Repeat music of last four lines while WITCH dances round again. Then Curtain.]

SCENE 2. (Same scene.)

WITCH alone, L. C.

Witch (looking off, R. L. E.) What can that fellow be about? What a long time he is! I wish I had got hold of a sailor instead, he would have climbed so much more quickly. Ah! there he comes.

[*SOLDIER comes in; he is carrying the blue check apron, which he holds by the corners; it is full of gold pieces.*] [*Eagerly.*] Well, well? have you got the tinder-box?

Soldier. The tinder-box? Oh, yes, I have got the tinder-box all right, and a lot more besides. Just let me get rid of these gold pieces first. They are rather heavy, I can tell you.

[*Empties them out.*]

Witch. Have you brought nothing but gold, then?

Soldier. Well, when I got into the first room, where the dog was with eyes like saucers, I thought, 'Well, in for some pennies in for some pounds, and I had better go straight on to where the gold is kept.' I winked at the dog with eyes like saucers and the one with eyes like mill-wheels as I passed. They seemed quite friendly. I left them trying to wink too, but it takes a long time, of course, with eyes that size. Then I got into the third room, and there was the dog with eyes like the round tower. I was frightened then, I can tell you—more frightened than I have ever been in the war; but I got him on to the apron all the same, and here is the result. Now, you are quite sure you won't have some of them?

[*Holds out a handful of sovereigns to her.*

Witch (impatiently). No, no, never mind all that nonsense. What I want is the tinder-box.

Soldier. All that nonsense, indeed! There must be something very queer about the tinder-box if it is worth more than these.

[*Feels in both pockets; finds tinder-box in left pocket; holds it up in left hand and looks at it.*

Witch. Never you mind. Give it to me at once.

[*Tries to snatch it.*

Soldier (holding it tight). Not so fast, please. You tell me why you are so anxious to have it.

Witch. That doesn't matter to you. You have got your money, and now give me the tinder-box.

Soldier. Now look here. If you don't tell me what you want to do with it, I'll take you behind that tree and cut off your head while I count three.

Witch. No, no! I won't tell you.

Soldier (drawing his sword). Come along, then. [*Drags her out, R. U. E.; is heard saying 'One, two, three.' Comes in again, holding WITCH's head in his hand.*] There now, that is much simpler than having a long discussion over a twopenny tinder-box. [*Looks at head, throws it off, R. Looks at tinder-box.*] And it certainly isn't worth discussing. I may as well keep it, though; it may come in useful when I want a pipe.

[*Puts it into his pocket; picks up gold pieces and puts them back into his pocket and knapsack. Just as he has done so the LANDLORD comes on again, L.*

Landlord. What! Still loafing about the high road?

Soldier (loftily). Loafing indeed, Landlord! I will thank you to speak politely. I was just on my way to engage a suite of rooms at your inn. [Takes up knapsack, &c.]

Landlord. Well, I've already told you, when you come to my inn with money to pay for what you want, you shall have it.



‘PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO COME AND CHOOSE YOUR
SUITE OF APARTMENTS’

Soldier (putting his hand into his pocket and airily bringing out a handful of gold pieces). Certainly. Do you like to be paid in advance?

Landlord (starts back). Why, where did all that come from?

Soldier. I have inherited a fortune since I saw you.

Landlord. I congratulate you. From whom?

Soldier. From my great-grandmother.

Landlord. And may I have the honour of knowing your name?

Soldier. My name is . . . Don Valoroso Matamor.

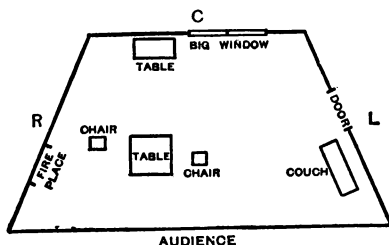
Landlord. Well, Don Valoroso, perhaps you would like to come and choose your suite of apartments ?

Soldier (loftily). I may as well.

[Takes up his gun and they go out together, L., the LANDLORD politely allowing him to pass in front of him.]

Curtain.

SCENE 8.—VALOROSO'S Room at the Inn. A handsomely furnished sitting-room. Fireplace, R., down stage; a table, R. C., chair on each side of it. Big window at back, L. C., supposed to overlook the public square. A table at back, R. C. to R. of window. Door, L. Couch or seat down stage, L. If possible, the copper castle must be seen through back window (very pale). It must be coloured greenish. Clouds will make the castle seem to be at a great elevation. VALOROSO sitting smoking by the fire.



Val. It is all very well; these rooms are very nice, of course, but if I had known what an expensive inn this was I should not have come here. It is astonishing that in three months I can have spent all that money. [A knock at the door. Enter LANDLORD.] Ah, good afternoon, Landlord.

Landlord. Now, look here, Don Valoroso. I should be very glad if you could settle my account.

Val. So should I, I assure you.

[Knocks out pipe; puts it into pocket.]

Landlord. This is all very fine, but for the last three weeks I have been keeping you for nothing.

Val. I don't complain, I assure you.

Landlord. But I do, and I must tell you that if I am not paid you shall be sent to prison.

Val. (smiling). To prison! Come now, Landlord, don't excite yourself about so little.

Landlord. So little! I like that. Do you know how much you owe me? *[Comes down.*



‘THESE ROOMS ARE VERY NICE, OF COURSE’

Val. I would much rather not know. You have no tact at all, none.

Landlord. Well, I shall go and fetch the Officers of the Watch to arrest you—sitting there in that fine embroidered coat of yours as if you were a millionaire!

Val. Oh, if it's the coat that annoys you, I'll take it off. As you say, it isn't quite the thing for a pauper to wear. I'll put on my old one instead. *[Gets up, takes off coat.]* Here, Landlord, you put it on and go out for a walk in it. *[Throws it to him over table.]*

Landlord (taking coat). That's all very well, but it won't pay your debts. Just you wait, and you'll see what happens.

[Going out.]

Val. (calls after him). Certainly, I'm not in the slightest hurry; I'll wait as long as you like. [*LANDLORD goes out, banging door.*]

Val. (standing back to fireplace.) Rather a bore, though, all the same, to have to retire to prison after these luxurious quarters. Well, I will just have another pipe first and think over it, that always gives one an idea. Bother, he's taken away my pipe and tinder-box in the pocket of that coat! But stay, I may have an old one in here. [*Feels in pockets, draws out pipe.*] To be sure, there's the pipe. [*Feels in another pocket.*] And there's a tinder-box! [*Goes up L. C. to window, and looks at tinder-box.*] Why, it's that miserable old thing that the Witch and I had that little difference of opinion about! Well, it's not much to look at, certainly, but I suppose it will light my pipe as well as another. [*Strikes the tinder-box once; a loud barking and thumping is heard. SOLDIER starts—mechanically puts down box on table.*] What is that? [*Barking and knocking continued. He goes to the door and opens it. The Dog with eyes like saucers flies in, nearly knocking him over, and jumps on him, barking and fawning on him.*] Hallo! What is this? Who are you?

Dog. Don't you know me again? [*They come down stage.*]

Val. (R. C.). To be sure! You are my old friend with eyes like saucers. What are you doing here?

Dog (L.). Why, you called me.

Val (surprised). I called you! No, I did not indeed.

Dog. Yes, you did. You struck the tinder-box.

Val. Well, what then?

Dog. One stroke on the box brings me, two brings the dog with eyes like mill-wheels, three the one with eyes like the round tower of Copenhagen.

Val. Oh, thank you. I think perhaps the other two have eyes rather large for house dogs; you will do quite well, I dare say.

Dog. Well, my magic powers are just as great as theirs. What can I do for you?

Val. Magic powers! What can you do?

Dog. Anything you like. I can give you anything you choose to ask for.

Val. Upon my word, you are a very valuable dog indeed. What I chiefly want at this moment is money.

Dog. All right. Before sixty seconds are over you shall have it. *[Flies out of the room.]*

Val. (stands with back to fire). He is a little noisy in his manner, that is the only thing against him. *[The Dog flies in with a bag of money in his mouth, drops it at the SOLDIER's feet, the SOLDIER takes it up and opens it. Pours gold and silver on table.] [Overjoyed.]* Oh, you excellent dog! *[Puts money into pocket.]* What is your name, by the way?



‘MY OLD FRIEND WITH EYES LIKE SAUCERS’

Dog. Towzer, at your service.

Val. And do you mean to tell me that you can do anything I want?

Dog. Certainly. Would you like me to go downstairs and bite the landlord?

Val. Not for the moment, thank you. I may want you to do that later. Now, where will you be when I want you?

Dog. If you strike the box I can always appear instantly.

Val. All right, then; perhaps you had better go away again now. [*Goes to chair, L. of table, and takes up newspaper.*

[*A knock. The LANDLORD opens the door, the DOG rushes out, nearly knocking him down.*

Landlord. Hullo! What's that?

Val. (who is calmly reading by the table). What?

Landlord (angrily). Now look here, sirrah! I should like you to understand that I won't have any dogs in these rooms.

Val. (innocently). Dogs! I quite agree with you; I don't like dogs in the house myself. But what makes you think of it just now?

Landlord. What makes me think of it? When that dog of yours nearly knocked me down as I came in?

Val. Dog of mine?

Landlord. Yes, and a horrid-looking brute he was too, with eyes like saucers.

Val. (reflectively). Dear me, it's strange I shouldn't have noticed the animal you describe, if he was in the room, and yet I've been sitting here quietly ever since you left.

Landlord. Well, dog or no dog, you won't be sitting here quietly much longer; the officers of the watch are downstairs, waiting to take you to prison.

Val. Oh well, I don't think I care to go to prison just now.

Landlord. I can't help that, if you won't pay my bill.

Val. Let me see. How much do I owe you?

Landlord (unrolling immensely long bill). That is what it comes to.

Val. (throwing a handful of gold pieces on the table). There, you can pay yourself out of that.

Landlord (starting back). Why, where did all that come from?

Val. I have inherited another fortune.

Landlord. Another! From whom this time?

Val. From my great grandfather. Now go and send those fellows about their business, and then bring up my dinner.

Landlord (obsequiously). Certainly, Don Valoroso. What would you like to have?

Val. All the delicacies you have—the most expensive dinner possible.

Landlord. Certainly, Don Valoroso. [*Bows.*] I will order it at once.

[*Going towards the door. Shouting heard in the street.*]

Val. What is that?

Landlord. It is the King and Queen, your Honour, on their way to pay a visit to their only daughter, the Princess Dulcibella.



‘THAT IS WHAT IT COMES TO’

Val. (*goes to window, stands R. of it.*) Yes, how exciting! I can see the State coach. [*Waves.*] Hooray! Long live the King!

Landlord. She lives in that copper castle on the hill; you can see it from here, shining in the sunset.

[*Points off, L., through window.*]

Val. (*looking out.*) But why doesn't she live with her parents?

Landlord. They are afraid to let her mix with the world, because a fairy prophesied at the birth of the Princess that she would marry a common soldier.

Val. (interested). A soldier! Indeed!

Landlord. So the King and Queen shut her up in that copper castle, and she has never in her life been allowed to go beyond its garden walls.

Val. How I should like to see her!

Landlord. I dare say you would, but it is quite impossible. The King and Queen allow no one to see her but her own attendants. But I am forgetting your Honour's dinner, I must go and order it.

Val. Do, and tell them to look sharp about it.



'HOW THE COPPER CASTLE GLISTENS IN THE SUN!'

Landlord (with a bow). I will, your Honour.

[*Exit LANDLORD, L.*]

Val. (standing R., looking out towards L.). How the copper castle glistens in the sun! Impossible, did he say? We'll soon see that. Where's that tinder-box? Ah, there it is.

[*Strikes tinder-box. The Dog appears as before. VAL. puts back box on table R. of window.*]

Dog. What can I do for your service?

Val. Can you tell me what the Princess Dulcibella is doing at this moment?

Dog. Certainly. She is sitting in the grounds of the copper castle, under the shade of a big tree, asleep; she has been reading, and the book has just fallen from her hand.

Val. Adorable picture! I should like her to dine with me. Bring her here at once.

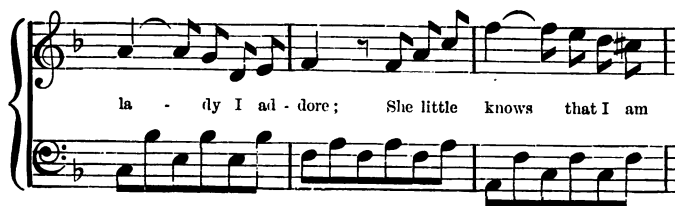
Dog. Certainly. She shall come directly.

[*Exit Dog, L. VALOROSO leans pensively against window, looking out at castle.*]

Song — VALOROSO. *Tune*—‘*Der Russische Dreispann.*’

Those copper walls, so fiercely shining,
 Conceal the lady I adore;
 She little knows that I am pining } *Bis.*
 As none have ever pined before.

O gentle breezes, playing round her,
 Her lovers name in whispers bear—
 O magic powers, in flight surround her, } *Bis.*
 Bring hither safe my lady fair!

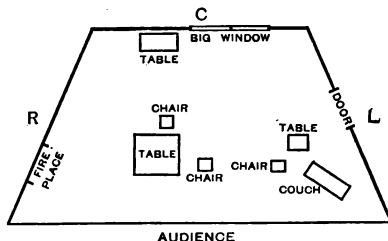


pin - ing As none have ev - ver pined be - fore. She little

knows that I am pin - ing, As none have e - ver pined be - fore.

Curtain.

SCENE 4.—Same as SCENE 3, but with table, R. C., a little further away from the fire; small couch, L., drawn out to L. C., a chair by it. A small table behind them. VALOROSO and the PRINCESS discovered sitting at the table where they have been dining: dessert, flowers, &c., on it. VALOROSO on chair behind table, leaning solicitously forward to PRINCESS. She is on chair L. of table.



Val. What a truly delightful hour we have spent, adored one!
Princess. Yes, I've never enjoyed anything so much in my life.

Val. How enchanting of you to say so, most charming of princesses! I love you to distraction.

Princess. Oh, I do so like the way you talk! No one ever talks like that at the castle. I wonder why?

Val. I cannot imagine.

Princess. And altogether the people there are quite unlike you. I like the way you are dressed too. I have never seen anyone dressed like you before.

Val. Have you never seen a soldier, then?

Princess (startled). A soldier! [*Starts up.*]

Val. (getting up too). What is the matter, beloved? Don't you like the military?

Princess (disturbed). A soldier! My father and mother said I was never to look on one—that the most dreadful misfortune would happen to me if I did! [*Goes to L.*]

Val. Why, what an idea!

Princess. But now I have seen you, I think soldiers are delightful people.

Val. That's right; to be sure they are. [*Going C.*]

Princess. Do all soldiers talk as agreeably as you, and say 'I love you to distraction?'

Val. (a step nearer). Most of them do.

Princess. Oh, but then I'm sure I should like them very much.

Val. You must tell the Queen that she was quite mistaken about them. [*Draws close to her.*]

Princess. I should like to very much, only I shan't dare to tell her I have been here. She would be so very, very angry at my coming away. Do you know, I think I ought to go back again—it would be so terrible if my father and mother got back to the castle and found I was not there!

Val. Don't hurry away, my Princess! It will only take you a minute to get back there.

[*Leads her gently to couch; she sits on it, he on chair by it.*]

Princess. Only a minute? How shall I get back? [*Be-wildered.*] How did I come here? It all seems like a dream. I was in the garden with my book, and then I believe I fell asleep, and the next thing I knew, I was here with you, dear soldier.

Val. Ah, what a moment of rapture when I saw you come in !

Princess. And then what a delightful dinner we had, and how surprised that man you called the landlord was when he saw me !

Val. Well he might be ! Fortunately, he does not know who you are.

Princess. No, I am glad he doesn't, he might have told my father and mother. [*Enter LANDLORD, L., with coffee on a tray.*

Landlord (*handing coffee to the PRINCESS ; gives her a bow of ribbon with long streamers*). Here is a bow of ribbon, madam, that I picked up on the stairs ; I think it must be yours.

Princess. Oh, thank you, so it is. It comes off my shoulder. [*Feels the other shoulder.*] Why, the other bow has gone too ! I wonder where it is ?

Landlord (*who has been handing coffee to SOLDIER*). I will look for it, madam.

Princess. Oh, thank you very much. [*LANDLORD bows and goes out with tray. VAL. has put his cup on little table behind couch as soon as he has helped himself to coffee.*] Landlords are very nice all the same, though they don't talk like soldiers.

Val. (*taking ribbon*). Queen of my heart ! Give me that precious ribbon, that I may keep it for ever, and wear it next my heart when you are far away from me within the walls of the copper castle.

Princess. Alas ! I never wish to go back there, it is so much more amusing outside. [*She drinks the rest of her coffee ; puts cup down on table.*] Tell me, dear Valoroso, do princesses ever marry soldiers ?

Val. Often !

Princess. Then—then—why shouldn't I marry you ?

Val. (*starts*). Why not, indeed ?

Princess. That is if you would like it.

Val. (*with rapture*). Like it ! My angel ! Will you be my wife ?

[*Falls on his knees. The LANDLORD bursts in agitated.*

VALOROSO springs up.

Landlord. The King and Queen are coming up-stairs with a troop of soldiers ! [*PRINCESS springs up.*] They say the Princess Dulcibella is here !

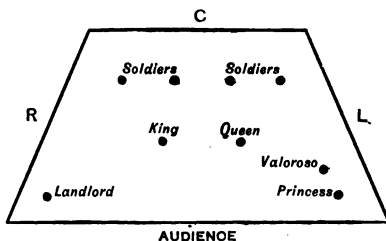
Princess. My father and mother !

[*Rushes into corner, L., down stage.*]

Landlord. What, madam ! You are the Princess ? Then we are lost ! [To VAL.] Wretched man, what have you done ? We shall have our heads cut off !

Val. My tinder-box ! [Looks round for it on all the tables and chairs down stage, so as to give the KING and QUEEN time to come in ; feels in pockets, &c., then sees it on table, R. C., up stage, just too late.] Ah, there it is.

[As he rushes towards it he is stopped by people coming in. The door is flung open. The KING and QUEEN come in hand in hand, in a stately marching step, the KING giving his left hand to the QUEEN'S right. They are dressed in royal robes, with trains (not very long), and crowns on their heads. The KING carries a sceptre. They stalk into the middle of the room, and stand facing the audience ; the four soldiers who follow them (the more soldiers the better) drawn up in a line behind them. VALOROSO rushes back to the PRINCESS. LANDLORD hurries into further corner, R., down stage.]



CHORUS, sung by KING, QUEEN, and SOLDIERS as they enter.
Tune—Italian.

We } are the King and the Queen of Hankypanky land,
They }

And potentates so good and great were never seen before ;

We're } so respected, when { we } hold up { our } royal hand,
They're } { they } { their }

Our } subjects grovel flat upon the floor.
Their }

We, } though very kind,
They, }

Long ago made up { our }
 { their } mind

That for wicked men to live is very wrong :

Such is the law in the realm of Hankypanky land,

(To VAL). We fear you, therefore, won't live very long.

We are the King and the Queen of Hanky - panky land, And

po - tentates so good and great were never seen before ;

We're so respect - ed, when we hold up our royal hand, Our

subjects grovel flat upon the floor.

We, though ve - ry kind, Long a - go made up our mind That for
wick - ed men to live is ve - ry wrong :
Such is the law in the realm of Hanky - panky land, We
fear you, therefore, won't live ve - ry long !

King (looking at dinner table). Our daughter having dinner with a soldier !

Queen. Oh, unprincipled girl ! we saw your bow of ribbon on the pavement as we drove past, and that told us where you were.

Princess. Alas ! that wretched bow ! Why do I never put in pins enough ?

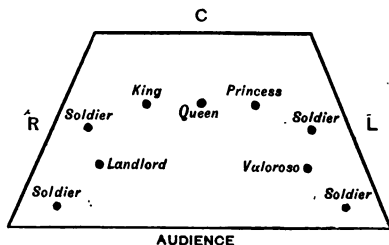
Queen. For once it is a good thing.

King (pointing to VAL.). Arrest that soldier at once, and the landlord as well.

[Two of the soldiers arrest the LANDLORD, R., and stand on either side of him in front of the fireplace. The other two arrest VALOROSO, and stand on either side of him, L. DULCIBELLA has retreated into extreme corner down stage, L.

Queen. Dulcibella, come here.

[The PRINCESS advances unwillingly, goes up stage, passing in front of VALOROSO, to whom she kisses her hand with effusion as she passes. Then she stands with downcast eyes by the Queen.



King (to SOLDIERS). Now, then, take the landlord and the soldier into the public square and let them be executed. Afterwards the Princess shall explain.

Princess. Afterwards! Nay, I would rather explain first! I am engaged to him—I have just asked him to marry me!

The Queen. Oh, shameless one! A girl so well brought up!

King. Take him outside and let him be executed in the public square.

Val. May it please your Majesty—

King. How, miscreant! Do you dare to speak at such a moment?

Val. It seems to me, your Majesty, that I haven't many moments to choose from.

King. That is true enough.

Val. I have one last request to make. May I smoke one pipe before I die?

Queen. What low tastes the fellow has!

King. Yes, you may, but you have only three minutes to do it in, mind. [*SOLDIER takes a pipe out of his pocket.*] And you, Landlord, have you no last wishes?

Landlord. Alas! no, your Majesty. I don't smoke.



‘LET THEM BE EXECUTED’

Val. (to the SOLDIERS to R. of him). One minute will be enough. Would you give me a tinder-box which is on the table yonder?

[*Pointing to table at back, R. C.*

Soldier (fetches it; looking at it.) Well, it has seen its best days—it's a good thing, you won't need it much longer!

[*They all laugh; the two SOLDIERS fall back.*

Princess. Unfeeling wretches!

Queen. Silence! Nor dare to display your sympathies with so vulgar a habit!

[During the above, VALOROSO (down stage, L. C.) has quite deliberately made preparations for stuffing his pipe, &c. Then he strikes the tinder-box once. A great noise is heard; the Dog rushes in. All fall back.

Val. I am saved!

[Dog runs round barking, and makes every one fall back.

Dog. Here I am, master! and the other two came with me this time for company's sake, but they have waited outside in the square to eat the crowd.

King. What!

[KING, QUEEN, and PRINCESS all turn round facing window; the others crane over to see.

Queen. Oh, what do I see? A dog with eyes like mill-wheels!

King. And another with eyes like the Round Tower!

Princess. They're killing and eating every one!

[They all start back from window and come a little down stage.

Dog (to SOLDIER). I thought that while they are finishing the crowd I might eat the King and Queen.

Val. In a moment.

King. Will somebody kill that animal at once? He has designs on our royal person.

[The SOLDIERS advance towards the Dog.

Dog. It's no good your trying to kill me, I'm a magic dog.

All. A magic dog!

Soldier (pointing through window). We will give them a proof of your magic powers. [To Dog.] There is a baby in his nurse's arms at that fifth-floor window over there in the square, bring it to me while I count twenty. [Counts. The Dog flies out and returns immediately with a baby in long clothes in his mouth. All fall back horrified.] That will do, you can take it back again; its nurse may be wondering where it is.

[Counts again. Dog flies out and in again. They all bend forward and look through window.

Princess. The baby is back!

Val. Now, then, perhaps you believe that he can do whatever he likes.

[Dog rushes in again.

Princess (a step forward). But oh, my Valoroso, you will not let him eat me, will you?

Soldier. Of course not, my angel!

King. Angel! Wretched man! How dare you!

Soldier. Towzer!

[*Dog rushes at the KING, who retreats into corner, up stage, R.*

King. I beg your pardon! I didn't mean it! Call him off, pray.

Val. One moment, Towzer.

Dog. Well, don't be too long!

[*Sits L. corner in attitude of a dog who is waiting.*

King. Do send him away, and then we can discuss things quietly; it's so unsettling having a dog in the room.

Val. I'll send him away and the others too, if you agree to my conditions. If not, they will eat you up while I count ten.

King. What are your conditions?

Val. You are to leave off being King and Queen.

King. But how would the country get on without us?

Val. Much better than before. I would be King.

King. You!

Val. And I would marry the Princess, and she will be Queen.

Princess. Oh, how delightful!

Queen. Black-hearted girl!

Dog. Take care! Don't call names!

Val. Now, then, is it to be yes or no? You are ready, Towzer?

[*Dog barks and jumps about.*] You had better settle while I count three. One—two—

King and Queen. We agree! We agree!

Val. Now will you resign the crown to me, please? [*KING steps forward, takes off his crown, and hands it to VALOROSO, who puts it on his own head. QUEEN has moved to R. behind him.*]

Most comfortable! Now will you resign the train too, please

Landlord (eagerly). Allow me!

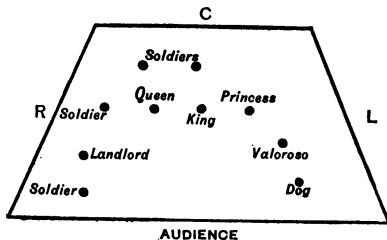
[*Undoes train, fastens it on to VALOROSO's shoulders.*

Val. That's right. The costume, I believe, includes the sceptre? Thank you. [*Going majestically, then turning facing others, L. C.*] Behold King Valoroso I.!

Soldiers. Long live Valoroso I.!

Val. Now, then, Dulcibella, my dear, it is your turn.

Princess. Oh, what fun this is! Quick, mamma! [*QUEEN comes forward; KING moves to R. behind her.*] First the crown—



there now, that fits me exactly! You and I take the same size in crowns, you see, just as we do in gloves! Now then, the train! [*Takes it off her mother and stands for the QUEEN to put it on her.*] Oh, how splendid this is! I'm Queen Dulcibella!

[*Goes and stands by VALOROSO.*]

Soldiers. Long live Queen Dulcibella!

Princess (to VALOROSO). We ought to be crowned in state, you know, they always are.

Val. Certainly. The coronation shall take place to-morrow. Let me see. [*Looks round him.*] Landlord! [*landlord advances*] we make you our Prime Minister in consideration of your distinguished services.

Landlord. Much obliged, your Majesty. It's the sort of thing I always thought I should like.

Val. Arrange for the coronation to take place to-morrow, and we may as well be married at the same time. [*PRINCESS gives a shrill giggle of joy. To DULCIBELLA.*] Now then, my dear, what about your parents? I never like keeping old kings and queens, they only take up room.

King (angrily). What!

Dog. Bow-wow-wow!

[*KING subsides.*]

Princess. They might keep themselves—what should you say to that?

Val. Well, in this case, as they are related to you, I don't mind stretching a point, and providing them with some respectable means of making a livelihood. [*To KING and QUEEN.*] You may, thanks to my kindness of heart, remain on here as landlord and landlady

of this inn, rendered vacant by the promotion of the present landlord to the office of Prime Minister.

King and Queen (with horror, together). Landlord! Landlady!

[*TOWZER barks again; they retire.*]

Landlord (next to KING). Allow me.

[*Takes off his apron; ties it on to the KING.*]

Val. (while this is being done). Towzer! fetch the landlady a cap and apron.

[*Dog flies out and reappears instantly with a cap and apron in his mouth. Dances round the QUEEN while she hurriedly puts them on.*]

Princess. Oh, mamma, you do look funny! You're exactly like a landlady! It's astonishing what a difference it makes to wear a cap instead of a crown!

Queen. Oh, that I should have lived to see this day!

Princess. You shouldn't have shut me up in a copper castle, then.

Val. Now I don't know that there's anything more to say. [*To SOLDIERS.*] As for you, my faithful army, I shall expect from you that fidelity and devotion to your King and country which you have ever shown in the past. I myself will be your commander-in-chief, and as soon as I have time will lead you to victory.

[*SOLDIERS fall in in front of him.*]

Soldiers (present arms). Long live King Valoroso and Queen Dulcibella!

Val. And now we will proceed to the palace. [*Gives PRINCESS his hand. To the SOLDIERS.*] Some of you go in front of us, and when you get outside let the band begin to play. [*Two SOLDIERS go out; other two draw up at back. To LANDLORD.*] Prime Minister, you will follow us. [*LANDLORD bows. To KING and QUEEN.*] And as for you, good people, I will make a point of recommending your inn.

[*Dog barks at them. KING flaps him away. Then DOG jumps up against VALOROSO.*]

Dog. Now I should like a few Court dignities showered on me, please.

Val. Certainly, this instant. I create you a duke, under the title of Duke Bow-wow de Big-eyes; you are appointed Lord High

THE THREE WISHES

CHARACTERS (1 Male, 2 Female)

PETER, *a Woodcutter*

RACHEL, *his Wife*

FAIRY

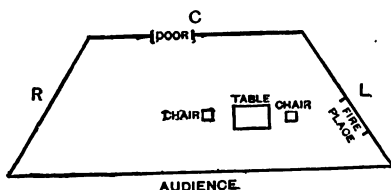
THE THREE WISHES. COSTUMES

Peter.—Cap and feather, sleeveless jerkin, buff-coloured leather band round waist, blue shirt under it, sleeves showing; breeches drab or grey, buttoned to knee, coloured worsted stockings, shoes with buckles. Or else a blue linen blouse over dark trousers, and wooden shoes.

Rachel.—Stuff skirt, coloured stockings, shoes with buckles, large apron with pockets and a bib, blue scarf pinned and crossed over shoulders, sleeves rolled up to elbow, cap with a frill in front.

Fairy.—Any kind of gauzy gossamer costume with wings and a wand.

SCENE.—*A Cottage Interior poorly furnished. A door at back, R. C. Fireplace down stage, L., with either a stove on which dishes can be put, or an oven, or a fender in which they can*



stand; a rough wooden table, L. C., enough up stage to allow the performers to come easily in front of it if necessary; a chair on each side of it; a clock over fireplace.

RACHEL alone. *The clock heard striking seven.*

RACHEL (*busy at fireplace, looking inside dishes, &c.*). Seven o'clock, actually! I wonder what that husband of mine is about! I must say he takes things quietly; he has got nothing to do but cut wood in the forest the whole day long, and bring it home on his back—and then he finds a good supper waiting for him. Some men do have an easy life of it, certainly.

Peter (*outside*). Hallo there! Rachel, open the door!

Rachel. At last! It's time! [*Opens the door.*] There you are!

Peter (*coming up*). There I am, indeed! I thought I should never get home, dragging that great bundle along after me. [*Throws some wood and an axe down inside, and points outside the door, where the large bundle is supposed to be.*] Look at all that!

Rachel. Why, what a fuss about a few bits of stick !

Peter. Bits of stick ! Why, the price of what I've got there will be enough to keep us for a week. [*Comes down.*]

Rachel. I am glad to hear it. There's hardly anything in the house.

Peter. Well, as long as there is supper for me this evening, that is all I want. Now then, old woman, what are you going to give me ? [*Rubs his hands ; stands, R., looking at her.*]

Rachel (at the fireplace). You think of nothing but your meals.

Peter. Well, one must eat when one works as hard as I do. I am not like the fairies, who sit comfortably under the shade of a mushroom and live upon dew and honey.

Rachel (sets glass on table). Fairies, indeed ! What nonsense you talk ! There are no such things.

Peter (drawing chair up R. of table). I am sorry to hear it ; it would be delightful to have a fairy turning up whenever one wanted anything, as they do in the stories.

Rachel. Do you think so ? I should hate to have fairies fussing round and interfering with me. I like to manage my own business, thank you. [*Puts dishes on table.*]

Peter (sitting with knife and fork in hand, holding them upright, with handles on the table). What are you giving me ?

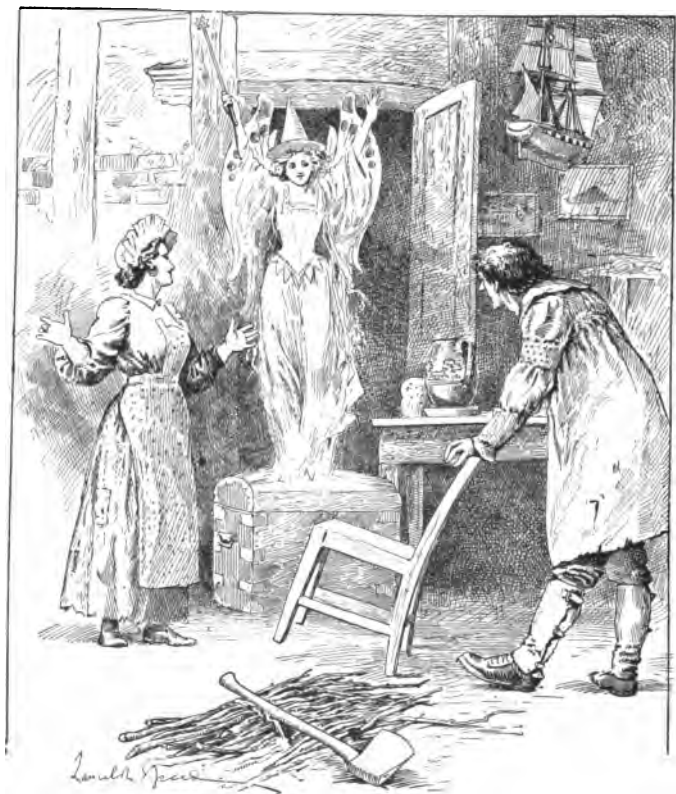
Rachel. A nice loaf of rye bread with a piece of cheese, and there are some baked potatoes in the fender to have afterwards.

Peter. Well, that is nice enough ; but still, if the fairies were to bring me a roast fowl, or a couple of mutton cutlets, I should not say no. [*He goes on eating.*] Yes, think how nice it would be if we suddenly heard three knocks at the door, as they do in the fairy tales—rat, tat, tat—and then the door would open and we should see a little creature no higher than the table coming in. A sprite, with a wand in her hand !

Rachel (puts bread and butter on the table). No, I think it would be a great bore. She would be horribly in the way.

Peter. Not in the least ! She would say, 'Good evening, Master Peter ! Good evening, Mistress Rachel ! Pray what can I do for you this evening ?' and then I should say 'Bring me a good supper, please, Mistress Fairy.'

Rachel. Thank you, I would rather cook the supper myself.
[Three knocks heard at the door. They start, and listen.] What is that?



'YES, I AM A FAIRY'

Peter. Come in! *[The door opens. The FAIRY comes in. They spring up.]* It is a fairy!

Fairy. Yes, I am a fairy.

[PETER, R., RACHEL, L. Sing.]

SONG—FAIRY.

Tune—'The Ash Grove.'

From far-distant valleys, behind the Great Mountain
Undreamt of by mortals, I hither have come.
Afloat on the moonbeam that shines in the fountain,
My silvery path from my fairyland home.

The musical score is written for a song in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a melody line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some slurs. The piano accompaniment uses chords and single notes, primarily in the right hand of the piano. The lyrics are written below the melody line, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

From far - dis - tant val - leys, be - hind the Great
Mountain Un - dreamt of by mortals, I hither have
come. A - float on the moonbeam that shines in the
fountain, My sil - ver - y path from my fair - y - land home.

Fairy. Don't be frightened, my good friends, I wish you nothing but good.

Peter. Thank you, Mistress Fairy.

Fairy (comes down a little, C). [To RACHEL.] In order to show you that there are such things as fairies, and that they have still their magic power of old, I will grant you anything you choose to ask. You shall have three wishes, and they shall all be fulfilled.

Rachel. Three wishes!

Peter. Anything we choose to ask!

Fairy. Only mind you are careful of them, for you will only have three—no more! Farewell. [Exit FAIRY.]

[PETER and RACHEL go up, looking at her go, and stand a moment.]

Peter (seizing his wife round the waist and whirling her down stage). A fairy! a real fairy! who will give us anything we choose to ask! And you said there weren't any! Now then, old woman, what do you say to that?

Rachel. Well, it seems I was mistaken, that is all.

Peter. Now then, what shall we wish for?

Rachel. Gently; we shall have to think it over. Don't let us be in a hurry. [She goes L., ruminating.]

Peter. Suppose we ask for a splendid supper?

Rachel (turning round abruptly). A supper! How ridiculous! In an hour there would be nothing left of it.

Peter. That you may be very sure of. Yes, we had better ask for something that will last longer. What do you say to a barrow, on which I could put my faggots to bring them back from the wood?

Rachel. A barrow! You lazy fellow! Far better ask for a good broom to sweep the floor with.

Peter. A broom! How ridiculous! I tell you what, let us have a purse full of gold pieces; that is what they have in the fairy stories.

Rachel. Well, that isn't such a bad idea. But in the meantime let's have supper first. Then we shall think of something all in good time.

Peter. Yes, supper first.

Rachel (going to pick up potatoes). Now, then, just look! In

the meantime the potatoes have been burnt to a cinder! [*Bangs plate on to table.*] Pretty supper we shall have!

Peter. Now, if we had that purse full of gold pieces we could go out and buy a splendid sausage. Now, I must say that is what I should like—a sausage.

[*A large sausage, thrown by some one off, L., falls on to the table.*]

Peter (starting). What is that? [*Looks at it.*] It's a sausage!

Rachel (wringing her hands). A sausage! You wretched man! That is the first wish gone!

Peter. So it is, idiot that I am! I never thought of it.

Rachel. Well, I must say it is rather absurd to have wasted one of our wishes on a sausage.

Peter (smiting his forehead). I can't help it, I tell you! I never thought of it. [*Going R.*]

Rachel. You ought to have thought of it. How stupid men are, to be sure!

Peter (turning round on her). Men! I like that! And what about women? You wanted to ask for a broom! That doesn't seem to me much better than a sausage.

Rachel. It is more useful, at any rate.

Peter. But not nearly so good to eat.

Rachel. Upon my word, you think of nothing but eating.

Peter. Take care! If you aggravate me, my second wish shall be to ask for another sausage.

Rachel. I'll wish next time; you shan't try again, you ask for nothing but sausages.

Peter. Now, look here, that is enough about that tiresome sausage. I am sure I wish it had been hanging over your nose before it came bothering here.

[*RACHEL, who has had her back turned to the audience, bending over fire, gives a cry. When she turns round again the sausage is hanging over her forehead.*]

[*N.B. There must be a hook at the end of the sausage, so that she can hook it quickly into the front of her cap while her back is turned to the audience.*]

Rachel. Oh dear! Look what has happened!

Peter. Donkey that I am! It is the second wish!

Rachel. Oh, what will become of me? What will become of me? [*She tries to get off the sausage.*] It won't come off! What am I to do? [*Runs to PETER, C.*]

Peter. Here, let me try. No, it is no use, I can't get it off.

Rachel. Oh, Peter, what have you done? I shall have to spend the rest of my life with a sausage!

Peter. Here, I'll see if I can't cut it off.

[*Snatches up his axe from corner, R. Goes to her.*]

Rachel. Mercy on us! Now he is going to cut my head off!

[*Runs up stage, L., along at back, and into R. corner back; then she stands covering her face with her hands as if in fear. She must, while weeping and covering her face, unhook the sausage.*]

Peter. No, I am not, I only want that wretched sausage to fall off. [*Sausage falls on to the ground with a bang.*]

Rachel. Why, it has fallen off of itself! [*They look at it for a minute. RACHEL gives a cry.*] Oh, I see it all. It was the third wish! Now we have nothing left.

[*Cries; dries her eyes with her apron, then comes down, R.*]

Peter (C.). The third wish! [*Drops his axe.*] So it was! Well, after all, we have something left—the sausage! [*Picks it up and tosses it on to the table to his left, then goes to RACHEL, R. C.*] Look here, Rachel, it's a splendid one! Let us cook it and eat it, and say no more about it.

[*They come down stage together, PETER with his arm round RACHEL.*]

Enter FAIRY.

Fairy (L. C.). You see, my friends, that after all you have got a good supper, as the result of your three wishes—and you don't seem very unhappy either! [*She smiles at them.*]

Finale.

[*While the FAIRY sings, PETER and RACHEL, still fondly standing together, smile assent to her words. Then they join in at the lines that are repeated, and sing with her to the end.*]

THE THREE WISHES

FAIRY. *Sings.**Tune—'The Ash Grove.'*

Then cease from repining at what you have lost,
 Content that a fairy has passed through your door :
 The threshold that once by a fairy was crossed
 The print of her footstep shall bear evermore.

When with joy gaily singing,
 Your hopes upward winging,
 And laughter clear ringing
 As never before—
 Then think of the day
 When you first saw the fay,
 Whose wand has been waved o'er the woodcutter's store.

(Repeat Chorus.)

Then cease from re - pi - ning at what you have

lost, Con - tent that a fair - y has passed through your

door : The threshold that once by a fai - ry was



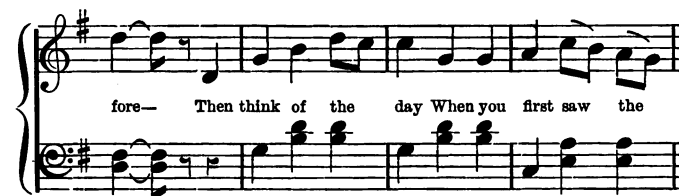
crossed The print of her foot-step shall bear e - ver



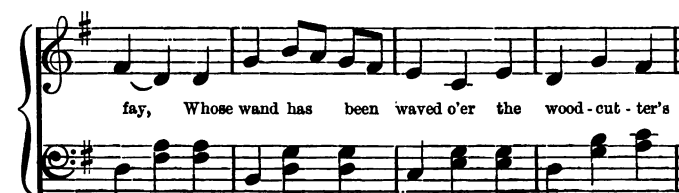
more. When with joy gall - y singing, And hopes up - ward



winging, Your laughter clear ring - ing As nev - er be-



fore— Then think of the day When you first saw the



fay, Whose wand has been waved o'er the wood-cut - ter's

THE THREE WISHES

Together.

store. With joy gail - y singing, And hopes up - ward

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staff.

wining, And laughter clear ringing As nev - er be-

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staff.

fore— { Then } think of the day When { we } first saw the

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff, with curly braces grouping the words 'Then' and 'we'.

fay, Whose wand has been waved o'er the woodcutter's store.

The fourth system of musical notation. It concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

IN THREE SCENES

CHARACTERS

THE EMPEROR OF SARTORIA

PRIME MINISTER

FIRST LORD OF THE HOSIERY

COURT TAILOR

DEMETRIUS } *Two Impostors*
ROLLO }

FIRST SPECTATOR

SECOND SPECTATOR

THIRD SPECTATOR

A SENTRY

THE EMPRESS

WOMAN IN THE CROWD

SMALL CHILD IN THE CROWD

*Pages, Attendants, Courtiers (including the Secretary of State
for Coats). Crowd to see the Procession.*

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES. COSTUMES

Emperor (in Scene 1 and beginning of Scene 2).—Court dress of Georgian period; embroidered long coat, showing long brocade waistcoat in front; satin knee-breeches, shoes with buckles; crown on head.

(In end of Scene 2 and Scene 3).—White shirt, long grey Jaeger drawers reaching half way down calf, black silk socks; shoes with buckles.

Prime Minister and Lords of the Court.—Variations of above costume, less gorgeous.

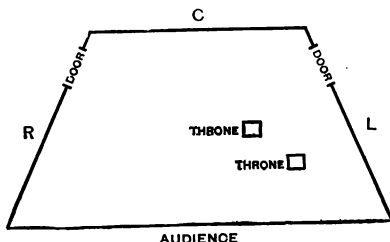
Demetrius and Rollo.—Plain dress of same period; brown coats, knee-breeches, stockings, shoes with buckles.

Sentry.—Tall bearskin cap, red coat cut away in front, white breeches to knee, drab gaiters.

Empress.—Crown; short-waisted dress of brocade or white satin. In Scenes 2 and 3 she must wear a train.

For dress of spectators in crowd, see illustration. The old man should wear a smock frock, and broad-brimmed soft hat.

SCENE 1.—*The Audience Chamber of the Palace. Doors, R. and L. Throne, L. C. Throne, L. SENTRY alone, up stage. Walks backwards and forwards. He goes R., then back across stage to L., then back to C., then stops.*



Sentry (C., up stage.) Well, it is a dull thing to be sentry on guard at this palace! Nothing ever happens; no dynamiters blow us up, no impostors try to force their way in unawares. [*Fiercely.*] Aha! they had better not! I should—[*changing his tone*—] let me see, what should I do? Oh, something terrible, no doubt. In the meantime, it is such a bore walking backwards and forwards up and down the same ten yards. I will go a little further and see if anything happens. [*Exit, R.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and ROLLO, L., furtively.

Demetrius (C., up stage, looking round him). There now, we have got inside the palace quite easily without being stopped. I told you so. It will be hard if we don't pick up something here.



'AHA! THEY HAD BETTER NOT!'

Rollo (L., up stage). I doubt it. I still think that begging in the streets is the best way of making a livelihood.

Demetrius. I don't. I am sick of the streets—of that eternal barrel organ, and that tedious monkey. I've been ever so much happier since we took to being impostors, and to getting into people's houses under false pretences.

Rollo. It's less trouble, certainly, as long as we're not arrested and sent to prison. [*Looks round him fearfully; gives a cry.*] Oh! here is a sentry coming! Let's run away! [*Going L.*]



‘ WE HAVE GOT INSIDE THE PALACE ’

Demetrius. Run away! Nonsense. We'll make a friend of him. [*Rollo stops. Enter SENTRY, R. DEMETRIUS advances to SENTRY.*] I beg your pardon——

Sentry (bringing gun into position.) Ha! what is this? Two malefactors broken into the palace at last!

Demetrius. No, sir, I assure you, we are two respectable citizens.

Sentry. Are you? How disappointing!

Demetrius. I believe I am speaking to his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief?

Sentry (flattered, aside). He is indeed most respectable! [Aloud.] No, I am not exactly Commander-in-Chief, but something of the same kind. What did you want with him?

Demetrius. We wanted to know if this is the Audience Chamber, and if his Majesty the Emperor will soon be coming. We have a petition to present to him.

Sentry. This is the Audience Chamber, and the Empress will be here directly, but no one can say how soon the Emperor will be here. He is very busy just now—this is wardrobe morning.

Rollo. Wardrobe morning?

Sentry. Yes; don't you know that he thinks more of his clothes than of anything else? Still, if you wait here you may get a chance of presenting your petition when he does come in.

Demetrius. Thank you, my Lord.

Rollo. Thank you, your Highness.

Sentry (aside, nodding and going away). Most respectable fellows, those. They deserve to be helped.

[Goes out, R. DEMETRIUS and ROLLO bowing low.]

Demetrius (still up stage, R.). Now then, do you know what we will do? We're tailors.

Rollo (L. C., astounded). Tailors! I'm not, I assure you.

Demetrius (impatiently). Yes, you are! Since that is the way to win the Emperor's heart.

Rollo. Oh, I see! but——

Demetrius. But what?

Rollo. I know nothing about tailoring, do you?

Demetrius. Well, suppose I don't? You are always making difficulties. You just wait and be guided by me. Hush, here they come.

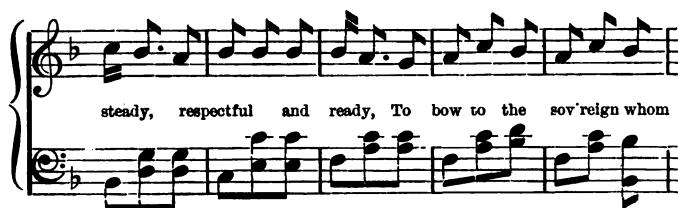
[They move quickly to L., and stand in the background, as the Court comes in, R. If there are not many 'supers' available for this play, two, strictly speaking, will be enough. These two, singing, should precede the EMPRESS. They should have either drums or triangles, which they must sound on the first and second beats of the bar. They enter R., walk down stage, cross to L., go up stage, and stand behind the EMPRESS's throne. The EMPRESS follows them, not describing quite so wide a circle; she

comes down R., then goes up, L. C., to throne furthest down stage. The PRIME MINISTER follows her, going up L. C., and standing just above the EMPEROR's throne, which is to the right of hers. If, however, there are more available extra people—and the more the better—let the band and chorus come in two and two, the first two or four playing mirlitons, the others singing. These last can carry drums or triangles. They will follow the course already indicated; only, instead of all standing, L., behind the throne, only half of the number should stand on that side, the others crossing to R. again, and forming in a line opposite, against R. wall. Two more ministers might follow the PRIME MINISTER, and stand behind him above throne.]

Chorus. Tune—'Molly Malone.'

At noon every day do the trumpeters play
To announce that the Empress is coming this way—
That all may stand steady, respectful and ready,
To bow to the sovereign whom all must obey.
Trumpeters, play! this is the way
We welcome the sovereign whom all must obey.

The musical score is written in 3/8 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics 'At noon ev - 'ry day do the trumpeters play To an-' are written below the first staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with the lyrics 'nounce that the Empress is coming this way— That all may stand' written below the second staff. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.



Empress (seated on throne). I trust that all the arrangements for the great procession of the Golden Gong are completed?

Prime Minister (standing, facing audience, above empty throne). Everything, madam. It will be more splendid than it has ever been before. Here are the papers relating to it, which only await his Imperial Majesty's signature.

Empress. That is well. Where is the Emperor? How is it that he is so late to-day in coming to the Council Chamber?

Prime Minister. Madam, his Majesty is looking over his clothes.

Empress. Those clothes again! alas!

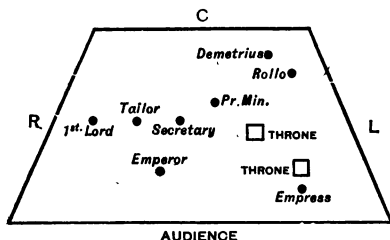
Prime Minister. He is engaged in his robing-room with the First Lord of the Hosiery, the Court Tailor, and the Secretary of State for Coats.

[Enter EMPEROR hastily, R., wringing his hands, followed by the FIRST LORD OF THE HOSIERY, the COURT TAILOR, and the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR COATS, all wringing their hands. He comes down stage, the others behind him.]

Emperor. Alas! Alas!

Empress (springing up). What is it, my imperial spouse? What misfortune threatens you?

Emperor. Alas! I am undone!



Empress. What, have our enemies crossed the frontier?

Emperor. If that were all!

Empress. Has the plague broken out in our dominions?

Emperor. Far, far worse!

Empress. What can it be, then? You make my heart stand still.

Emperor. I have been looking over my clothes—

[He is stopped by emotion.]

Empress (anxiously). Yes, yes? what then?

Emperor. And I find that I have nothing new to wear for the procession! Alas! Alas!

Empress. But something can be made.

Emperor. Nothing can be made that has not been seen before. The Court tailor is devoid of imagination, of invention—he can think of nothing that has not been seen already.

Empress. My Lord, try to distract your thoughts by thinking of the State.

Tailor (humbly). If your Majesty would give me time—

Emperor. It is not time that is wanting, it is genius; for that it is no use waiting.

[*He paces up and down, his eyes fixed on the ground, the three others behind him, same action.*]

Demetrius (L., to ROLLO). Now then, this is our chance. Follow me, and agree with everything I say. [*Going forward, L. C., as EMPEROR comes back.*] May it please your Majesty—

Emperor. Who are these intruders? [*To COURTIERS.*] Seize them, and turn them out. [*COURTIERS come forward.*]

Demetrius (grandly). We are the chief tailors from the Court of his Imperial Majesty the Gimcrack of Tartary.

Emperor (eagerly). Tailors! [*To COURTIERS.*] Hands off! [*COURTIERS retire.*] [*To DEMETRIUS.*] What happy wind brings you here?

Demetrius. We have been sent by his Majesty the Gimcrack to lay our talents at your feet.

Emperor. You could not have arrived at a better moment. In a few days will be held the grand procession of the Golden Gong, the annual festivity of our country, and I want some entirely new clothes for the occasion, such as have never been seen before.

Demetrius (bowing). With pleasure, your Majesty.

Rollo (bowing). Nothing easier.

[*EMPEROR, R. C. DEMETRIUS, C. ROLLO, L. C. EMPRESS, L.*]

Emperor. What do I hear? Oh, joy! How long will it take you to make them?

Demetrius. When is the procession?

Emperor. The second day from now.

Demetrius. They shall be ready.

Rollo. Quite ready.

Emperor. Come hither, both of you. [*Calling the two impostors to him confidentially. DEMETRIUS crosses in front of EMPEROR with a bow, and stands on his right, ROLLO on his left.*] And now; come, what shall these wonderful clothes be like?

Demetrius (looking round). Does your Majesty wish your subjects to hear? Would it not be better to surprise them?

Emperor. Yes, you are quite right. [*Aloud to the Court, waving his hand.*] Fall back, please. We wish to confer with the tailors alone.

Empress (who has gone up, L., aside to PRIME MINISTER while the EMPEROR and the two impostors talk confidentially, down stage, R. C.). We shall never get through the State business at this rate.

Prime Minister. When his Majesty has decided on his costume his mind will be more at ease. 'Clothes on the person, clothes off the mind,' as the proverb says.

[The EMPRESS and the MINISTERS go on talking in low voices.

Emperor (R. C., down stage, to DEMETRIUS). You are going to weave the cloth, you say?

[He turns anxiously from one to the other as each speaks.

Demetrius. Yes, we weave it ourselves.

Rollo. Then, you see, we are sure that it is quite new.

Emperor. An excellent idea.

Demetrius. Only I must tell your Majesty one very curious thing about these clothes—perhaps you will think it is a drawback.

Emperor. What? Do they catch the dust, eh?

Demetrius. No, it is stranger than that. They are invisible, quite invisible to anyone who is very stupid or very wicked.

Emperor (dubiously). Bless me! That will be rather inconvenient.

Demetrius. Not at all. *[With a smile.]* Of course your Majesties will be able to see them, and so will the good and learned ministers that you have about you.

Emperor. Yes, that is true.

Rollo. In fact, it will be rather a good way of finding out the people who are fit for the office they hold and those who are not.

Emperor. To be sure, yes, you are quite right. *[Turns round and says in a loud voice, crossing in front of ROLLO to C.]* All is settled; let a large room in the palace be prepared for the envoys of the Gimcrack of Tartary; let looms be prepared for them, costly silk—

Demetrius (R. C.). Gold thread—

Emperor. Yes, gold thread.

Rollo (R.). And perhaps a little money for current expenses?

Emperor. To be sure, yes, everything you want.

Demetrius. Perhaps your Majesty will allow us to measure you at once?

Emperor. By all means. Remember that the train must be very long. I wish to look as majestic as possible.

Demetrius. Let me see, where is my measure? [*Feels about in his pockets.*] Dear me, I must have left my yard measure in the luggage.

Emperor (to Court tailor). Lend your yard measure, sirrah, to the envoys of the King of Tartary.

[TAILOR pulls out his yard measure, and presents it with a bow.

Demetrius (aside to ROLLO). Now mind you look alive and play your part properly. [*Aloud.*] Have you your pencil and note-book?

Rollo (feeling in his pockets). Dear me, I am afraid my note-book is packed up as well.

Emperor. Can anyone furnish a note-book?

Prime Minister. Allow me.

[PRIME MINISTER comes down, L. C., and gives note-book to ROLLO, who crosses in front of the EMPEROR to receive it with an apologetic bow, while the EMPEROR speaks to DEMETRIUS, who stands, yard measure in hand, as though considering the EMPEROR'S measurements, &c. During the following chorus the EMPEROR stands C.; DEMETRIUS to R. of him, calling out his instructions to ROLLO, who, kneeling on left knee, L. C., down stage, makes a note of them in note-book on right knee. The COURT TAILOR stands at R. corner down stage, looking anxious and humiliated. EMPRESS, L. corner, down stage. MINISTERS, SOLDIERS, &c., at back and sides, watch the proceedings with the liveliest interest, and join in chorus according to directions. DEMETRIUS, after singing each of his lines—that is, after making each measurement—must go on with the next measurement, that he may be ready with it when his next line comes.]

FINALE. Tune—Scandinavian.

Demetrius (measuring EMPEROR'S sleeve).

The sleeve, from top to edge of cuff,

Exactly thirty-one.

[*He goes round behind EMPEROR.*

Emperor. Be sure the back is wide enough.

Demetrius. { It } shall }
All. { It } must } be rightly done.

Demetrius. The princely back is twenty-four.

[*He comes back R. of EMPEROR and measures length of leg.*

All. A princely width indeed!

Demetrius. And forty-three the leg—no more—

'Tis all that we shall need.

[*Bows to EMPEROR and rolls up yard measure. ROLLO stands up.*

CHORUS. For such imperial shape and size
 The clothes to fashion right
 That soon shall gladden all our eyes,
 Should be a task full light.

Demetrius. Now have you all the measures there?

Rollo (reading from his notes).

The sleeve is thirty-one.

Emperor. And mind you weave a pattern rare.

Demetrius. { It } shall }
All. { It } must } be rightly done.

Rollo (reading). The princely back is twenty-four,
 The legs are forty-three.

All. Proportions such we ne'er before
 On any king did see!

Repeat CHORUS, all marking time with feet.

Dem.

The sleeve, from top to edge of cuff, Ex - actly thirty-

Emp. *All.*

one. Be sure the back is wide enough, It must be rightly

Dem. *All.*

done. The princely back is twenty-four, A princely width in-

Dem.

deed! And forty-three the legs, no more—'tis all that we shall

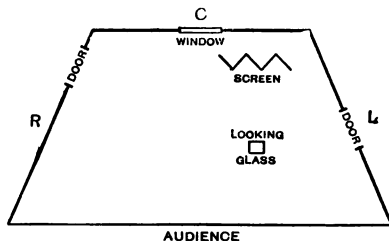
All.

need. For such imperial shape and size The clothes to fashion



Curtain.

SCENE 2.—*A Chamber in the Palace. Window, C., at back; door, L.; door, R. corner at back; a long looking-glass, L. C.; folding screen at back, that can be brought forward and put round glass. The Two IMPOSTORS, lounging on the ground, each with a goblet, drinking and laughing; scissors, reels, &c., near them on the ground. DEMETRIUS, R. C., ROLLO on his right.*



Rollo. Your health, Demetrius. That was a most splendid stroke of yours about the invisible clothes. Ha! ha!

Demetrius. Yes, I flatter myself that was ingenious. I was rather sorry for the poor old Prime Minister, when he came ambling in yesterday, and looking round everywhere for the cloth of gold that we had been spinning.

Rollo. Yes, but you may be sure that he didn't tell the Emperor he hadn't seen it.

Demetrius. As for the Emperor, he was so afraid of not seeing it that he didn't appear at all. [*A knock at the door, L.*] Quick! Let us be hard at work when they come in. [*DEMETRIUS, R. C., sits cross-legged, stitching vigorously, his goblet by his side. ROLLO, R., with a pair of large scissors, pretends to cut. Another knock.*] Come in!

Enter PRIME MINISTER, L.

Prime Minister. Well, gentlemen, how are you getting on to-day?

Demetrius (sewing vigorously). Very well indeed, my lord. Forgive us if we don't get up, we have little time to spare if his Majesty's clothes are to be finished in time.

Prime Minister. Indeed, you are quite right to be so industrious. [*Comes and stands near them.*]

Rollo. I see you are looking at our goblets. We have not had time to have any meals; we have been obliged to snatch a draught and eat a crust now and then, as best we might, without interrupting our work.

Prime Minister. What praiseworthy zeal! [*Looks round about.*] And where, then, are the clothes?

Demetrius (surprised). Where? Did your lordship say where? [*Points to his lap.*] Here they are. We are just finishing putting on the buttons, as your lordship may see.

[*Stitches vigorously.*]

Prime Minister (starts, then recovers himself. Goes nearer, and looks at it through his glass). Yes, yes, I see.

Demetrius. The buttons are handsome, are they not?

Prime Minister. Particularly.

Rollo. And this, you see, is the lace ruffle. I am just cutting off the ends of the thread.

Prime Minister. The lace ruffle? Oh yes.

Demetrius (pointing to R. corner, down stage). And there is the train, folded up over there. You shall see that presently, but I am afraid of its getting dirty if we open it.

Prime Minister. Ah, to be sure, yes.

Demetrius (stitching busily). I am afraid there will be some among the crowd who won't see these clothes.

Prime Minister (pretending to speak indifferently). Who won't see them? Why?

Demetrius. Because, you know, their peculiarity is that to anyone who is stupid or wicked they become invisible.

Prime Minister. Indeed! How curious!

Rollo. It must seem strange to your lordship, for of course you see them very distinctly.

Prime Minister. Oh, of course, I see them very distinctly. [*Aside.*] This is horrible! I wonder which I am, stupid or wicked? I don't think I am wicked, and I thought I wasn't stupid. [*Goes R., and pretends to look at train. Another knock.*]

Enter FIRST LORD OF THE HOSIERY, L.

First Lord. The Emperor wishes to know how his clothes are progressing.

Demetrius. Excellently, my lord. Will you not come and judge for yourself? [*FIRST LORD comes forward and looks puzzled.*] The Prime Minister has already been admiring them.

Prime Minister (coming back from R. C. and pointing out clothes to FIRST LORD). Yes, indeed! Who could help it? Just look at the embroidery on that coat. And the buttons—could anything be handsomer than the buttons?

First Lord. Nothing, upon my soul; the buttons are magnificent.

Prime Minister. And that, you see, is the lace ruffle.

First Lord. I see, yes, most graceful.

Prime Minister (aside to FIRST LORD, who comes down, L. C.). It is a comfort we both see these things, isn't it? You heard, I suppose, everybody can't?

First Lord (L. C., confidently). Yes, so I am told. But, of course, we were sure to see them.

Prime Minister. Yes, of course.

First Lord (going L. Aside). This is horrible! I wonder if I ought to resign.

[SENTRY throws the door open, L., and announces the EMPEROR.

Sentry. His Majesty the Emperor!

[The EMPEROR comes in. The Two IMPOSTORS get up and bow with the action of taking things off their laps as they get up and holding them in their hands.

Emperor (at first not seeing that they are supposed to be holding them). Well, Messrs. Tailors, are my clothes ready?

Demetrius (R. C., holding up both hands in front of him as though holding up the coat). Your Majesty can judge—this is the coat.

Emperor (C., starts). What!

[PRIME MINISTER, R. corner down stage; ROLLO, R.; DEMETRIUS, R. C.; EMPEROR, C.; FIRST LORD, L.

Rollo (to R. of Demetrius). And this is the ruffle, which will fall over this embroidered waistcoat. [Holds one in each hand.

Emperor. I see—yes, I see. Most stylish. [Aside.] This is horrible! I can't see them myself.

Demetrius. How does your Majesty like these buttons?

Emperor (looking at them with head on one side). Oh, very much. A little large, perhaps.

Rollo. That is a fault on the right side, your Majesty; they don't come undone so easily.

Emperor. To be sure—yes, perhaps you are right.

Prime Minister (R., pointing into corner, down stage). And here, you see, your Majesty, is the train, carefully folded up until the moment comes to put it on.

Emperor (aside). What! He sees the train, and I can't! Who would have thought it?

First Lord (R., looking across at what ROLLO is supposed to be holding). I do so like the pattern of that waistcoat.

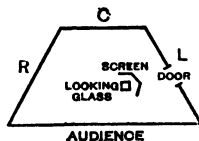
Emperor (aside). What! He too! Am I the only fool or the only knave in my kingdom?

Demetrius. They are ready for your Majesty to put on.

Emperor. Well, perhaps I had better dress now, as it will soon

be time for the procession. The Empress is coming in a few minutes to give her opinion.

[DEMETRIUS and ROLLO put folding screen round glass, L. C., so that it is hidden from the door. Begins undressing, C., before the glass; takes off upper clothes, and stands in shirt, braces, and Jaeger drawers.]



Demetrius. I am sure her Majesty will be satisfied. Now then, Rollo, the breeches embroidered with seed pearls, please.

[ROLLO stands by as if he had the things hanging over his arm, and hands them to DEMETRIUS, who pretends to help the EMPEROR into them.]

Demetrius. Now, then, the waistcoat with the gold and silver flowers.

First Lord. Oh yes; the waistcoat is certainly my favourite.

Demetrius. And now the coat. [*The EMPEROR puts on the coat.*] Now, your Majesty, if you will look in the glass you will see the buttons don't look too big.

Emperor. No, no, they look very well [*turns round*], and those two at the back especially.

Rollo. And now here is the ruffle. Allow me, your Majesty.

[*Pretends to put it round the EMPEROR's neck, and DEMETRIUS pins it in front over the waistcoat.*]

Demetrius. There; it falls over the waistcoat—so.

Prime Minister. Now then, the train. That is what I am looking forward to see.

Demetrius (going R. and picking up train). Yes, the train is superb. [*He and ROLLO carry it together as if it were very heavy.*] If your Majesty will step a little more this way—so—that there may be room. [*They pretend to fasten it on to the EMPEROR's shoulder and to lay the train down, going to the other end of the room and pulling it out.*] There, now!

Rollo. Oh, how beautiful it is! Isn't it, my lords?

Prime Minister. It is indeed magnificent !

First Lord. I never saw so beautiful a train. But isn't it rather heavy, sire ?

Emperor. Perhaps it is a little. On the other hand, I think these clothes are thinner than those I have been accustomed to ; I feel quite chilly.

Demetrius. But it is only just at first you feel the change, your Majesty. Oh, they are splendid ! Her Majesty the Empress ought to see you now, sire.

Emperor (looking in the glass). She will be pleased, I think.

Rollo. I think I hear her coming.

[*The door is thrown open and a page announces the EMPRESS.*
Page. Her Majesty the Empress.

Enter the EMPRESS, L.

Demetrius. His Majesty is ready, madam.

[*EMPRESS comes quickly forward. When she comes round the glass and catches sight of the EMPEROR she starts back.*

Emperor. Well, my consort, what is the matter ? Don't you like my clothes ? We all think them beautiful.

Prime Minister. Indeed we do !

First Lord. I never saw finer clothes.

Empress (recovering herself). They are beautiful, sire—beautiful. I was speechless with admiration, that was all.

Emperor. I don't wonder. I don't think I ever saw anything more beautiful.

Empress. It is time the procession should start, sire, if [*looking at him dubiously*] your Majesty is ready ?

Emperor. Quite ready. [*He comes down, C.*

Demetrius. The train ! Take care of your Majesty's train !

Emperor (starts). That is true—yes, I forgot the train.

Demetrius. Allow me to put it over your Majesty's arm.

[*Folds it and puts it over EMPEROR's right arm.*

Emperor. Come, madam.

[*Gives EMPRESS his left hand and goes out, L., followed by the PRIME MINISTER and the FIRST LORD. DEMETRIUS and ROLLO make low bows as they go out. When the door is shut DEMETRIUS and ROLLO burst into fits of laughter, and then execute a war-dance of joy.*



'DON'T YOU LIKE MY NEW CLOTHES?'

Rollo. And now, what next?

Demetrius (in fits of laughter). Ho! ho! Well, perhaps we had better not wait to see the effect of the procession on the minds of the populace! Everyone will be in the big square of the palace watching for the Emperor to pass. [*Looks out of the window.*] We will go out by this door, down that little side street [*pointing, L.*], and make our escape.

Rollo. Excellent! Have you got the purse of gold pieces that was given you yesterday?

Demetrius. Yes; have you yours?

Rollo (feeling in his pocket). All right. [*Pulls out purse and shows it.*] I quite agree with you that this is better than organ-grinding!

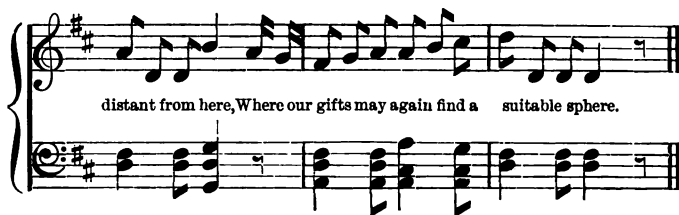
Demetrius. Yes, tailoring pays ever so much better! [*They both laugh.*] And now, farewell to the Court of Sartoria!

[*They walk round with mock stealthiness, bent and crouched, and stepping on their toes, reaching door at end of song and then going out.*]

Farewell to the court, and farewell to the town
Where we have been tailors of skill and renown;
We'll fly to some country far distant from here,
Where our gifts shall again find a suitable sphere.

Fare - well to the court, and fare - well to the town Where

we have been tailors of skill and renown; We'll fly to some country far



Curtain.

SCENE 3.—*Final Tableau. The Street. The crowd drawn up in a row at back waiting for the procession to pass, among them a very old man. A very small child in front row of crowd with its mother. GUARD keeping the line. All craning their necks to look off, L.*



PROCESSION SCENE

Soldier. Keep back there—keep back!

First Spectator (to SECOND SPECTATOR). Don't shove so, please!

Second Spectator. Shove! I like that!

First Spectator. Well, I don't, so I shall be glad if you'll leave off.

Old Man. When you are as old as I am, you won't shove in a crowd.

Second Spectator. No, I dare say not; at ninety one would, I should think, get the worst of it.

Old Man. Ninety! Seventy-seven! not a day more! and I have seen the procession of the Golden Gong, man and boy, for sixty years past.

Second Spectator. Well, I hope you have enjoyed it. [To FIRST SPECTATOR.] Look here, couldn't you move on a little further?

First Spectator. Yes, I could, but I won't; this is the place where I want to stand.

Second Spectator. On my feet? It isn't the place where I want you to stand.

Old Man. Quite right, quite right, this is the best place. This is where the procession will stop for the Emperor to make his speech.

First Spectator. Well, I wish they would make haste about it.

Old Man. I've been here more than two hours already.

Second Spectator. Only that! I've been here nearly four hours. I was here at eight o'clock this morning, and it is now nearly noon.

First Spectator. Well, it ought to be fine to be worth waiting for all that time.

Second Spectator. They say that the Emperor's clothes this year will be finer than any he has ever had before.

First Spectator. Take care that you see them—ha, ha!

Old Man. What do you mean? Oh, I shall see them right enough—as much as I see anything now. I have watched the procession of the Golden Gong, man and boy, for sixty years—

Second Spectator (interrupting him). Yes, I think you said that before.

First Spectator. Don't you know what they say about the Emperor's clothes this year? That it is only the good and the clever people who can see them at all?

Second Spectator. Bless me, that's a bad look-out—for some of us!

Small Child (in crowd). Mamma! Where are they? Where is the procession?

Mother. Coming, darling, coming. Just listen to the sense of the dear! 'Where are they?' she says, 'Where is the procession?'

Second Spectator. Well, she is no cleverer than the rest of us. That is what we have all been saying for the last hour.

Guard. Come, keep back there, please, and don't make such a noise.

First Spectator. How soon will the procession pass, soldier?

Guard. It ought to be here by this time. Perhaps it's sitting down to rest.

Old Man. I remember forty years ago——

[*Music heard. The music of the first four lines of chorus must be played here.*]

First Spectator. Ha! There they come!

[*All lean forward to see, looking off, L.*]

Guard. Keep back, there! Keep back! [*Music gets louder.*]

Crowd (waving caps). Hooray! Hooray!

[*All wave and shout.*]

Here the piece begins again, this time with the chorus singing.

Enter four pages, in couples, walking two and two abreast (as many as there are available, but two would do); then the EMPRESS, her train held by two pages, then the EMPEROR in white shirt and Jaeger drawers, his crown on, and a sceptre in his hand.

Hail to the Emperor, so great and good and wise

Shout, O ye nations, in rapture and surprise!

Shout for the pageant that shall dazzle all our eyes,

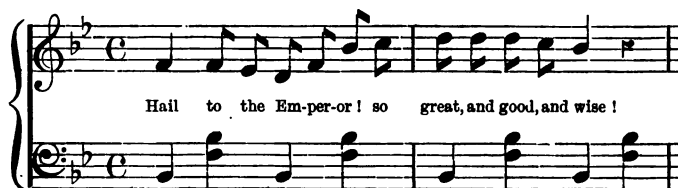
At the Feast of the Golden Gong!

Hail, the feast day of the nation!

Hail it with joyful acclamation!

Shout in loyal admiration

As your Emperor passes along!



Hail to the Em-per-or! so great, and good, and wise!

K



Shout, O ye na - tions, in rap-ture and surprise!



Shout for the pageant that shall daz-zle all our eyes At the



feast of the Golden Gong! Hail, the feast day of the



na - tion! Hail it with joyful accla - ma - tion!



[The procession stands still; the EMPRESS and those in front of the EMPEROR turn and face him.

The Crowd. Long live the Emperor!

[The EMPEROR bows; then he clears his throat and appears to be going to make a speech.

Second Spectator (to *FIRST SPECTATOR*). Can you see his new clothes?

First Spectator. Why, of course! Can't you?

Second Spectator. Yes, distinctly. I was only wondering if you did.

First Spectator (angrily). You might have known I should.

Old Man. My sight isn't as good as it was, but I don't need to see them, I know what they are like, bless you! I know what they are like well enough. Why, for sixty years—

Guard. Silence, there! Silence!

Emperor. My faithful subjects—

The Crowd. Hooray!

Emperor. Another year has passed, and the day of the procession of the Golden Gong has again come round. The ancient customs of our Empire demand that on such a day as this the rulers of the Empire should put on their best clothes—

The Crowd. Three cheers for the Emperor's clothes!

[The EMPEROR bows.

The Emperor. This year, as you will see for yourselves, our imperial robes are more truly magnificent than ever. I hope, my faithful subjects, you agree with me?

The Crowd. We do indeed. Three cheers for the Emperor's new clothes!

Emperor. I am glad to hear you say so, for now I will tell you that these clothes you see before you—this superb train which

hangs from our shoulders, this embroidered coat that you behold, this cunningly wrought waistcoat over which falls so rare a lace, all



‘THREE CHEERS FOR THE EMPEROR’S NEW CLOTHES!’

these can only be seen by those whose goodness and cleverness, if we may be allowed to say so, are equal to our own.

The Crowd. Long live the Emperor! Three cheers for the Emperor’s new clothes!

Emperor. Their only fault is that they are hardly so warm as those we are accustomed to wear. We propose, therefore, to appear in them for this occasion only. Look your fill, then, to-day, my people, for it is the last time you will see these clothes. Enjoy to the full the magnificent spectacle!

The Crowd. Three cheers for the Emperor's new clothes!

Small Child (in a shrill voice). Mamma, where are the Emperor's new clothes?

Emperor (starting). What?

Mother. Hush, child, hush!

Child (very loud again). Mamma, where are the Emperor's new clothes?

Ministers (horrified). She said, 'Where are the Emperor's new clothes?'

The Crowd (looking from one to the other, repeats). Where are the Emperor's new clothes?

Emperor. Alas! alas! What do I hear? Is it possible that that seemingly innocent child should be the only one in this capital not to perceive our clothes? Oh, what a naughty, naughty child she must be!

All (together, the MINISTERS, CROWD, and PAGES). She can't see the clothes! What a naughty, naughty child she must be!

Mother (indignantly). Naughty, indeed! Calling people names like that! Clothes or no clothes, she is the best little girl in the world, and has never been naughty in her life!

Emperor (shaking his head). Ah, my poor woman, it is too clear! If she were good she would see what other people see!

Woman (angrily). Good! There never was a better child in the world! Saying such things of the dear, just because she has the sense to see that your Majesty is standing in the market-place with your Jaeger things on, a costume no Emperor ought to wear to go out for a walk!

The Crowd. Oh, how shocking!

[*They all turn away their heads.*]

Emperor (thunderstruck). What does this woman mean?

Prime Minister (hurriedly). She is out of her mind, Sire, evidently she is a maniac, and her child is either deficient or very naughty indeed.

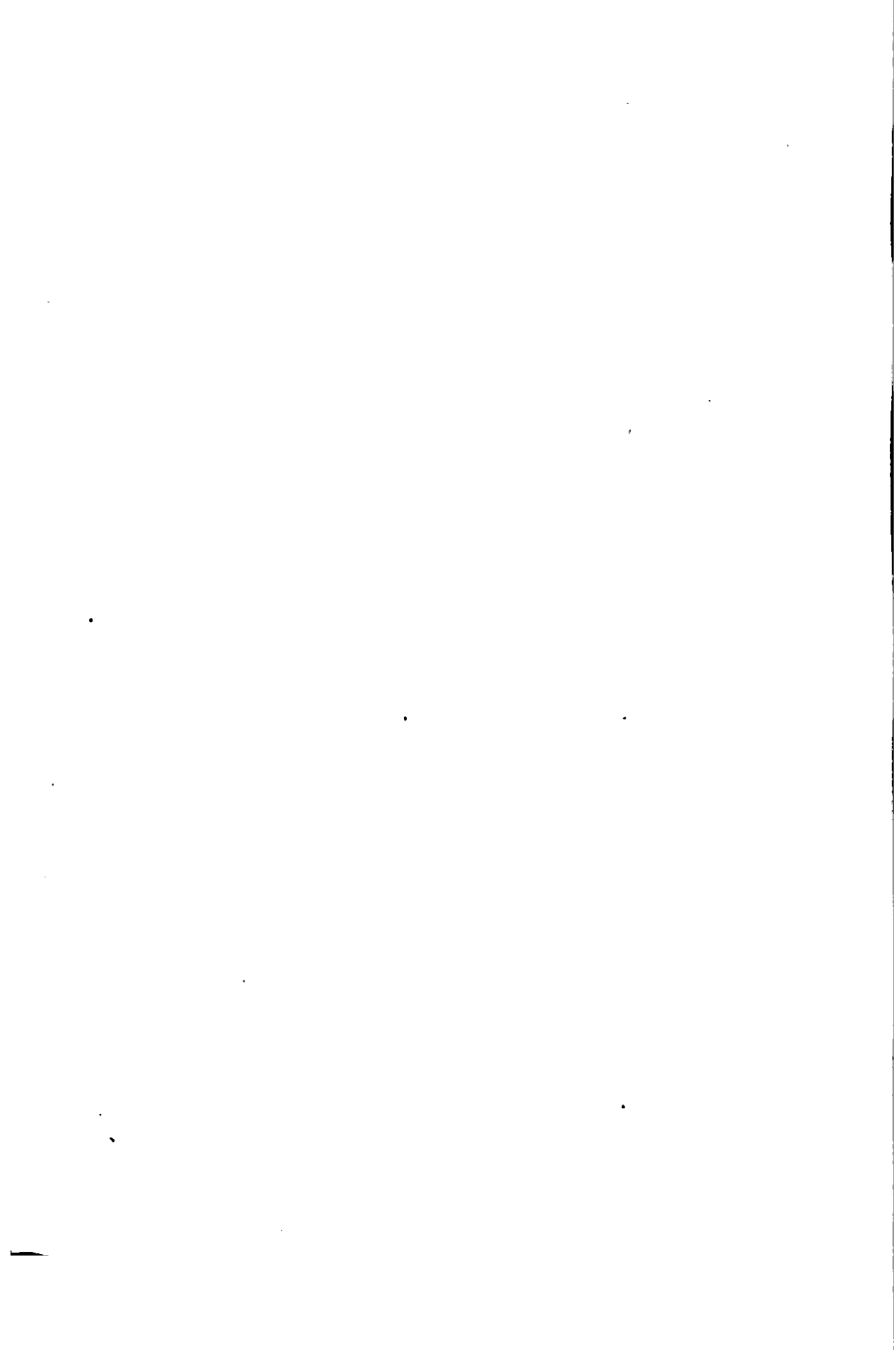
Emperor (reassured). Exactly. We suspected as much.
[*To GUARDS.*] Remove that afflicted woman and her unprincipled child.

Woman. Come along, my poppet, come along to prison with its ma.
[*They go out, L., between two SOLDIERS.*]

Emperor. And now, my faithful subjects, it only remains to me to thank you once more for your loyalty and devotion, and to rejoice with you that we all of us in this capital are as good and clever as we thought ourselves. Sound, music, and let the procession move on.

[*As the music (same chorus, last four lines) begins the CROWD shouts and waves. The MINISTERS pretend to pick up the train, and the procession goes out; the EMPRESS and MINISTERS having faced about and gone out before the EMPEROR, R.*]

Curtain.



THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

CHARACTERS

MARTIN, *a Fisherman*

ILSEBEL, *his Wife*

THE KING OF THE CLOUDS

FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE. COSTUMES

Martin.—Fisherman's dress. Long wading-boots, short rough jacket, tarpaulin hat.

Ilsebel.—Fishwife's dress of serge, with serge skirt turned up and tied back over a shabby coloured petticoat. Striped sleeves.

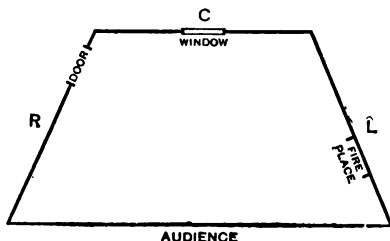
King of the Clouds.—A white silvery glistening costume. Large white wings, silver crown.

If possible, arrange a sheet of very pale blue, so that it would do for sky as well, behind the window, C., and by means of magic lantern throw upon the sheet views of the house, farm, cows, manor-house, castle, palace, and hut.

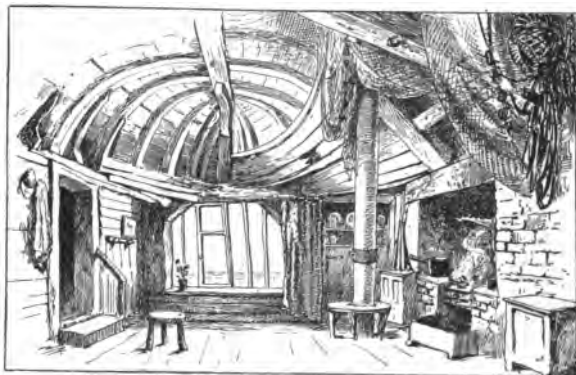
It would cost not more than two shillings apiece to have excellent lantern slides made from drawings, or from prints out of books or newspapers; probably the scenic artist to the company could colour the slides a little, but a good warm brown tone would look very well.

The play being very short, this would help the performance greatly.

SCENE.—A *Fisherman's Cottage*, poorly furnished. *Big window at back*; door, R., up stage; fireplace, L.



If elaborate scenery is available the following may be used: Hanging nets and corks. Roof made of inverted boat. Mast used as a prop or pillar. Telescope on wall. Sou'wester and oil-skins. Geranium on window-seat. Oak chest. Step with handrail at door. Sea horizon visible beyond window.



Ilsebel (looking out of the window). How rough the sea is getting! How the foam is blowing into the air and the sand flying

along! What is the good of living so close to the sea that when the tide is high the fishes almost come in at the window? I must say there are times when that would be convenient, though. I have got absolutely nothing for supper—[*goes to fireplace; looks at frying-pan, &c.*]*—unless that husband of mine brings me in some fish. Ah, it is a weary thing to be a fisherman's wife! I had much rather have kept a nice little shop in a street, like Neighbour Thorndike's, away from the storms and the waves.*

Enter MARTIN, R., in a fisherman's dress, tarpaulin, high wading-boots, &c. Carries fishing-nets and tackle.

Martin. The wind is getting up; there is going to be a storm. *Ilsebel (holding out frying-pan to him).* At last! Put it into the pan quick. It is late enough already!

Martin. Put what into the pan? [*Throws down nets, &c., R.*

Ilsebel. The fish you have brought me.

Martin. My dear, that fish is still in the sea. I have brought nothing.

Ilsebel. Nothing! What have you been doing all day?

Martin. That is just it. Wait till you hear the story I am going to tell you.

Ilsebel. What is the good of that? I can't fry a story for supper. [*Puts pan back with a clatter.*

Martin. But just listen. When I was drawing my nets out of the water I felt something very heavy inside. 'Oh,' thinks I to myself, 'Ilsebel will be pleased this time; here is a supper for her and a dinner too!

Ilsebel (L. C.). Well, what was it?

Martin (R. C.). Guess!

Ilsebel. How do I know? A dead cat, I suppose, or a jelly-fish.

Martin. Not at all, it was a king.

Ilsebel. A king!

Martin. In the shape of a turbot.

Ilsebel. A turbot! That's more likely! But how did you know he was a king, then?

Martin. Because the moment he touched the ground the turbot disappeared, and I saw standing before me a beautiful young man 'Fisherman,' said he, 'I am the King of the Clouds. A wicked enchanter had changed me into a fish, and condemned me to live in the seas until a lucky chance should lead me to be captured and brought to land again. You have done me a great service, Fisherman, and I shall not forget it!'

Ilsebel (scornfully). King of the Clouds, indeed!

Martin. Well, do you think that is nothing?

Ilsebel. It's a great deal—a great deal too much for me to believe! Well, what did you ask him for?

Martin. Ask him for? Nothing!

Ilsebel. Nothing? You are a noodle!

Martin. A noodle! I like that! First of all, he spread his wings and flew away before I could say a word.

Ilsebel. Wings?

Martin. Yes, great big sparkling, shining wings, as white as snow.

Ilsebel. Nonsense! I don't believe a word of it—turbot's talking like human beings, and kings flying about like seagulls! You have invented it all to explain why you have not brought in any fish for supper.

Martin. It is true, I swear, every word of it.

Ilsebel. If it is true, go back and find your king and tell him I want to speak to him.

Martin. Go back and find him! Do you expect me to fly up into the clouds?

Ilsebel. You needn't go into the clouds for that. I should go back to the seashore where you found him—[*then she goes to the window*—and stand at the edge of the sea, and I should call out, 'King of the Clouds! King of the Clouds! Come back!']

[*The KING appears outside the window dressed all in white, with a silver crown and large white wings. He must either crouch down outside, and suddenly stand up, or step quickly to the window from the side.*]

King. Here I am! What do you want? [*MARTIN and ILSEBEL have fallen back, one on each side of the window, as he appears, C.*] What do you want?



'HERE I AM! WHAT DO YOU WANT?'

Martin (*abashed, R. of window*). Nothing, your Majesty, nothing!

Ilsebel (*L. of window*). I beg your pardon, your Highness. It was I who called you. I thought perhaps you had forgotten—you didn't realise that—it is generally the custom to give people a little trifle who fish you out of the sea and change you from a turbot into a king again!

King. Speak, woman. What is it you want?

Ilsebel. Well, your lordship sees what a miserable place we live in. It is really the kind of place I could hardly ask a turbot to sit down in—I beg your Majesty's pardon, a king I mean; though I dare say in any case wings are rather in the way on a small chair—so that I thought if we had a nice little well-built house, whitewashed, snug and warm like Neighbour Thorndike's in the High Street—

King. Enough, the house is yours.

[*He disappears. They look after him for a minute.*]

Ilsebel (*awestruck*). Husband! He said the house was ours!

Martin (*leaning out of the window*). Look! *Ilsebel*, look! What is that rising out of the sea?

Ilsebel (*looking*). It is a house, a beautiful little house—it is whitewashed, snug and warm—there are houses on each side of it—it is in a street—it is a house like Neighbour Thorndike's in the High Street! Oh, what joy! [*Rushes down, L. C.*]

Martin. Now I hope you are satisfied! [*Comes down, R. C.*]

Ilsebel. But, oh, *Martin*, if it is as easy as that, why didn't I ask for something more?

Martin. Something more! Surely that is enough. What more could you want?

Ilsebel. Why, I want a farm, of course. A little house like that in a street is nothing, I want some land with it.

[*Goes to window and calls 'King of the Clouds!'*]

Martin (*frightened, stopping her*). *Ilsebel*, what are you doing? Oh, the sea looks dark, the foam is blowing!

Ilsebel (*shaking him off; calls again*). King of the Clouds! King of the Clouds, appear! [*The KING appears.*]

Ilsebel. Your Majesty, I have been thinking that perhaps after all a farm would do better for us than the little house I mentioned

to you. You see, with a farm I could have a poultry yard, and keep cows, and have a dairy, and I could always have a nice cream cheese ready for your Majesty if you were flying this way.

King. Enough; the farm is yours! [*He disappears.*]

Martin. Look, look at the edge of the sea! There it stands!

Ilsebel. Three cows standing in their stalls, cocks and hens in the poultry yard, and what are those little pink things standing in the corner? Why, they are little pigs! and there is a pony looking over the gate! Oh, we shall never be able to look after all this—it will be too much trouble. I shall call him back again and say I want to live in the Manor House like the squire's lady.

Martin. Manor House!

Ilsebel. Yes, and you will be the squire.

Martin. But you must be crazy. [*Seizes her by the arm. She shakes him off again.*] The sea looks green—dark green and angry!

Ilsebel. King of the Clouds! King of the Clouds, appear!

[*The KING appears.*]

King. What do you want, Ilsebel?

Ilsebel. Well, your Majesty, there seems to be so much live stock on that farm I am sure I should never get through the work, especially as my husband doesn't understand looking after any beast but a fish. I really think I would rather live in the Manor House and be the wife of a squire.

King. Enough; the Manor House is yours! [*He goes away.*]

Martin. Look, look, Ilsebel, at the edge of the water—that beautiful red-brick house with tall chimneys!

Ilsebel. And a carriage and pair drawn up before the door! I shall go out for a drive, you will see, and be for all the world like Mrs. Staniforth, the squire's lady!

Martin. Upon my word, we shall be grand!

Ilsebel. Come along. I will go and put on my hat and feathers. [*Then she stops.*] Oh, Martin!

Martin. Well, what now?

Ilsebel. I wish I had asked for a title! I shall only be plain 'Mrs.' after all, even if I am the wife of a squire!

Martin. Well, what more do you want?

Ilsebel. I would rather have a title, of course. I should like to be 'My Lady,' to be a countess, or perhaps a marchioness!

Martin. Well, my dear, you don't look much like a lady of title, I am afraid.

Ilsebel. Don't I, though? I will be a duchess if I like, just to spite you! [*Goes to window.*]

Martin (tries to stop her). Ilsebel, wait a moment! Oh, the sea looks stormy and terrible!

Ilsebel. I don't care what it looks like! King of the Clouds! King of the Clouds, appear! [*The KING appears.*]

King. Speak. What do you want?

Ilsebel. Your Majesty, the Manor House is not grand enough for me, I wish to live in a castle and be a duchess!

King. Enough; the castle is yours! [*He disappears.*]

Ilsebel (to MARTIN). You see how right I was. Look, look, at that great grey house with towers and battlements! How splendid that is!

Martin. Well, this time I hope you are satisfied. It is like a royal palace.

Ilsebel. No, it is not; there is no guard before the door. [*Comes down.*] Oh, Martin, I *must* live in a royal palace! I must be the Queen! [*Rushes to window.*]

Martin. Oh, wait—wait, Ilsebel, I am afraid! Look at the sea—it is white, white with foam! Ask no more!

Ilsebel (calls out). King of the Clouds! King of the Clouds, appear! [*The KING appears.*]

King. Take care, Ilsebel, lest you go too far! What do you want?

Ilsebel. Your Majesty, one thing more! I want to be the Queen, and live in a royal palace!

King. Enough; the palace is yours! [*He disappears.*]

Ilsebel (awestruck). Martin, the palace is mine! [*Looks out of the window.*] Yes, there it is; sentries stand at the door, the royal flag waves from the square tower of my palace. Martin, I am the Queen, and can do as I like for the rest of my life. [*Struts down stage to R. corner, then back to L. corner. MARTIN bows low.*] I never will get up at sunrise again to make the fire.

Martin (up stage, R. C.). Well, it is a pity you can't prevent the sun from rising till you choose!

Ilsebel (stops with a sudden idea). So I will! I will be lord

of the whole universe, and the sun, moon, and stars shall obey me!
[*Rushes to window.*] King of the Clouds! King of the Clouds!

Martin. Stop, stop, Ilsebel! Look at the sea—it is grey, iron-grey! It is terrible!

Ilsebel. King of the Clouds! King of the Clouds, appear!

[*The KING appears.*]

King. Take care, Ilsebel! I have warned you! Take care!

Ilsebel (eagerly). Your Majesty, I would be lord of the universe, the master of the whole world, of the sun and the moon and the stars!

King. Ilsebel, take care! I have warned you! This time it is too much! You have gone too far!

Ilsebel (frightened). Very well, then, I will be satisfied with being Queen! I will ask for no more, your Majesty! That will do quite well, I assure you!

King. I warned you, Ilsebel, you have gone too far. I warned you!

[*He vanishes.*]

Martin. The sea is black, the sea is black! Look, Ilsebel, what is that at the edge of the water?

Ilsebel (gives a shriek). The palace is gone! Ah! what is that? A wretched little hut—a fisherman's hut! Ah! it is our own!

[*Falls back L. of window against wall, covering her face with her hands; MARTIN looking out, R. of window.*]

Curtain.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

IN FOUR SCENES

CHARACTERS (4 Male, 9 Female)

THE KING

THE PRINCE

PETER, *his Squire*

MAN-SERVANT

THE QUEEN

THE PRINCESS

FAIRY MALVOLIA

FAIRY BENVOLIA

LADY MAY

LADY BET

LADY SALL

* LADY PRISCILLA

* CHIEF MISTRESS OF THE INK-BOTTLE

LORDS-IN-WAITING, &c.

} *Ladies of the Court*

* These two parts can be played by the same person, dressed differently in the two scenes in which she appears. Also, the parts of the Man-servant in Scenes 2 and 4 can be played by the same actor who does the Lord-in-Waiting in Scene 1.

Between the first scene and the second, seventeen years are supposed to elapse. Between the second and the third, 100 years. Between the third and the fourth, half an hour.

SLEEPING BEAUTY. COSTUMES

The King.—Short tunic, half way down thigh, large loose sleeves. The whole trimmed with ermine. A jewelled collar and crown, long striped stockings, broad shoes, with slashed toes.

The Prince.—Cavalier costume: short coat, vandyke collar and cuffs, breeches to knee, tied with ribbons, stockings, shoes with rosettes, cap and feather; long curling hair (not essential).

Peter.—Short tunic, leather belt and leather cuffs. Ruff round neck, broad black hat. Full trunk-hose down to middle of thigh; stockings, broad shoes, buckles. He should be dressed in soberer colours than the Prince.

Man-servant.—Jerkin, ruff, full hose.

The Queen.—Long closely fitting gown cut square in front, trimmed with ermine. Sleeves puffed with white at elbow. Close-fitting coif.

The Princess.—Long clinging soft white gown trimmed with gold.

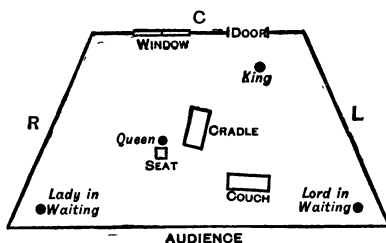
Fairy Malvolia.—Panther's skin round waist, or dark flowing drapery; large black wings; long pointed shoes. If wings not available, masses of black tulle, that she can lift on her arms. (Bats' wings can be made a little more elaborately, on a cane frame covered with crumpled brown paper, touched up with grey paint for the lights).

Fairy Benvolia.—Dressed in white and silver of some sort of soft gauzy material; silver stars in her hair, made of silver paper over cardboard; silver wand, white wings, strings of white or silver beads.

Ladies May, Bet, Sall, Priscilla, and Chief Mistress of the Ink-bottle.—Variations of sixteenth-century costumes, as in illustration at the end of Scene 2.

SCENE 1.—*A Room in the Palace. Door at back, L. C.; window at back, R. C. A cradle half way up stage, between them. Small couch a little further down stage, L. C. A seat at foot of cradle, a little to right of it.*

[*When the curtain goes up the KING and QUEEN are discovered, also a LORD-IN-WAITING, L., and a LADY-IN-WAITING, R.*]



King (standing bowing to *L. of door*). Good-bye, good-bye!
[*Comes back into room.*]

Queen. At last they're all gone!

[*Sinks into seat at foot of cradle.*]

King (coming down, *C.*). Well, that has been a great success, certainly. I never knew a christening go off so well before.

Queen. You have never known a christening to go off at all before, as this is our first child.

King (*C.*). Very true, my dear—to be sure.

Queen. You must think before you speak, then, and not be a stupid king.

King. Very true, my dear—a most excellent idea.

Queen. But I must say that for once you are right—this christening has certainly been a very great success.

King (pleased; sits on couch, *L. C.*). Ah, didn't I say so? I am glad you agree with me. Such quantities of presents, so many fine people to do our child honour!

Queen. Yes, and fairies too. I don't think I ever saw so many fairies at a christening before.

King. And what beautiful presents our daughter has received! I hope, my Lord Gold Broomstick-in-Waiting [*turning to LORD-IN-WAITING, L.*], you have made a list of them?

Lord-in-Waiting. I, your Majesty?

Queen. Now you are committing yourself again. It isn't the Gold Broomstick's business to do that, it is the Chief Mistress of the Ink-bottle's.

King. To be sure—yes, of course. Will the Chief Mistress of the Ink-bottle read out the list of presents?

[*Turns to CHIEF MISTRESS OF THE INK-BOTTLE, R. She curtsies and advances R. C. with a list, which she reads out.*

Mistress (reads). The King of the Mountains, a mug made of a single diamond; the King of the Plains, twenty coral necklaces; the Emperor of the Blacks, a purse with a thousand pieces; the King of the North, a safety pin.

Queen. Shabby fellow!

King. The King of the North has never been friendly to us; we must fight him again and make an end of him.

Queen. No, we won't; we can't afford any wars just now, the baby's clothes are so expensive.

King. To be sure, my dear, and the poppet must have the best of everything.

Mistress. The King of the West, fifty dolls made of pure gold.

King. Fifty! That is too many.

Queen. On the contrary, just the right number. A charming feminine present.

King. I am longing to get to the fairies' gifts, I liked those best.

Mistress. The fairies' gifts come next, your Majesty.

King (rubbing his hands). Ah, now then!

Mistress. From the Fairy of the Lake, marvellous beauty.

King. Ah, that is essential for a woman!

Queen. Not at all. It is an advantage perhaps, but that is all.

Mistress. From the Fairy of the Mountains, excessive wit.

King. She shouldn't have too much of that.

Queen. One can't have too much of it.

Mistress. From the Fairy of the Cave, the gift of dancing better than anybody in the world.

King. I hope that won't be a snare to her.

Queen. Nothing will be a snare to my daughter, she will be too well brought up.

Mistress. From the Fairy of the River, the most beautiful voice that was ever heard; and from the Fairy of the Sea, the gift of being more musical than any one in the world.

King. How delightful! I shall make her play and sing to me all day.

Queen. I shan't think of letting her do so; she will ruin her voice if she does.

King. That would be a great pity, certainly.

Mistress. From the Fairy of the Forest, the gift of painting better than any artist that ever lived.

King. How truly charming that will be! She shall paint my portrait in oils.

Queen. No, she shall not. That would be an absurd waste of time.

King. Well, I only thought——

Queen. Oblige me by thinking for a little without speaking, instead of speaking without thinking, as you generally do. [*To CHIEF MISTRESS.*] Go on, please.

Mistress. Benvolia, the Fairy of the Stars, presented no special gift, but promised instead to save the Princess from the first misfortune that should threaten her.

King. Now, that's a most useful promise, for you know even princesses may have misfortunes sometimes.

Queen. The worst misfortune of all is to have a chattering father, and I am afraid all the fairies in the world cannot preserve our child from that.

King (offended). It is to me, after all, that she owes most of

these gifts, as it was I drew up the list of the fairies that were to be asked.

Queen. Then in that case you may be sure someone was forgotten.

Mistress (with a cry). Ah, it is quite true! One name is missing.

Queen. I told you so!

King. That is very odd. Whose is it?

Mistress. One that matters, I am afraid—Malvolia, the Fairy of the Night.

Queen (getting up). What! You don't mean to say that Malvolia wasn't asked? The one of all others the most powerful, and whom I least want to offend! [*To KING.*] That is what comes of leaving things to you.

King. Perhaps she won't hear of it.

Queen. Not hear of it! A christening, you were saying yourself, the like of which has never been seen before! Of course she will hear of it, and as she is the most revengeful fairy in the world, she is quite capable of wreaking her displeasure on our child.

[*A great noise is heard—crash of cymbals. All start and move.*]

KING jumps up and goes towards R. QUEEN comes down stage, R. CHIEF MISTRESS crosses to L. corner.

Queen. What is that?

Mistress. That is the sort of noise wicked people make when they are coming in! [*Goes up L. corner.*]

Enter MALVOLIA, L. C., a lowering, scowling fairy, with a black veil and black wings.

Queen (with feigned delight). The fairy Malvolia! We are delighted to see your Shininess.

Malvolia. You are, are you? I am glad to hear it.

King (genially). That's right—we are glad and you are glad, and all is as pleasant as it can be.

Malvolia (with a sneer). I am glad you think so.

Queen. Pay no attention to him, your Shininess, it is only foolish kings who think everything is pleasant.

Malvolia. A strange sight met my eyes as I was on my way here. [Comes down, C.]

King (genially). Really? Do tell us about it. This is not a very interesting neighbourhood, as a rule.



‘THE FAIRY MALVOLIA!’

Malvolia. It is to-day, certainly. As I flew through the air on a thunder-cloud, I saw the roads full of kings and queens driving away from here, and the air full of fairies flying back to their homes. I saw my sister of the mountain, of the forest, of the cave, of the

river, and I don't know who besides. I wondered what they could have been doing here. I knew there couldn't have been a party, as of course in that case I should have been invited too.

King. Oh, of course—of course.

Malvolia. What was it, then?

Queen (*puts aside KING by a gesture of her left hand; crosses in front of him; he goes down R. corner.* KING, R.; QUEEN, R. C.; MALVOLIA, L. C.; CHIEF MISTRESS, L.) Pay no attention to him, your Shininess, as I remarked before. The fact is that we have had, as you shrewdly conjectured, a little gathering here, and by a deplorable mistake no invitation was sent to you, whom I wanted more than anyone else to be present.

Malvolia (*sarcastically*). Oh, indeed! And who made the mistake?

Queen. Need you ask? The King, of course.

King. Yes, it was most unfortunate. I can account for it only by supposing that the novelty of the occasion, and the excitement of seeing the baby washed on the very day the invitations were sent out, put everything else out of my head.

Malvolia. Except the names of some 5,000 people whom you managed to remember. I see—most natural. Well, I don't regret it. I should probably have been horribly bored.

King. I think, though, you would have liked to see the presents. The baby had hundreds of mugs and thousands of spoons, and the fairies [*with a bow*], with their usual exquisite taste, gave her the most charming gifts of all.

Malvolia (*with a sneer*). And what were those?

Mistress (*reading from list*). Her Royal Highness received from the fairies the gifts of beauty, wit and grace, and of excelling all others in dancing, singing, music, and painting.

Malvolia. But has no one given her a useful feminine art? Is she not to be able to use her spindle?

King. Ah, that is true, she ought to be able to spin me a suit if necessary.

Queen. It would never be necessary; it doesn't matter what you wear.

Malvolia. Well, I will give the creature a present too, although I wasn't asked to the christening.

King and Queen. Creature! [*MALVOLIA goes up L. of cradle.*

Queen (alarmed; *goes up R. of cradle*). It is very kind of your Shininess—but, do you know, I really think the baby has got everything she can possibly want.

Malvolia (with a hard laugh). Very well, then—in that case my gift had better be something she does not want.

[*Goes up C. behind cradle and spreads out her wings. If no wings, she must have black drapery, which she can spread out with her arms.*

Malvolia (speaking in a deep, threatening voice to the baby, supposed to be in the cradle). Because no one has given thee any aptitude for handling the spindle, thou shalt not be able to use it! If thou should'st ever attempt to touch a spindle, thou shalt die!

Queen (shrieks). Oh! your Shininess, pray!

[*Clasps her hands. The KING stands aghast.*

Malvolia. I have said my say—my thunder-cloud awaits me.

[*MALVOLIA goes out, with a crash of cymbals.*

Queen (to *King*). Now then, I hope you are satisfied with what you have done—a pretty day's work, truly.

[*Comes down, L. C.*

King. My dear, I need not say that I most deeply regret——

[*KING, R. ; QUEEN, L. C.*

Queen. Regret! What's the use of that? What are we to do now?

[*KING mournfully shakes his head, and stands with his eyes on the ground as if considering. They all consider.*

Mistress (L.). Your Majesty, would not this be the occasion to invoke the aid of the Fairy Benvolia?

Queen (goes up towards window, and followed by *MISTRESS*). We might, at any rate, summon her and take her counsel.

[*Calls, holding out her hands suppliantly.*

Come, Benvolia, fairy dear,

Hasten quick to help us here!

[*A roulade on the flute or the penny whistle heard.*

Queen. Hark! [*Comes down quickly to L.*

King. Ah, one can hear that is a good fairy coming this time.

[*MISTRESS is standing R. of window, up stage.*

Enter BENVOLIA, L. C., in white, with white veil and wings.

Benvolia (standing up stage by cradle). What! Am I summoned so soon? Has a misfortune already threatened the Princess?

King (R.). Alas, yes!

Queen (L.). You may well say alas, when it is your fault. He forgot to invite Malvolia, the Fairy of the Night.



‘IT IS A GOOD FAIRY THIS TIME’

Benvolia (comes down). You left out Malvolia! What a risk to run!

Queen. It was indeed. She has threatened that if our darling child should touch a spindle she will die.

Benvolia. Die!

King (R.). It seems so unfortunate, doesn't it? Such a nice womanly thing, a spindle—such a pity to die if you touch it.

Queen. Oh, do leave off talking, and let us hear what the fairy has to suggest.

Benvolia. I am afraid I can't undo the harm of Malvolia's prophecy [*coming down, C.*] entirely. I am not powerful enough for that, but I think I can make it a little better.

Queen (L. C.). Oh, a thousand thanks! What can you do?

Benvolia. I can decree that instead of the Princess dying if she touches a spindle, she shall fall asleep for a hundred years.

Queen (disconcerted). A hundred years! Oh, thank you, that is kind of you!

Benvolia. And everybody under the same roof as herself shall fall asleep for a hundred years too.

King (crestfallen). Oh, that is kinder and kinder! only——

Benvolia (stopping him with a gesture). I have done all I can, and it cannot be undone. [*Goes up, C. (waves her hand).*] Farewell!

[*Exit, L. C.*

[*QUEEN, L. C., down stage; KING, R.; MISTRESS, R. C., up stage. They all say together, with consternation, when the fairy has gone out, 'A hundred years!'*

King. Do you know, I don't think I like the idea of sleeping as long as that—I've always found eight hours as much as I want.

Queen. I am quite sure that I don't, but we can't help it. I don't like your making a dozen blunders one on the top of the other, but I can't help that either.

Mistress (coming down, R. C.). Suppose, madam, that all the spindles in the kingdom could be kept out of her Royal Highness's way?

King. Suppose they were burnt, eh?

Queen. That's a very silly idea. What would people spin with?

King. Well, you see, I don't know much about ladies' work; but couldn't one use a bodkin, or a pincushion, or something of that sort?

Queen. Have the goodness to suggest nothing more for the present.

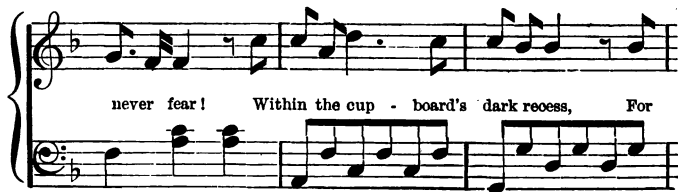
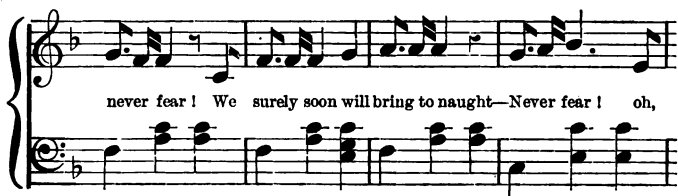
King. I shall be very glad, I am sure. There is nothing so tiring as suggesting things.

Queen (to MISTRESS). And meantime go and give orders that all the spindles in the palace should be collected and locked up in that old cupboard in the very top corridor of all.

Mistress. I go at once, madam.

FINALE. *Tune—'My Maryland.'*

All. The wicked fairy's evil thought,
Never fear! oh, never fear!
We surely soon will bring to nought—
Never fear! oh, never fear!
Within the cupboard's dark recess,
For ever doomed to idleness,
The spindles shall lie purposeless,
Far from here! oh, far from here!

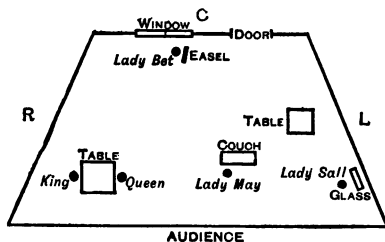


ever doomed to i-dle-ness, The spindles shall lie

pur- pose-less, Far from here! oh, far from here!

Curtain.

SCENE 2.—*Same room as Scene 1, with furniture differently arranged. The cradle is gone. The KING and QUEEN are sitting at a card-table, R. C.; KING, R. of table; QUEEN, L. They are shuffling the cards. LADY BET is painting at an easel, R. C., up stage; LADY SALL is practising steps before a glass, L.; LADY MAY, sitting on couch, L. C., is tuning a lute.*



King (shuffling). How delightful it is to reflect on these seventeen years having been so prosperous and sunny for our dear daughter!

Queen. Yes, I have brought her up admirably. You've turned a card the wrong way—you're always doing that.

King. To be sure, yes, so I have. [*Turns it right.*] And it's so nice for her being more beautiful and gifted than the rest of the world; it makes things so much easier for a girl. She owes that to me.

Queen (*amazed and scornful*). To you?

King. I only mean that, if I remember rightly, it was my idea to invite the fairies to her christening.

Queen. You never do remember rightly. It was my idea. And in any case, even if the fairies had not endowed her with all these gifts, she would probably have inherited them from me. Now do pay attention to your game, and don't maunder any more for the moment. [*They play in silence for a moment.*]

King. Four knaves!

[*He marks.*]

Queen. Four knaves! How ridiculous!

King. Where is our dear daughter? I don't like her being out of the room. [*To LADIES-IN-WAITING.*] Where is the Princess, Ladies-in-Waiting?

Lady May. Her Royal Highness seems a little unsettled this afternoon, your Majesty—she is weary of all her occupations. She says it is so tiresome doing things better than anyone else, without having to learn them.

King. Of course, I quite see that.

Lady May. 'Other young ladies,' she cries, 'practise exercises for hours before they can play the simplest piece, but the very first time I sit down to the instrument I play it in perfection and there's an end of it. It's no use playing the same thing over and over again as well as that.'

King. Four knaves!

[*He marks.*]

Queen. I cannot imagine why you will always declare four knaves.

Lady Bet. The same thing with painting. 'I really don't like,' her Royal Highness says, 'to go on painting, for if I did so I should simply fill the world with imperishable masterpieces, and in time there would be no gallery big enough to contain them.'

Lady Sall (*turning round*). The same with dancing. 'I really don't like,' her Royal Highness says, 'to let people see such

wonderful dancing as mine ; they would be so ashamed of their own.'

King. Four knaves !

Queen. What, again ? I never heard anything so absurd.

Lady Bet. Her Royal Highness has, however, in the fertility of her wit, thought of a very ingenious plan. She has commanded me to paint a picture, which she will finish, correcting the mistakes which she never makes herself.

Lady May. She has also commanded me to learn the most difficult piece in the world by heart, that she may have the pleasure of playing it through correctly after hearing me play it once.

Lady Sall. And she has commanded me to learn a new step in dancing, so difficult that I must practise it eight hours a day for a month in order that she may have the pleasure of doing it better than I the first time she tries it.

King. What is she doing now, then ?

Queen (triumphantly). Double bézique !

Lady Bet. I believe she has gone with Lady Priscilla, the Mistress of the Shelves, to turn out some cupboards on the top landing, your Majesty. She said she couldn't think of anything else to do.

King (absently, going on playing). What did you say she was going to do ?

Queen. Do pay attention to your game, and never mind what they are saying.

[A SERVANT brings in tea-tray and puts it on the table, L. C.

During what follows he arranges cups, &c. LADY BET goes on painting ; LADY MAY plays lute ; LADY SALL practises steps before the glass.

Lady May. Oh, I am so tired of trying to learn this stupid old thing ! I shall leave it off for a bit !

[*Song, ad lib.*

LADY MAY sings. Tune—German popular song.

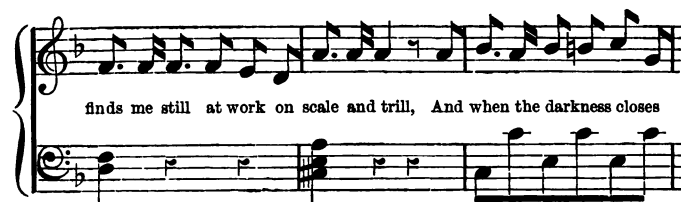
The weary livelong day in vain I try to play,
And evening finds me still at work on scale and trill,
And when the darkness closes o'er me

In dreams I never cease to play the same old piece.
It stands before me, again to bore me !
Oh ! why must people play the weary livelong day,
Who cannot do it, and only rue it !

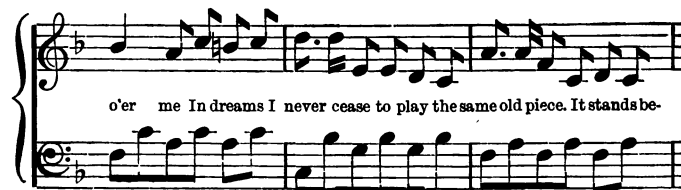
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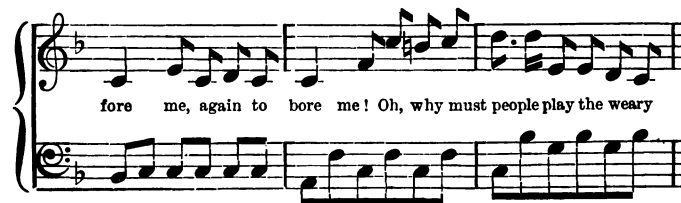
The weary livelong day in vain I try to play, And evening



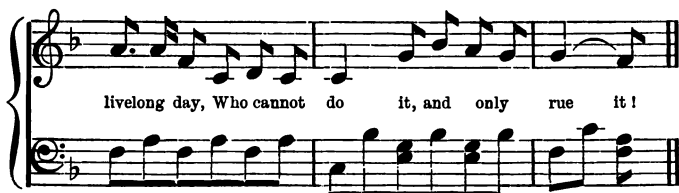
finds me still at work on scale and trill, And when the darkness closes



o'er me In dreams I never cease to play the same old piece. It stands be-



fore me, again to bore me ! Oh, why must people play the weary



Enter the PRINCESS very quickly.

Princess (rushing in). Well, good people, how are you all?

King. There you are, my darling, at last!

[*PRINCESS rushes at KING and hugs him.*]

Princess. I've had such a delightful afternoon!

[*Leaning over him from behind.*]

King. Have you, my pet? That's right. But you mustn't leave father for so long another time.

Queen. If you would pay attention to the game you wouldn't make so many mistakes.

[*PRINCESS kisses him again, and then goes up, R.*]

Princess (to LADIES). And how are you all getting on, you poor things? [*Goes and looks at LADY BET's painting, standing behind her chair.*] Good heavens, Lady Bet, what a way to paint! I shall have fun painting it all out presently!

Lady Bet (with a sigh). I'm sure you will, your Highness.

Princess (standing, C., up stage, behind LADY BET's chair). And you, Lady Sall, do you know that step yet?

Lady Sall. Know it? No, indeed, your Highness. I hope by to-morrow afternoon to be able to do it with one foot.

Princess. Ha, ha! It does make me laugh to think that I could do it this moment if I chose! [*Comes down, C.*] And you, Lady May, how is your piece getting on?

Lady May (standing up). Very badly, your Highness. I don't think I shall ever be able to play it.

Princess (sits on R. end of couch). Well, well, perhaps I'll play it to you instead. But first I want to show you some queer things that I found in a cupboard quite up at the top of the palace.



THE PRINCESS FALLS ASLEEP

I thought we would fence with them presently. What is Lady Priscilla doing? I told her to follow me.

Enter LADY PRISCILLA with spindles in her hand. She comes down left of couch between LADY SALL and LADY MAY.

Princess. Ah, there you are. [To LADIES.] Now then, what do you call those?

Lady May. I really don't know, your Highness.

Lady Bet. Nor do I.

[PRINCESS calls to QUEEN.

Princess. Mother!

Queen (not paying attention to her). Four aces!

Princess (very quickly). Mother, mother, mother, mother, mother!

Queen (impatiently). Well, what is it, child—what is it?

[PRINCESS points towards LADY PRISCILLA, who begins curtsying to the QUEEN. The QUEEN looks up just as the PRINCESS takes the spindle, and jumps up with a cry to stop her, just too late. PRINCESS sinks back on the couch, in front of which she was standing. All this must be done so quickly that LADY PRISCILLA is interrupted in the middle of her curtsey. All fall asleep—the QUEEN just as she was, half turned to the PRINCESS; the KING holding up four knaves in his L. hand, so that the audience on that side sees them. LADY SALL is left standing on her left foot, her right one pointed before the glass; LADY BET is painting; LADY MAY playing; the MAN-SERVANT has laid the table, and is just going to put a cup on a saucer. Soft music must be played through after they fall asleep, curtain coming down within four bars of the end.





SCENE 3.—*A Tangled Wood outside the Castle. Exits R. and L. There must be a bush masking the exit, R. A large tree, R. C.; another L., down stage.*

Enter PETER, L., breathless and fatigued. He staggers back against tree, R. C.



PETER

Peter (calling to someone off L.). Yes, your Highness—yes I'll wait for you! [*Aside.*] Wait for him, indeed! I should think I would! He doesn't suppose I should go on a step further than I need by myself? Extraordinary mania of his to be always looking

for an enchanted castle he has seen in a dream, and to go scratching through every wood and thicket we meet to see if it isn't in the middle of it—instead of going comfortably along the high road, where there is room for a good horse, and one needn't take any trouble.

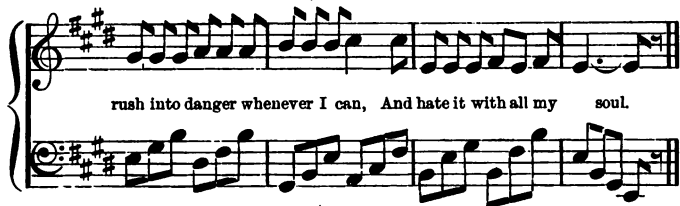
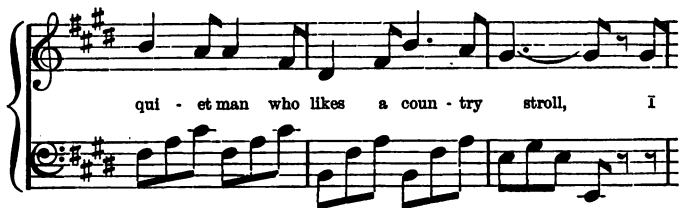
PETER *sings*.

A pretty life is ours—a pretty life indeed !
 All day to squeeze through thorny trees,
 Where'er the Prince may lead.
 By nature though a quiet man
 Who likes a country stroll,
 I rush into danger whenever I can,
 And hate it with all my soul.

A pret - ty life is ours— a pret - ty life in-

deed ! All day to squeeze through thorn-y trees, Wher-

e'er the Prince may lead. By na - ture though a



Prince (voice outside). Hallo, Peter, are you there?

Peter (calling). Yes, your Highness, this way—through the second thorn-bush to the left.

Enter PRINCE, breathless, L.

Prince. I thought I should never get out of that bush again. Why didn't you come and give me a hand, instead of dawdling here like this, when you knew I was stuck fast and couldn't move?

Peter. Why, I thought that was just what your Highness enjoyed.

Prince. I do think you are the very stupidest squire I ever came across. Now then, I wonder what we had better do next? [*PETER says nothing. PRINCE sits at the foot of tree, L., and PETER leans against another, R. C. A silence.*] Well, Peter, I asked you what we had better do next? Have you absolutely no ideas?

Peter. I suppose your Highness wouldn't like to take that pleasant path across the field [*pointing off, L., up stage*], and so get on to the road again?

Prince. On to the road? What adventures do you think we should possibly find on the road?

Peter (half aside). We might have a day without any, and that would be a delightful change.

Prince. Don't you know we are looking for an enchanted castle? I had a dream about it. Didn't I tell you?

Peter (hastily). Yes, yes, very often. But your Highness is so difficult to please in the matter of castles. I should have thought there was no fault to find with the one we found on our road yesterday.

Prince. What, fool! An every-day building like that! Why, one could see at a glance it wasn't enchanted.

Peter. No, the castle wasn't enchanted, but the warder was.

Prince (excited). Was he?

Peter. Yes, he was enchanted when we left off asking the way, and he got rid of us at last.

Prince. You are talking at random, fellow. I will find that castle as I saw it in my dream, or you shall perish in the attempt.

Peter. Thank you, your Highness—we must certainly find it, then, if possible.

Prince. You remember the dream I told you of?

Peter. Perfectly, perfectly. I needn't trouble you to tell me again. [*Hastily.*]

Prince. Peter, I dreamt that dream again last night!

Peter (bored). Indeed, your Highness? you generally do.

Prince. But it was a little different.

Peter (aside). I'm glad of that.

Prince. Yes, I was struggling through an impassable forest, when we came to a place like this, and you suddenly changed into a green lizard. [*Seizes PETER by L. arm.*]

Peter (uttering a shriek). Oh, your Highness, that was an unpleasant dream!

Prince. Not at all. You shall hear the end. You darted like lightning [*dropping PETER's arm*] through the brushwood, just there. [*Pointing, R., up stage.*]

Peter. Then I was a lizard, you must remember. I can't dart as quickly as that with all these things on.

Prince. A way seemed to open in front of you as you flashed along. I darted after you.

Peter. Was your Highness a lizard too?

Prince. Nonsense, fool! I was a Prince, of course. Suddenly, on the other side of the thicket, I saw rising before me a wonderful castle.

Peter (aside). Oh yes, here we are again. [*With a sigh.*]

Prince. A castle overgrown with ancient verdure. Silence within and without. No one on the battlements, no one on the drawbridge. I drew my sword. [*Leaves off suddenly and seizes PETER by the arm.*] Look! look there!

Peter (with a shriek). Where—what—what has happened?

Prince (in a violent state of excitement). A lizard! a green lizard!

[*Rushes to R. in front of PETER, looks about, then up into right-hand corner, where the exit is concealed.*]

Peter. It wasn't me, your Highness. It wasn't me, I assure you! [*Rushes down, L., and stands gazing.*]

Prince. It darted into the brushwood, which opened exactly as it did in my dream. Peter, the enchanted castle lies there!

Peter. Oh, you think that's where the lizard was going?

Prince. Where else should it be? Not a moment is to be lost! We must dart after it! Peter, follow me! [*Exit quickly, R.*]

Peter (looking after him). I do hate going for a country walk with a lizard! Well, there's no help for it—I must dart out too, I suppose. [*Goes out slowly and heavily, R.*]

Curtain.

SCENE 4.—*Curtain rises on exactly the same scene it fell on at the close of Scene 2. The KING and QUEEN at card-table down stage, R. LADY BET at easel up stage, R. C. LADY MAY standing by door with lute. LADY PRISCILLA making a curtsy, R. C. PRINCESS asleep on couch. MAN-SERVANT arranging tea-table, just going to put cup on saucer, up stage, L. LADY SALL is dancing in front of glass down stage, L.; she is just in the middle of a step. All with closed eyes, sound asleep. There must be a moment of absolute silence and stillness after the curtain has risen, before the entrance of the PRINCE, during*

which the last eight bars of soft music at end of Scene 2 must be played through.

Enter PRINCE cautiously, followed by PETER.

Prince. I beg your pardon. I hope we're not intruding?
[*Looks at one and another without as yet seeing the PRINCESS; he looks at PETER, bewildered.*] [*In a low voice.*] Peter, do you see? They are all asleep!

Peter. Asleep! Why don't they go to sleep in their beds, like reasonable beings?

Prince. Hush! They are asleep because they are enchanted. Peter, this is the castle of my dreams!

Peter. Oh indeed, your Highness—I hope you find it as pleasant as you expected.

Prince. Oh, it is wonderful! At last, at last!

Peter (aside). Well, I hope we shall not be as long getting away from it as we were finding it.

[*The PRINCE has advanced, R., to KING and QUEEN.*]

Prince. See, that must be the King and Queen!

Peter. How queerly they are dressed!

Prince. They are dressed in the fashion of a hundred years back.

Peter. A hundred years! That is rather old-fashioned even for the dowdiest king and queen.

Prince. I believe they have been asleep all this time.

Peter. Oh, then, if they have been asleep a hundred years, it is time they got up—let's wake them.

Prince. No, wait, wait—we must find the Princess I saw in my dream. [*Looks round; sees the PRINCESS lying on couch.*] Ha, look at her; there she is! I have found her at last. Look, look, Peter! Did you ever see such surpassing loveliness?

[*PRINCE at foot of couch.*]

Peter (behind couch, looking at her). She is nice-looking, certainly.

Prince. Nice-looking! Is that all you can find to say?

Peter. But the one before the looking-glass is more to my taste—that one who goes to sleep on one foot like a stork.



'I HAVE FOUND HER AT LAST'

Lionel Speed

Prince. That one! Why, I don't suppose she's a princess at all.

Peter. Isn't she? That's a great drawback, certainly.

Prince (still looking at PRINCESS). What is this she has in her hand? Why, look Peter, what is it?

Peter. How should I know, your Highness? You never can tell what silly things a woman will carry in her hand, let alone a princess—things you couldn't run a man through with if you tried.

Prince. I know—I have seen something like it in old-fashioned pictures. It is a spindle, such as our great-grandmothers used to have. I wonder what she is doing with it—what this all means? I will know. Beautiful creature, awake!

[Bends on one knee; kisses her. The PRINCESS turns gently and moves her arms; the PRINCE starts back. All wake. The KING throws down a card.]

King. Four knaves!

Queen. Again!

Peter (starts). What, your Majesty? There are only two of us, I assure you!

[MAN-SERVANT puts cup on saucer. The three LADIES-IN-WAITING go on painting, playing, and dancing. LADY PRISCILLA goes up and stands at back; LADY MAY joins her after a moment. The PRINCE remains with his eyes fixed on the PRINCESS. When all are in motion, she draws her hand across her eyes and sits up.]

Princess. What is it? Where am I?

Prince (standing, C.). Adored one! *[She starts back.]* You appear to be in your castle, and to have been sleeping here in the midst of your Court.

Princess. Sleeping! have I been sleeping? *[Tries to remember; looks round her; sees spindle.]* What is that? Ah yes, I remember. No, it is all vague. What happened?

Queen. Quadruple bézique!

King. You haven't had that for a long time.

Queen. Not since—let me see, when did we play last?

King. I can't remember at all.

Queen. Nor can I.

King. How very odd! What has been happening? *[Looks*

round; sees PRINCE and PETER; gets up.] What is this? Who are these strangers?

[QUEEN turns round and sits facing audience; she looks stiffly at PRINCE.

Prince (bowing, R. C.). I beg your Majesty's pardon. I have intruded here with my squire; we forced our way with great difficulty through the thicket that surrounds you.

[PETER goes L. above LADY SALL, and looks at her admiringly. Queen. The thicket?

Prince (R. C., between QUEEN and PRINCESS). The castle is completely surrounded by an almost impenetrable forest. The place looks as if it had not been touched for a hundred years.

Queen (getting up). A hundred years! Ha, I have it; it was the curse, the curse of the fairy Malvolia.

King. Yes, on our daughter.

Princess (gets up). Curse! What do I hear?

Queen. Yes, misguided one, you took a spindle into your hand.

Princess. Well, what then? Surely other girls, even princesses, have done the same? And perhaps, who knows, fallen asleep over their work.

[SERVANT has put tea-cup, cream, &c., on small tray; he hands it to QUEEN.

Queen. Why, this tea is as black as ink! How long has it been made?

Servant. A hundred years, your Majesty.

Queen. A hundred years! fifty-five millions of minutes! And you know I like it to stand five! Take it away and get me some fresh.

[SERVANT bows and goes out.

Princess (to PRINCE). And was it you that woke me, then?

Prince. Yes, adorable Princess, it was I.

Princess. How did you wake me?

Prince. I took the liberty of kissing you.

Princess. Of kissing me? What a delightful idea! What made you think of it?

Prince. Well, it is generally done, I believe, when one finds a beautiful princess asleep in an enchanted castle.

Princess. Is it? It's a charming custom.

Prince. I like it too, very much.

Princess. How curiously you are dressed! I have never seen anybody dressed like that before.

Prince. This is how all people are dressed, more or less, nowadays.

Princess. How very odd! I don't remember seeing one.

Prince. Fashions have changed, charming Princess, while you slept.

King (R.). Is the world very different now?

Prince. In some respects, I dare say; in others, princes and princesses do very much what they did before.

[*Kisses PRINCESS's hand.*]

King. What is happening to my redoubtable neighbour, the King of the North?

Prince. The King of the North! Who is that?

King. What, have you not heard of Fire-eater X., my implacable enemy?

Prince. Was that the one? He was the last of his name; his kingdom no longer exists.

King. No longer exists! I am glad to hear it: there will be peace in my dominions now.

Prince. There's peace everywhere in these days: people no longer go to war.

King. Don't go to war!

Queen. What happens, then, when one nation is insulted by another?

Prince. They beg each other's pardon, and promise not to do it again.

King. Monstrous!

Queen. How polite!

Prince. Every one is very polite now.

[*Puts his arm round PRINCESS and kisses her.*]

Princess. You seem very polite, certainly.

King. No wars? I am not sure that I shall like that. What do kings do with their time, then?

Queen. Waste it, I suppose, as they did before.

Prince. To tell the truth, there are no more kings, but only queens. People talk of queendoms now, not of kingdoms.

Prince. I can love, and that's the thing I'll do for ever, O !

Princess. Are you sure you will not mind

If one day, alas ! you find

There is one thing that $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{I} \\ \text{she} \end{array} \right\}$ cannot do ?

Prince. No, never, O !

[All repeat together, the PRINCE singing his lines alone. Then all dance to same tune. While the song is sung through for the first time, the LADIES-IN-WAITING must move couch, in front of which the others are standing, to side ; and the chair, L. of table, which the QUEEN has sat on, must also be moved out of the way.]

Princess. *Prince.*

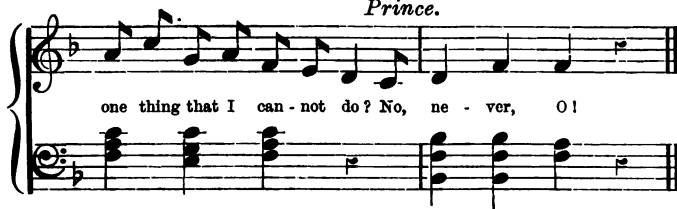
I can play and I can sing, And I am clever, O ! I can

Princess.

love, and that's the thing I'll do for ever, O ! Are you

sure you will not mind If one day, alas ! you find There is

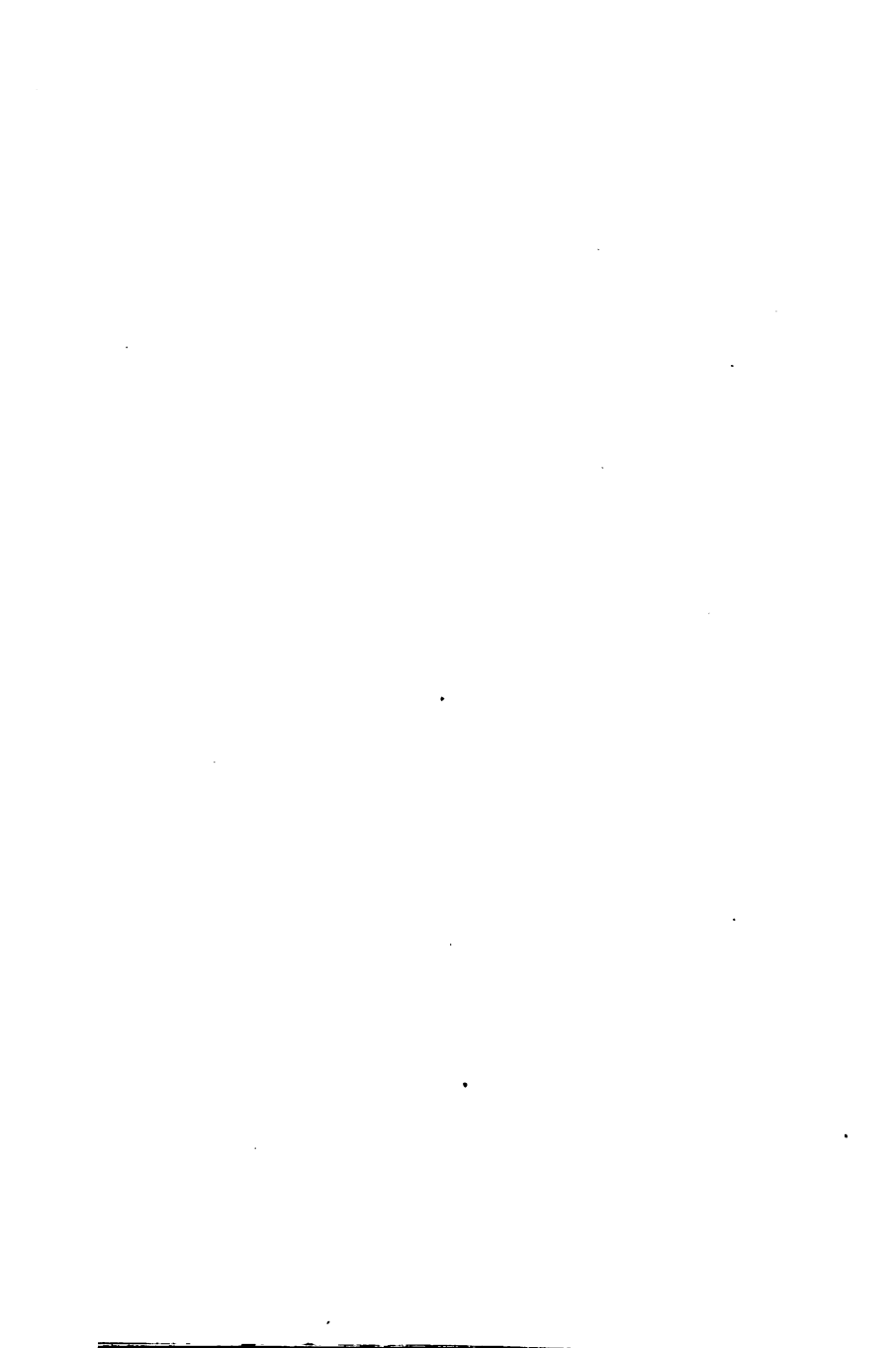
Prince.



one thing that I can - not do? No, ne - ver, O!

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The lower staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Curtain.



BLUEBEARD

IN TWO ACTS

CHARACTERS (7 Male, 2 Female)

BARON BARBAZURE, surnamed BLUEBEARD

SIR SIMON DE PENYLESSE, *an impoverished Noble*

GUY }
BRIAN } *His Sons*

ROBERT, *an old Seneschal*

FATIMA }
ANNE } *Daughters of Sir Simon*

FIRST HUNTSMAN

SECOND HUNTSMAN

Huntsmen, Retainers, &c.

N.B.—If necessary, the sentences given respectively to the First and Second Huntsman in Act II. can both be spoken by the First Huntsman, and that part played by the same person who plays Robert in Act I. differently dressed and made-up.

. The scene of this play is laid, contrary to the usual tradition, in the fourteenth century, in Western Europe, where a counterpart of the Oriental Bluebeard is believed (by the writer) to have resided in feudal times.

BLUEBEARD. COSTUMES

Bluebeard.—Breastplate; long loose coat edged with fur, with hanging sleeves; high leather collar reaching to shoulder; stiff cap with curling feather; long stockings to thigh; pointed shoes. He must have a bright blue pointed beard, and bright blue moustaches, fiercely turned up. His hair may be of the natural colour.

Sir Simon.—Cloth tunic reaching to knee, edged with fur. Leather belt. Long stockings, pointed shoes.

Guy and Brian.—Cloth sleeveless tunics, reaching half way down thigh, over coloured woollen shirts, of which sleeves and neck show; long stockings, pointed shoes.

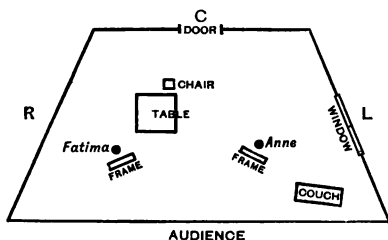
Seneschal.—Costume Chaucer period: cloth tunic reaching half way down thigh; hood coming over shoulder, with pointed piece falling behind; long stockings, pointed boots, reaching half way up calf and turned over at top.

Fatima and Anne.—Closely fitting long dresses, low in front, with loose hanging sleeves. Fur trimming *ad lib.* down front and at edge of sleeves. Head dress and white veil.

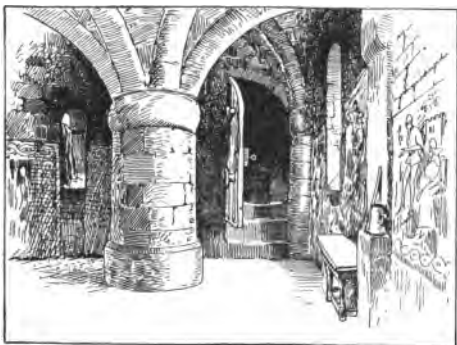
Huntsmen and Retainers.—Variations of above male costumes. See illustration at end of Act II.

ACT I

SCENE.—*A Room in a Feudal Castle. A door, C. Window, L., half-way up stage. Vaulted roof, tapestries, &c. FATIMA sitting at an embroidery frame, R.C. A table up stage to her*



left. ANNE sitting at another frame, L. C. The frames a little slanted, so that the sisters are somewhat facing each other. A table, R. C., above FATIMA, a little to left of her. Seat or couch, L., down stage.



[*When the curtain goes up they work for a moment in silence, putting their needles in and out, cutting the threads, &c., before ANNE speaks.*

Anne (pushing away her embroidery frame with an impatient gesture). Oh, I'm so sick of this horrid old embroidery!

Fatima. Oh, fie, Sister Anne, it is a charming occupation!

[Puts her head on one side and looks at embroidery.]

Anne. Charming, do you call it? It is repulsive. *[Gets up and comes down, L.]* To stick a needle in, and pull it out again, hour after hour, day after day! It is the most deadly existence in the world. That's the worst of living in the Middle Ages—women have nothing to do but to embroider.

Fatima. Oh, sister! I wish you were contented with your lot.

Anne. Contented! I have nothing to be contented with.

Fatima (shocked). Nothing!

Anne. No, nothing. First of all, we're as poor as church mice—in fact, I'd much rather be a church mouse, then at least I should see people coming in and out; here I see no one.

[Goes to window, L.]

Fatima. We have this beautiful castle to live in.

Anne (turning round to her). What's the good of that? I want fine clothes, plenty to eat, carriages to drive in, horses to ride. We can't spend the castle, or wear it, or eat it, or drive about in it. Of course for our father, or our brothers Guy and Brian, it is different. They can go out, if they choose, with a hawk on their wrist, and bring us back something for dinner.

Fatima. I shouldn't at all like to have a hawk on my wrist.

Anne (with contempt). You! Of course not. You scream if you have a fly on it. But for my part I should welcome a fiery dragon—it would, at any rate, be something to think about!

[She leans listlessly against the wall at side of window down stage, and looks out.]

Fatima. Come, sister, divert your thoughts by looking out of the window.

Anne. That makes me still angrier than before, for then I see that magnificent castle on the hill opposite us, belonging to Baron Bluebeard, overflowing with riches and luxury, and everything he can possibly want.

Fatima. Everything, they say, but peace and kindness.

[Working.]

Anne. Oh, bother peace and kindness! *[Comes down, C.]*

Besides, who can tell if the tales the travelling minstrels tell are true? And, after all, they merely say that the Baron has had six wives one after another. It need not be his fault if they keep on dying. Perhaps the air of the castle doesn't agree with wives.

Fatima (significantly). So it would seem, certainly.

Anne. I declare I shouldn't mind being the seventh, and ruling over the castle and all the land we see.

Fatima (shuddering). Oh, fie, sister! How can you think of such a thing?

Anne. And then I should have a splendid dinner every day—roast peacock, fat capon, boar's head, pasties, and who knows what else! Oh, I wish I had them now! [*Comes down, L.; sits on seat, L. corner.*] Surely it is time for a meal! Why does not that doddering old Robert come in and bring us something?

Enter SENESCHAL, old and grey-bearded, carrying a tray on which are a dish with bread, a bottle of water and some glasses, and some flowers.

Anne (jumping up). Joy! What have you got for us to eat Robert?

Sen. Some excellent bread, my lady, and a flagon of water from the spring.

[*Puts it down on table by FATIMA, who has continued to work since beginning of scene.*

Anne (looks at it). Bread and water! Good Heavens! Is that all? [*Turns away in disgust. Comes down L. again.*

Fatima. It makes a delicious meal in this hot weather.

[*Drinks water.*

Sen. (standing up stage, C.) Perhaps when my master and the young gentlemen come in they will bring something from the chase.

Fatima. Is my father gone out too, then?

Sen. Yes, my lady, he is gone out riding.

Anne. Poor father! I do wish he had a horse a little less than twenty-seven years old to ride upon.

Sen. Perhaps some day, my lady, the young masters will bring back the family prosperity by killing and slaying their neighbours, and taking away their possessions from them. Then the house of Penylesse will be rich again.

Fatima. Nay, Robert, that would be wicked.

Anne (impatiently). Oh, Fatima! you are enough to provoke a saint—I'm sure no saint could stand another one as saintly as you!

Sen. (at window). Here are the young masters returning from the chase.

Anne (eagerly). Let me see! [*Gets up and looks out.*] Yes, so it is! [*Waves to them.*] How joyful they look!



THE SENESCHAL

Sen. Perhaps that means they have brought home something for the spit.

Anne. Yes, indeed, let us hope so. [*Throws door open.*] Make haste!

Enter GUY, C., followed by BRIAN.

Guy. Well, here we are! We've had the most glorious day!

Sen. And what sport, my masters, what sport?

Guy (sits on table, R. C., with right leg, his left leg hanging down, and eats a bit of bread from tray). The most splendid!

[ANNE claps her hands; goes back, L.; BRIAN, L. C.]

Sen. (up stage, C., eagerly). Where is it, then?

Brian. In the forest, about six miles from here.

Sen. (his face falling). Six miles!

Anne. And what is it?

Guy. It's a wolf.

Sen. A wolf! Mercy on us, we cannot eat that!

Brian. Well, no, I don't think that was the arrangement the wolf contemplated. [He strolls up to window, laughing.]

Sen. Then what is there to go on the spit?

Guy. Shall I go and steal a sheep from Baron Bluebeard?

Anne. Oh, do—I should so love to see what would happen!

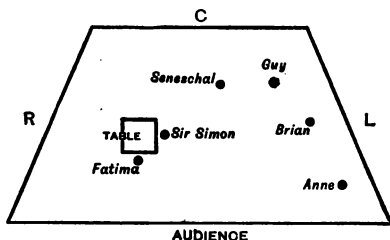
Brian (at window). Well, something is going to happen now, at any rate. Here is my father coming in, and looking as if he had the weight of the universe on his shoulders.

[FATIMA gets up and puts frame against wall. R.]

Guy (getting off table and going to window too). I wonder what is the matter with him?

Sen. He is hungry, I should think. Hunger is the worst care of all.

Enter SIR SIMON.



Fatima (going up, C., to meet him). Well, father dear, you have been a long time away to-day.

[SEN. advances seat from back of table, L. Then he stands at back, C.]

Sir Simon (sits down wearily L. of table, R. C., and passes his hand over his brow). I have—yes.

[FATIMA sits on the chair she was on before, which she draws a little nearer to SIR SIMON.

Anne. What is the matter, father?

Sir Simon. I will tell you presently.

[The others look from one to the other.

Anne (joyfully, aside). Something is going to happen at last, I believe.

Sir Simon (to ROBERT). Is all ready in the kitchen to prepare a meal?

Sen. (advancing, L. C.) All is ready, sir, except the principal thing—there is nothing to cook. That is, the fire is burning, the plates and dishes are ready—

Brian. And so are our appetites.

Sir Simon. That is well. [To ROBERT.] You will find downstairs two fat capons, a boar's head, and a haunch of venison.

[The rest look at each other with increasing surprise as he speaks.

Sen. (holding up his hands). Capons—a boar's head, and venison!

[Rushes out.

Anne. Father, can I believe my ears?

Brian. What fairy tales are these?

Guy. Where do all these splendours come from?

Sir Simon (after a pause, as though making up his mind painfully to speak). They are a present from—our neighbour, Baron Barbazure.

All. Baron Barbazure!

Guy. He must have guessed that I was just proposing to steal one of his sheep for our dinner.

Sir Simon (hastily). You must do nothing of the kind.

Guy. Why are you so neighbourly all of a sudden, father?

Anne. And why is he? What made him send it, father? Do you know?

Sir Simon. I will tell you. It is best you should all know, that we may consider the question. He has asked me for the hand of one of my daughters.

All. What!

Fatima. No, no, it is impossible!

Anne. One of your daughters, father! Which?

Sir Simon. He has not said which.

Anne. Does he mean us to draw lots for him, then, or how are we to decide?

Fatima. Oh, Anne, there will be no need to decide! The idea is too terrible to be even considered.

Anne. I don't agree with you at all.

Fatima (anxiously). Dear father, what did you say?

Sir Simon. He asked if he might come here to pay his respects to you both. I told him he might.

Fatima. You did?

Brian. I'm glad of it. Otherwise we should have had to send the capons back again.

Guy. Do you know, this really is rather amusing. Fancy one of you two chits being the mistress of that great castle up yonder!

Anne. Oh, it would really be delightful!

Brian. You'll give me a mount sometimes, won't you?

[*A loud bell heard.* SIR SIMON, FATIMA, and ANNE get up.]

Guy. What, already!

[*They all stand listening.* SENESCHAL rushes in perturbed.]

Sen. Master, master! Do you know who is at the door?

Sir Simon. I know. Come, my sons, we will go and receive him.

Sen. Receive him! Are you going to receive him?

[SIR SIMON, GUY, and BRIAN go out, followed by SENESCHAL.]

Fatima (coming down, R. C.) Oh, how terrible it is that our father and brothers should be so ready to sell us to the first bidder!

Anne (L. C.) My dear girl, that's just it! He is the first bidder who has ever presented himself, and, as far as I can see, he is likely to be the last.

Fatima. Think of marrying a man who has had all those wives already!

Anne (lightly). Well, perhaps when he gets them of a better quality they will last longer.

[*The door opens, and SIR SIMON appears ushering in BARON BARBAZURE.*]

Sir Simon. These, Baron, are my daughters.

[BLUEBEARD bows first to FATIMA, then to ANNE. They make deep curtseys.

Anne (vivaciously). Oh, we are so delighted to become acquainted with you, Baron. I can't tell you how delighted we are!

Bluebeard (in a deep, solemn voice). Oh!

Sir Simon. Where will you sit, Baron?

Bluebeard. Between your two daughters.

[SIR SIMON advances chair that was L. of table. FATIMA sits where she was at first, R. C. ANNE draws out chair from behind her frame, which she pushes back a little. They sit down, GUY and BRIAN standing at window, L. A silence. BLUEBEARD rolls his eyes ferociously first at one, then at the other. FATIMA casts down her eyes; ANNE simpers at him.

Sir Simon (sitting, L.). It's charming weather for the time of year. [A silence.] Don't you think so, Baron?

Bluebeard. No, most unpleasant. But we needn't dwell on it now, Sir Simon, I am busy. I wish to speak with your daughters.

Sir Simon. Certainly, Baron.

Guy (R., up stage to BRIAN, R. C., at back). Our brother-in-law has charming manners.

Bluebeard (aloud). Ahem!

[The two girls start. FATIMA keeps her eyes down.

Anne. We can see your castle from the window quite well.

Bluebeard (in a deep voice). Oh!

Anne. Oh, yes, we very often look at it.

Bluebeard. Ah!

Anne. It looks most imposing standing up there on the hill.

Bluebeard. Oh! [A pause.] [To FATIMA.] And you, madam, do you also see my castle from the window?

Fatima. Yes, Baron.

[She speaks timidly, with her eyes cast down.

Anne (with a shrill giggle). Oh yes, the castle is just in the same place when she looks out of the window too! He, he, he!

Bluebeard. Oh!

Anne. You are very fond of the chase, I believe?

Bluebeard. Yes.

Anne. I thought so! We so often see you starting with your retainers in the morning, and then we see you coming back at the close of the day laden with your spoils.

Bluebeard. Ah, indeed! [*To FATIMA.*] And you, madam, do you see me starting for the chase?



‘THESE, BARON, ARE MY DAUGHTERS’

Fatima (same action as before). Yes, Baron.

Anne. Oh yes; when she looks that way at the right moment, she can see you just as well as I can!

Bluebeard. Ah, indeed!

[*A pause.*]

Anne. And even when you don't go to the chase, there always seems to be something going on at your castle—some feasting,

entertainment, or enjoyment. I sometimes almost fancy I hear the sound of your revelry from here.

Bluebeard. Oh!

Anne. You certainly seem to spend your days most agreeably, whether out of doors or in.

Bluebeard. Yes. [*A pause.*] [*To FATIMA.*] And you, madam, how do you spend your days?

Fatima (eyes cast down). I sew, my lord.

Anne. Yes, indeed she does. She sits and sews the whole day long. He, he! You can't imagine what a quiet little mouse she is; she never wants to go anywhere, or see anything, or hear anything. She hasn't the slightest curiosity about what is going on in the world outside.

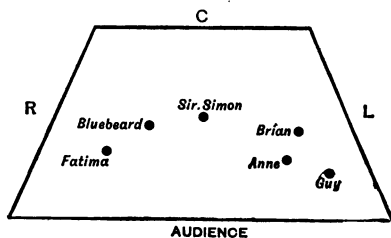
Bluebeard (with peculiar emphasis). No curiosity! Ah, ha! Indeed?

Anne. Now, my tastes are much the same as yours, Baron, I should imagine; I like movement, action, revelry, feasting.

Bluebeard (interrupting her. To FATIMA). And so you have no curiosity?

Fatima (as before). No, my lord.

Bluebeard. Ah, indeed! [*A pause, then he pushes back his chair with a great noise, saying as he does so 'Ahem!' very loud, then gets up. All start, and get up as he does. Pause.*] Sir Simon de Penylesse, I have the honour to ask you for the hand of your daughter.



Sir Simon (crosses in front of ANNE, who moves down into L. corner. GUY and BRIAN come down, L., and stand in a group with ANNE). Which one, Baron?

Bluebeard. The one who doesn't chatter.

Sir Simon (taken aback). What! My daughter Fatima!

Bluebeard (indicating FATIMA). Your daughter Fatima, if that is her outlandish name.

Sir Simon. I am sorry her name displeases you, my lord; she is called after her great-grandmother, whom Sir Stephen de Penylesse wedded in the East at the time of the Crusades.

Bluebeard. In the East? That sounds well. Eastern women do as they are told, and hold their tongues. That is what I like.

[*Glaring at ANNE.*

Anne (vexed). If only I had known that! [*Half aside.*

Sir Simon. Baron, you do us too much honour.

Bluebeard. Yes, I feel that, but that's not the point. Do you accept, madam?

Fatima. Oh, my lord, you will forgive me——

Bluebeard (in a terrible voice). You are not going to refuse?

Fatima. Father, what must I say?

Sir Simon. You must do as you like, my child.

Bluebeard. Certainly not. She must do as I like. [*To FATIMA.*] I must tell you that if you refuse, I shall besiege the castle and carry you off by main force.

Anne. Oh, how exciting that would be!

Bluebeard (looking sternly at ANNE). And very probably hang all your family up to the battlements.

Guy (to ANNE). Here, let's make her accept him!

Bluebeard. Whereas, if you accept me, I will treat your family well as long as you give me satisfaction. Your father's table shall be supplied from my own, and I shall occasionally allow your brothers to follow me to the chase, mounted on my horses.

Guy (to ANNE, looking anxiously across at FATIMA). She surely can't hesitate.

Sir Simon. Come, my daughter, you have heard the Baron's arguments—what is your answer?

Anne (to BRIAN). The argument about the battlements was the best.

Fatima (with an effort). Very well, my lord, I accept.

Bluebeard (with a grim laugh). I thought you would. Farewell, then, madam, for to-day. We will be married this day week at noon.

Fatima (startled). This day week, at noon!

Bluebeard. Unless you prefer half-past eleven.

Fatima. No, no, my lord—no.

Bluebeard. This day week, then, at noon.

[*Bows to FATIMA. FATIMA makes a curtsey. ANNE trips forward and curtsies too. The BARON gives her a curt nod, then he strides out, BRIAN standing R. of door, GUY L. of it as he goes out; SIR SIMON following him up, C. SIR SIMON turns back from door and holds out his arms to FATIMA, who flies into them; they come down together.*

Fatima. Father, dear father, why did I say yes?

[*SIR SIMON caresses her.*

Anne. Because it would have come to just the same if you had said no.

Guy. And you would have made things very unpleasant for the rest of us.

Fatima. But fancy marrying a man whose beard is bright blue!

Anne. Is it really so blue, after all? Yes, now I think of it, I see what you mean—just a tinge, perhaps. I thought it becoming.

Sir Simon. Besides, my child, the colour of a man's beard doesn't matter, as long as his heart isn't blue.

Fatima. How do I know it isn't? And oh! I feel most dreadfully blue at the mere thought of going to his castle. You will all come with me, won't you? You won't leave me there alone?

Brian. Come with you? To be sure we will.

Anne. Of course we'll come with you. We will cheerfully share everything with you.

Fatima. Oh, kind, kind friends!

FATIMA sings.

FINALE. *Tune—Italian popular song.*

Oh, my friends, my heart will break

When I say farewell—

When my way from hence I take,

The home I love so well!

And when, alas! I'm far away,
 As I too soon shall be,
 I shall think of you the livelong day,
 And, pray you, think of me.

I shall think of you the livelong day,
 And, pray you, think of me.

All together, repeating last six lines to same music.

And when, alas! { you're
 I'm } far away,

As { you
 I } too soon will be,

We
 I } will think of you the livelong day,

{ Whom we no longer see.
 { And, pray you, think of me. }

[During these six lines the performers must form in a line facing audience, SIR SIMON in the middle, FATIMA on his right, then BRIAN; ANNE on SIR SIMON'S left, then GUY. They must all join hands, and, as they sing, come down stage in time to music, marking time with balanced step as curtain falls. (See Note at end of Dances, at beginning of book.)



hence I take, The home that I love so well! When

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Bluebeard'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'hence I take, The home that I love so well! When' are written below the treble staff.

I, a-las! am far a-way, As I too soon shall

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'I, a-las! am far a-way, As I too soon shall' are written below the treble staff.

be, I shall think of you the live-long day, And,

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'be, I shall think of you the live-long day, And,' are written below the treble staff.

pray you, think of me! I shall think of you the

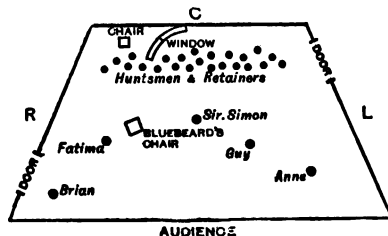
The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'pray you, think of me! I shall think of you the' are written below the treble staff.

live-long day, And, pray you, think of me.

The fifth system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. The melody ends with a double bar line in the treble clef, and the accompaniment ends with a double bar line in the bass clef. The lyrics 'live-long day, And, pray you, think of me.' are written below the treble staff.

ACT II.

SCENE.—A Hall in BLUEBEARD'S Castle. If there are any possibilities of somewhat elaborate scenery, it would be effective to have a turret or bay window at the back, slanting R. C.



as in diagram. If no such scenery is possible, then simply a large window, R. C. Door, L., up stage. Small door, R., down stage. Large carved armchair half-way down stage,



R. C., in which BLUEBEARD is sitting when the curtain goes up. SIR SIMON sitting on another chair to his left, C. FATIMA on a lower seat close to BLUEBEARD, on his right,



'DRINK TO HIM WHO GOES TO THE CHASE'

a little further down stage. ANNE sitting on a small couch or settee, L. GUY is standing, L. C., singing. BRIAN standing R. corner down stage. HUNTSMEN, RETAINERS, &c., in mediæval costume, ranged at back, as many as available. A chair R. of window at back, with some hangings on it. Singing (chorus of drinking song given below) heard before rise of curtain. Before the chorus comes to an end the curtain goes up; at end of chorus solo, verse, then chorus again. GUY has a drinking cup in his hand, so have BLUEBEARD, SIR SIMON, and BRIAN.

GUY sings.

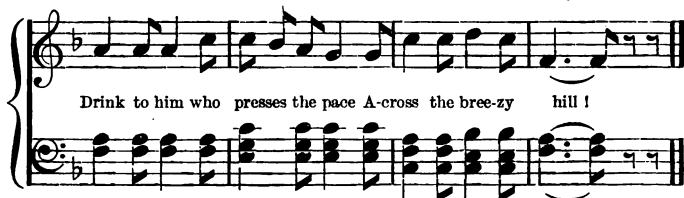
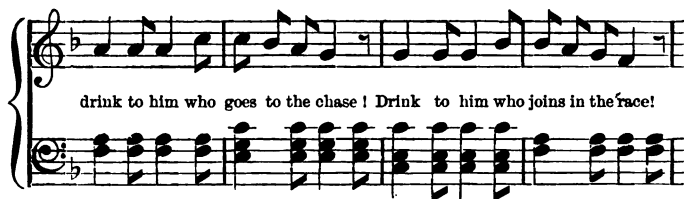
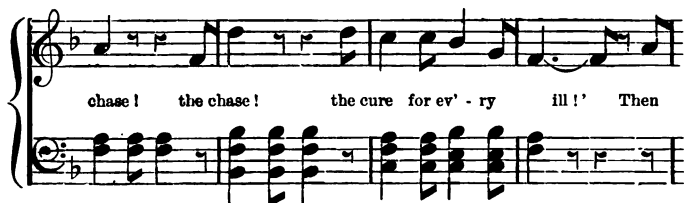
Tune—French popular song.

Fill your bumpers, all,
 Fill them three times three,
 While a toast I call
 Which you must drink with me :
 'The chase! the chase! the cure for every ill!'

Chorus. Drink to him who goes to the chase!
 Drink to him who joins in the race!
 Drink to him who presses the pace
 Across the breezy hill!

Fill your bumpers, all, Fill them three times three,

While a toast I call, Which you must drink with me : 'The



[At conclusion of chorus all rise.

Bluebeard. And now, for the chase !

All the Men. Yes, now for the chase !

[They all go towards door, some sling on horns, others adjust their weapons, &c. *BLUEBEARD, C. ; ANNE and FATIMA* down stage.

Anne. Oh, I wish we could go too !

Bluebeard (standing, C. ; adjusting horn, &c.). A woman's place, madam, is at home. She should use no weapon but her needle.

Anne. Oh, I'm so sick of needles !

Bluebeard. Your sister, I'll warrant, does not wish to go to the chase.

Fatima (meekly). No, my lord.

Guy (up stage at door. SIR SIMON, HUNTSMEN, and BRIAN have gone out). Ha, ha! Fancy Fatima going hunting! Why, she would not know a stag from a boar!

Anne. I should know, though! A boar has his horns in quite a different place.

Bluebeard (to FATIMA). I shall not return till sunset. What will you do during my absence?

Fatima (meekly). I shall sew, my lord.

Anne (goes up, L.). What! more sewing? I should like to drown all the needles in the moat.

Bluebeard (to FATIMA, affecting to speak lightly). Would you like to go over the castle?

Anne. Oh, yes!

Fatima. Very much, my lord, if it pleases you that we should.

Guy (L. C., to ANNE). He has got our sister in good order, I must say.

Anne. Never mind, I'll see if I can't cure her of that.

[*GUY goes out, laughing. ANNE comes down again, L.*

Bluebeard (to FATIMA, giving her a bunch of keys). Before I go, I will give you the keys of the castle. This is the key of the armoury, that of the library, this one of the long picture gallery. The other doors are open.

Anne (peeping at the keys which FATIMA has taken). But there are four keys on that bunch, brother-in-law. What is the fourth?

Bluebeard (sternly). You are more curious than your sister. She did not ask that question. That key belongs to a door you are not to unlock—the door of a room into which you are not to go.

Fatima (holding up key). This one? Very well, I will remember. Tell me, my lord, where that room is, that we may avoid it.

Bluebeard. It is there. [*Pointing to a small door, R.*

Fatima (a little startled). There? So near!

Anne. Oh, how exciting!

Bluebeard (looking at her coldly). Exciting? Why?

Anne. Because I love wondering what is inside there.

Bluebeard. You may spare yourself the trouble. [*Seizes*

FATIMA *by the arm.*] Fatima, if you look into that chamber, you shall pay for your curiosity with your life.

Fatima (startled). With my life, my lord?

Bluebeard. Yes, with your life. So now you are warned.

Anne (aside). Well, that is taking a heavy line, I must say.

Bluebeard. Farewell. [*Looks out of the window.*] The chase has already assembled.

Anne. Come, Fatima, we will see them start.

[*BLUEBEARD goes out, L.; ANNE and FATIMA looking out of window, R. C. They look off, R., where the hunters are supposed to be assembled.*

Anne. There are Guy and Brian! How well they look on horseback! And my father, too, on his beautiful palfrey! [*Comes down from window.*] Oh, Fatima, what a good thing it was that you became the mistress of this castle! [*Seizes her round waist and dances round with her, humming hunting song, then sinks laughing into big chair, R. C.*] Now, then, let's go all over the castle from top to bottom!

Fatima (standing C.). Very well—shall we begin by the armoury, the library, or the picture gallery?

Anne. I know exactly which room I am going to begin with.

Fatima (unsuspecting, with a smile). Which one, then?

Anne (sits up deliberately in chair, looks round at door).

FATIMA starts. ANNE, *pointing to door, R.*). That one.

Fatima (starting back). That one! Never! Never!

Anne (lightly). Upon my word, Fatima, you are too absurd. You don't mean to tell me you are really not going into that room?

Fatima. Of course I am not. It is my duty to obey my husband. How can you think I should go into it the very moment his back is turned?

Anne. My dear girl, not the very moment, of course. We must give him time to get well away. [*Gets up and goes to window.*] Oh, yes, it's all right. Look! [*FATIMA joins her at window.*] You can see his back from here—that is the view of him I like best—just going over that hill.

Fatima (looks through the window, then turns away shuddering. She comes down, C.). It is no good, Anne, I can't do it. We will unlock any other door you like, only not that one.

Anne (following her). You are a faint-hearted creature!

Fatima (lightly). Never mind if I am. [*Looking at bunch and holding it up by one key after another.*] Now, then, which is it to be? The library? the armoury? or the picture gallery?

Anne (snatching the bunch from her and holding it behind her back). None of them! Neither the library, the armoury, nor the picture gallery. [*Goes R.*]

Fatima (trying to hold her back). Anne, Anne! give me back those keys! What are you going to do?

Anne. My dear, it is no use. I shall never be happy till I have been inside that room, so we will go and see it first, and then it will be off my mind. So don't make any more fuss over it. Look here, you go to the window and see that that bluebearded husband of yours is not coming back again, and I will look into his store cupboard and see what he keeps there.

[*Goes to door, R.*]

Fatima (hurriedly following her). No! no! Anne, you really must not! Don't, don't, I beg of you! [*Tries to take key away from her. ANNE seizes FATIMA'S right wrist with her left hand and unlocks the door, which opens inwards. They both stand transfixed for a minute, then FATIMA gives a scream, ANNE drops the keys with a crash; they rush away, L., to other corner. FATIMA, L., horror-stricken, clutching ANNE'S arm.*] Anne, did you see?

Anne (L. C., right of FATIMA, in a horrified whisper). Yes, yes, I saw——

Fatima. ——lying on the ground, all in a heap——

Anne. Wives!

Fatima (covering her face). Yes, that is where he keeps them—the others!

Anne (stealing another horrified look). It is a hanging cupboard! Look, there are three of them hanging on pegs at the back by their hair!

Fatima. Ah! It is too horrible! Anne, shut the door quickly, don't let us see it—don't let us think of it again!

Anne (crosses stage to R., with her hand held up in front of her face so that she shall not see the closet; goes to door). Where are those miserable keys? [*Looks round and picks up the keys.*] The

floor is dark red, horrible! [*Pulls door to again and locks it.*] There now!

Fatima (looking round with relief as ANNE bangs door). Oh, I wish we had not looked into it!

Anne (recovering herself, R. C.). After all, there is no harm done; he will never be the wiser for it. Come, now, let us go and see the ancestors' armour, or the monks' manuscripts, or something cheerful to make us forget all these horrors. We will take a key haphazard, and see which door it opens. [*Looks at bunch.*] *Fatima [goes to FATIMA],* there is a stain on this key!

Fatima (anxiously). A stain? [*Looks at it.*] A dark red stain! Was that there before?

Anne (anxiously; looking at it). I don't think so.

Fatima. Then he will see when he looks at the key where we have been. Oh! Anne, why were you so imprudent?

Anne. Come, we needn't discuss that all over again. Let us rub this off, that is the simplest plan. Give me your handkerchief.

[*FATIMA takes out a lace handkerchief and rubs the key, then*

ANNE rubs it.

Anne. That's right! It is going! It is going away! One more rub, and it will be gone. There now!

Fatima (joyfully). Is it—is it really gone? [*Turns over key.*] Look, it is stained on the other side!

Anne. Very well then, we will rub the other side. [*Takes it.*] There, no deception, the stain is gone! [*Turns it over.*] What is this? It has gone back again on to this side. I wonder what that means?

Fatima (takes key). It means that we shall not be able to get it off, and when he comes back he will know everything.

Anne (recovering herself). Tut, tut! We will rub both sides at the same time if necessary, and both ends too, so that the stain won't have any place to fly to. I will take one of those hangings off the chair to do it.

[*FATIMA comes down, L., looking sadly at key. ANNE is hurrying towards chair, up R., when the door is thrown open and BLUEBEARD strides in.*

Fatima, L. My lord!

[*She folds her hands quickly over keys.*

Bluebeard (coming down, C.). Yes, I have returned sooner than I meant.

Anne (coming down, R., jauntily). What a delightful surprise!

Bluebeard. I encountered several evil omens directly I got outside the walls, so I determined to come back.

Anne (gaily). Evil omens! Indeed, Baron? What were they?

Bluebeard. We met an old woman coming towards us as we left the drawbridge, and my horse knocked her down with his left foot instead of his right: that was a bad omen. Then a little further on we met a wild bull, which tossed one of my huntsmen four times into the air. Four is an unlucky number. I determined to return. And what have you been doing? Have you visited the castle?

Fatima (stammering). Not yet.

Anne (gaily). We were just going to start on our rounds, but we could not make up our minds where we should begin—by the armoury, or the library, or the picture gallery. Which do you recommend?

Bluebeard. The armoury lies nearest. Come, I will take you myself. Where are the keys?

Fatima (holding her hands folded over them). The keys, my lord?

Bluebeard (sternly). Where are the keys?

Anne (affecting to look round). The keys? Let me see now, where did I see them? There is nothing one loses so often as a bunch of keys. Are you sure you left them with us, my lord?

Bluebeard (advancing to FATIMA and taking her suddenly by the wrist). Where are the keys? Answer me. [*As he shakes her wrist the keys fall to the ground. He picks them up, and looks at them one after another. A silence.*] There is a dark red stain on this key. What, are even you like all the rest? [*To FATIMA. FATIMA falls on her knees, R. of BLUEBEARD, and covers her face with her hands.*] Have you unlocked that secret door, and seen what is within?

Anne (falls on her knees, R. of BLUEBEARD). Alas, my lord! It was my doing; I snatched the key from her and unlocked the door.

Bluebeard (motioning her away). Go away! You don't count.

Anne (springing up. *Aside*). Monster!

Bluebeard (to *FATIMA*, drawing his sword). I told you what would happen if that door were opened.



'WHAT, ARE EVEN YOU LIKE ALL THE REST?'

Fatima (springing up). No, no, you surely wouldn't kill me for a little thing like that!

Bluebeard. A little thing! The ladies whom you will presently join in that room died for the same reason.

Fatima (entreatingly). Give me a few minutes longer!

Bluebeard. You may have five minutes, not an instant more, while I sharpen my sword just outside.

[*Pointing significantly to door to show that he is not going far off, he goes out. ANNE and FATIMA rush to one another, C.*

Anne (looking round). Is there no way of escape from here?

Fatima. No, no. I know too well there is none.

Anne. If only Guy or Brian would come back!

Fatima (anxiously). Look and see if they are coming, I cannot. [*Sinks into chair, L.*

Anne (going hurriedly to window). Ah! There is someone coming over the brow of the hill! A cloud of dust is rising from the road. Who can it be?

Fatima. Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?

Anne. Wait, there is a gust of wind blowing the dust about. There now, it has cleared away. Alas! no, it is only a flock of sheep.

Fatima. Then I am lost!

Anne. No, no; don't lose hope yet, our brothers may still come.

Fatima. Oh, Sister Anne, Sister Anne, look and see if they are coming.

Anne. I believe I see someone!

Fatima (anxiously). Do you? Do you really?

Anne. Yes, yes, I see two horsemen coming over the hill.

Fatima. Two horsemen? Are they our brothers? [*Eagerly.*

Anne (looking eagerly). Wait, wait. They are drawing nearer. Yes, yes, it is! They are coming! They are coming fast!

Fatima (springing up). We are saved!

Enter BLUEBEARD. FATIMA gives a cry and flies into R. corner, down stage.

Bluebeard (R.). Now, madam, the time is over—I am going to cut off your head.

[*His hand on the hilt of his sword as though about to draw it.*

Fatima. Oh, my lord, the five minutes are not over, surely. Give me one more—only one—that I may tell my sister how to bestow my few poor possessions when I am gone! That at least you will not deny me?

Bluebeard (with a laugh, pushing his sword, which he had drawn out a little, back with a bang). That won't take you long, I imagine, as I don't suppose you have much to leave. If you had obeyed me, you would at my death have been the mistress of this castle, and of all my vast wealth.

Anne (at window). Oh, if that time had come !

Fatima. Anne, dear Anne, come hither—you remember the gold clasp that I had when I was a child ?

Anne (anxiously, looking furtively at window ; she comes forward a little). Yes, yes, the gold clasp ? I remember, I always longed for it.

[Standing at window ; waves when BLUEBEARD is not looking.

Fatima. It must belong to you, dear. I should like you to wear it for my sake.

Anne. Yes, yes, I will with great pleasure, dear sister—I mean, with the deepest grief.

[FATIMA, R. ; BLUEBEARD, C. ; ANNE, up stage, L.

Bluebeard (again with right hand on sword-hilt). Now, madam, are you ready ? I will wait no longer.

Anne (L., up stage, looking furtively at window). There they are, clattering into the courtyard ! *[Makes signs to them ; comes down again hurriedly, L.]* One moment, my lord ! Fatima, you have not mentioned that knot of gaily coloured ribbons you had—they will become me well. I should like to wear them sometimes, and think of you.

Fatima. Yes, yes, sister, have them, they are yours ; they are in the press in my chamber.

Anne (goes back to look out of window furtively, and then comes back again). And what about the embroidered head-dress, the coif you used to wear before you were married ?

Fatima. That, if I remember rightly, you will find in the same place. And old Robert, too—he must have some recollection of me—to him I will leave—— *[Tries to think of something.*

Bluebeard. You will leave nothing, madam. I will wait no longer.

[Draws his sword. He is standing, R. C., and has made a step towards FATIMA, who rushes forward and falls at his feet. He seizes her with his left hand while he lifts his

sword with the right, and drags her round him to his left hand. ANNE flies to door, L., and throws it open.

Anne (calling through door). Quick! Quick!

[GUY and BRIAN rush in.]

Brian. Why, what is happening?

[GUY rushes in between BLUEBEARD and FATIMA. BRIAN on the other side of BLUEBEARD. They struggle. GUY takes BLUEBEARD'S sword from him and throws it away.]

Anne (has rushed into R. corner, FATIMA to L., down stage, as BLUEBEARD falls). Kill him first, dear brothers, pray! I'll explain afterwards.

Brian. Certainly.

Guy. At once.

[GUY drags him up stage and throws him to ground with head to R., so that the big chair conceals what exactly happens. GUY draws knife and stabs him; BRIAN standing up stage above BLUEBEARD. This must all be done very quickly.]

Guy (coming down). There, he is slain!

[BLUEBEARD lies motionless. FATIMA falls into GUY'S arms, L.; ANNE into BRIAN'S, R.]

Fatima. Oh, my dear brothers, how can I thank you?

Guy. I had an instinct he had come back for no good, and we followed him.

Anne (with relief). It is well you did.

Enter SIR SIMON and HUNTSMEN, L.

Sir Simon. My horse fell lame, and I was forced to return, and these good fellows came back with me as their master had left us also. Where is the Baron? Has he not returned yet?

Guy. There he is. [SIR SIMON and the others rush forward.]

All. What! The Baron killed?

Brian. Yes, by our hand. And if we had not killed him you would have found your daughter lying there instead.

[SIR SIMON comes forward, C.]

First Huntsman (at back, R. C.). Ay, you would, sir. I know that from experience.

Second Huntsman (at back, L. C.). Yes, my lord always killed his wife when he came in as early as this.

Fatima (shuddering, and clinging to SIR SIMON). Oh, what an escape I have had !

Anne. Fatima, do you remember what he told you just now ? That at his death you would be the mistress of this castle and of all his wealth ? How delightful ! It all belongs to you.

Sir Simon. To be sure it does. [*To RETAINERS, who are standing, L. C., at back.*] Let me present you to your mistress, the Baroness Barbazure.



RETAINERS

All. Long live Lady Barbazure !

Fatima. My dear father, sister, and brother, I have much pleasure in inviting you to spend the rest of your lives with me in my castle.

All. We shall be delighted.

Fatima (to HUNTSMEN). And I hope that you and all the people about the castle will show what good retainers you are by retaining your situations.

Huntsmen (waving hats). Long live Lady Bluebeard !

FINALE. *Ensemble. Tune—German popular air.*

Sing ho! and sing hey day!
 For Bluebeard is dead,
 And now { your } liege lady
 { our }
 Shall reign in his stead.
 Farewell, apprehension! The tyrant is gone!
 No more we need tremble before his dread frown!

[All dance (see Dances in Introduction) while repeating chorus from beginning.]

Sing ho! and sing hey-day! For Blue-beard is

dead, And now our liege la-dy Shall reign in his

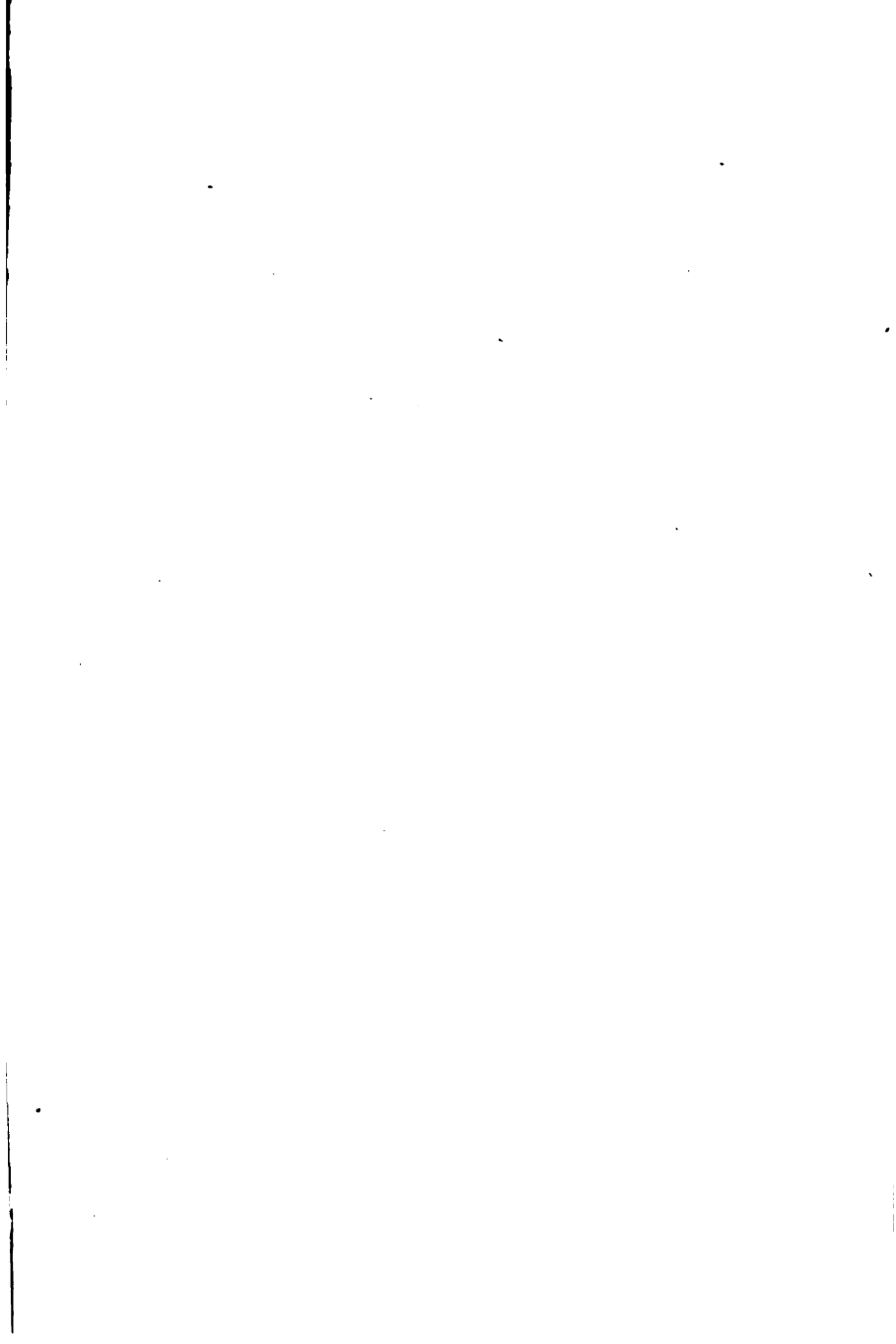
FINE.

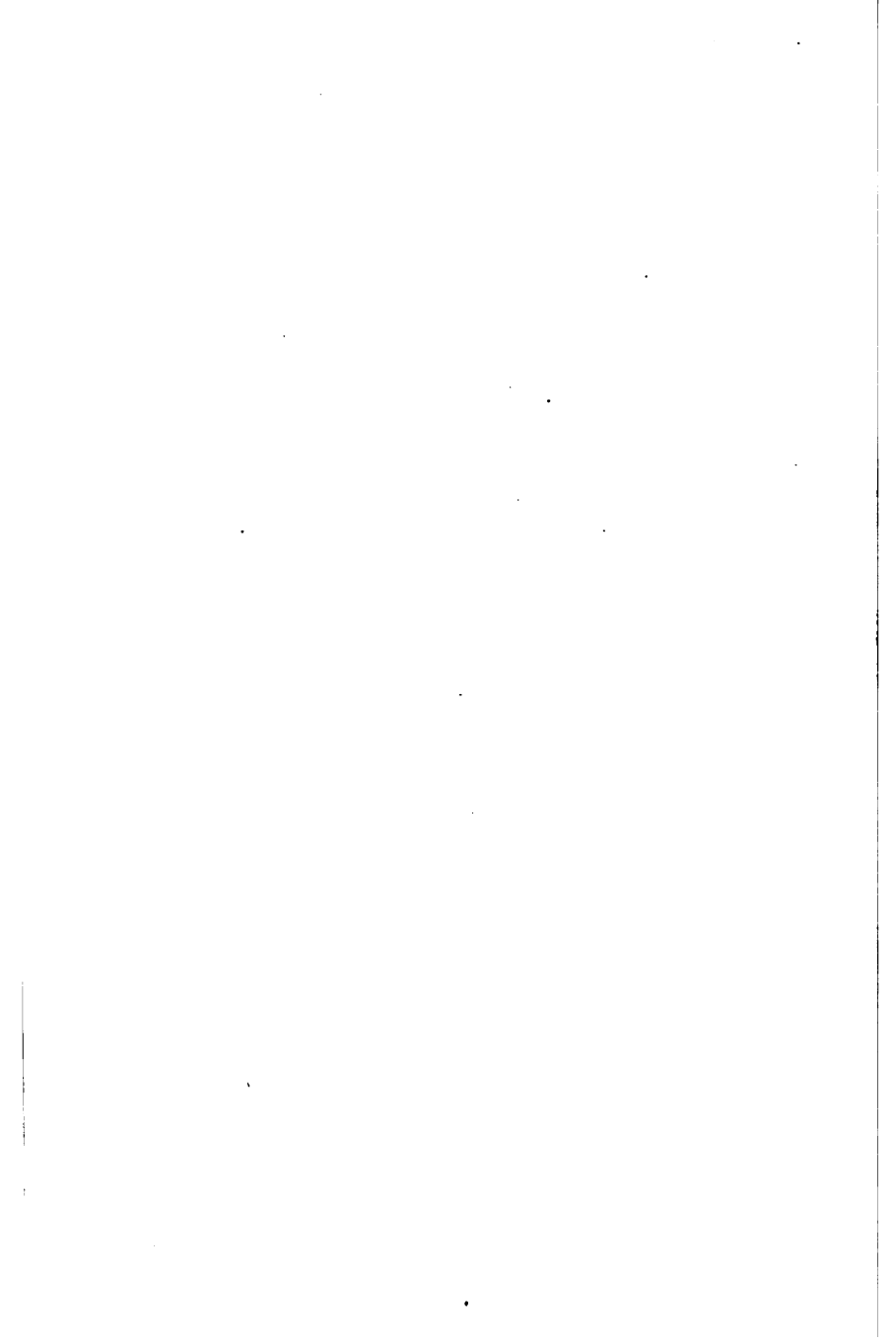
stead. Fare - well, ap - pre - hen-sion! The ty-rant is

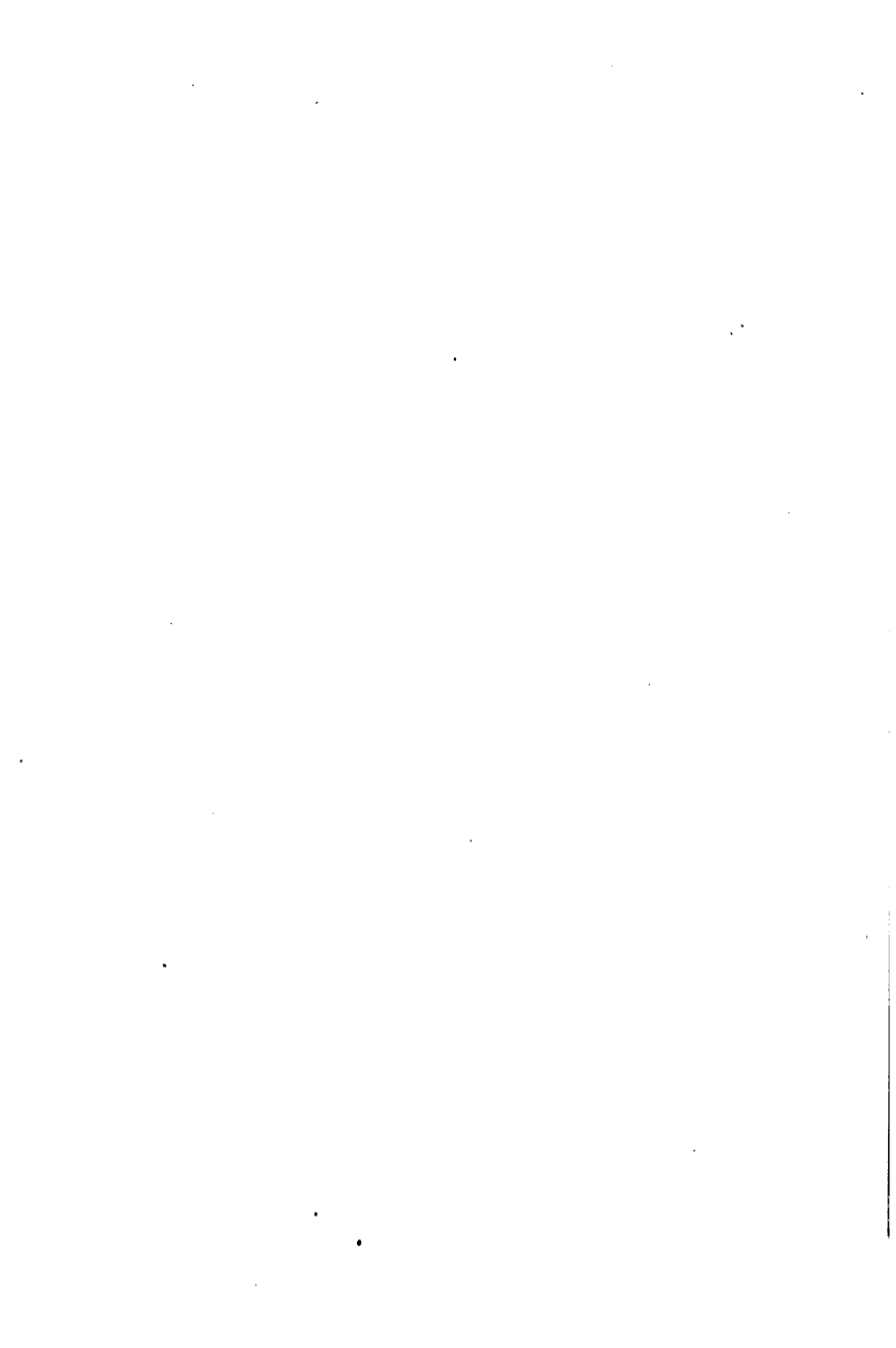
gone! No more we need trem-ble be-fore his dread frown! Sing

D.C.

Curtain.









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